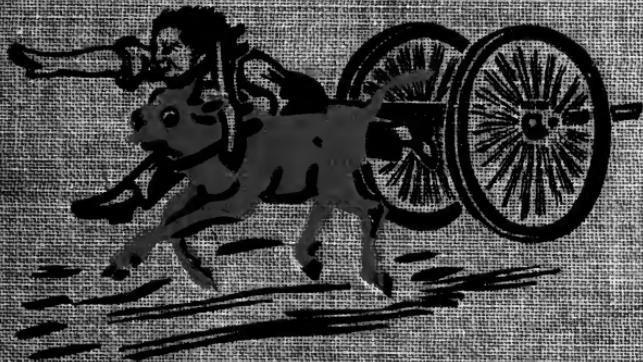


THE DECLINE AND FALL OF
SAMUEL SAWBONES M.D.
ON THE KLONDYKE



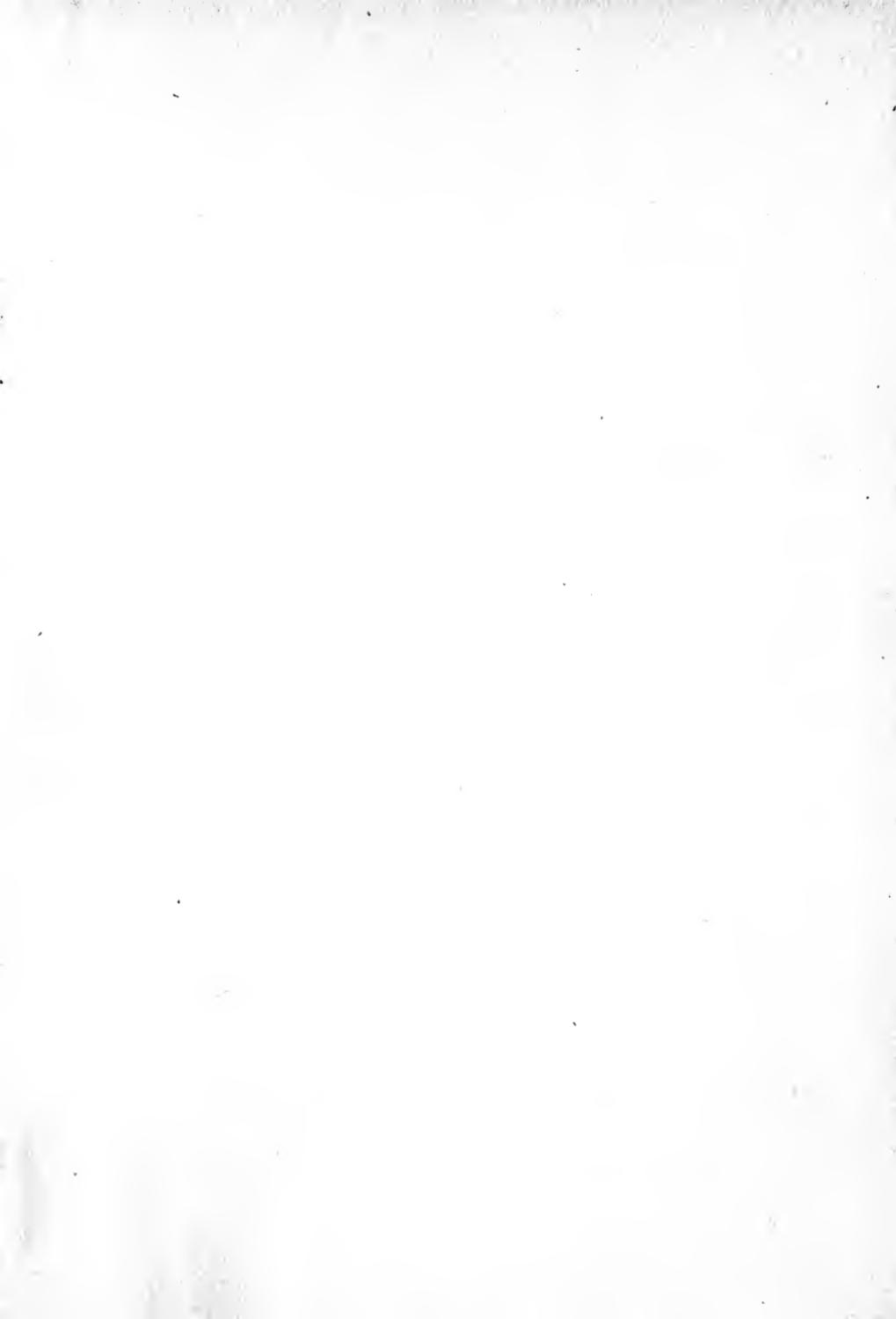
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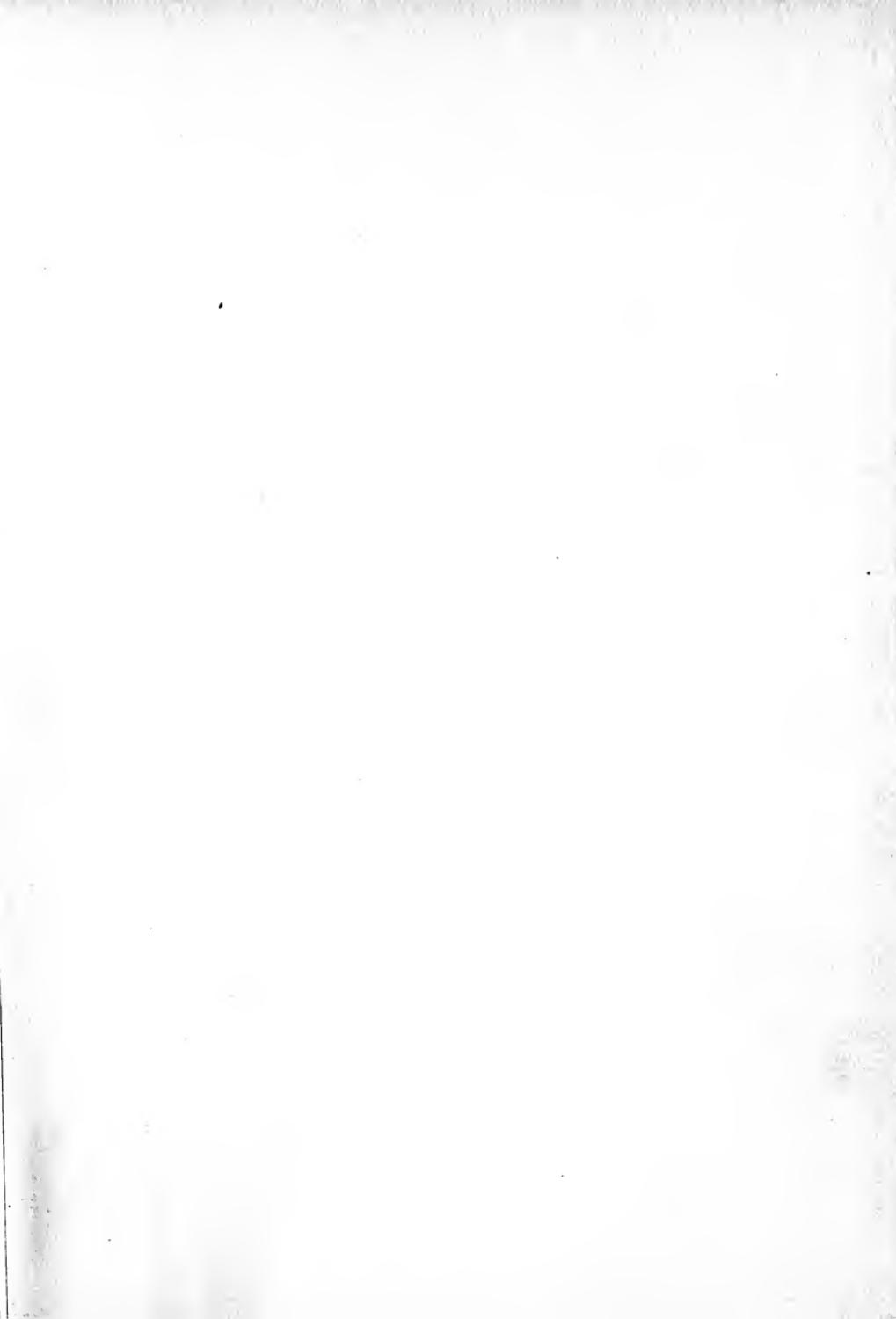
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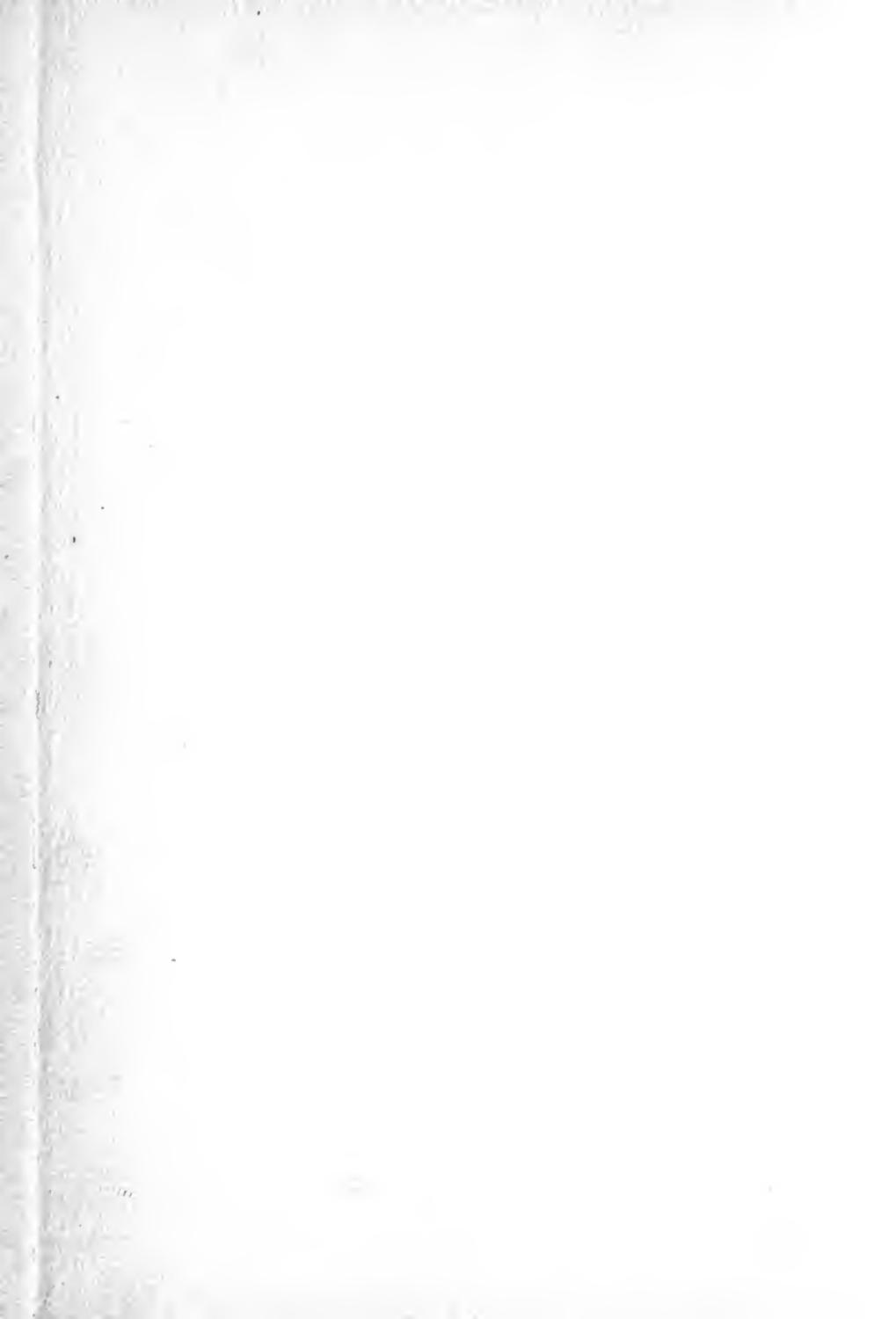


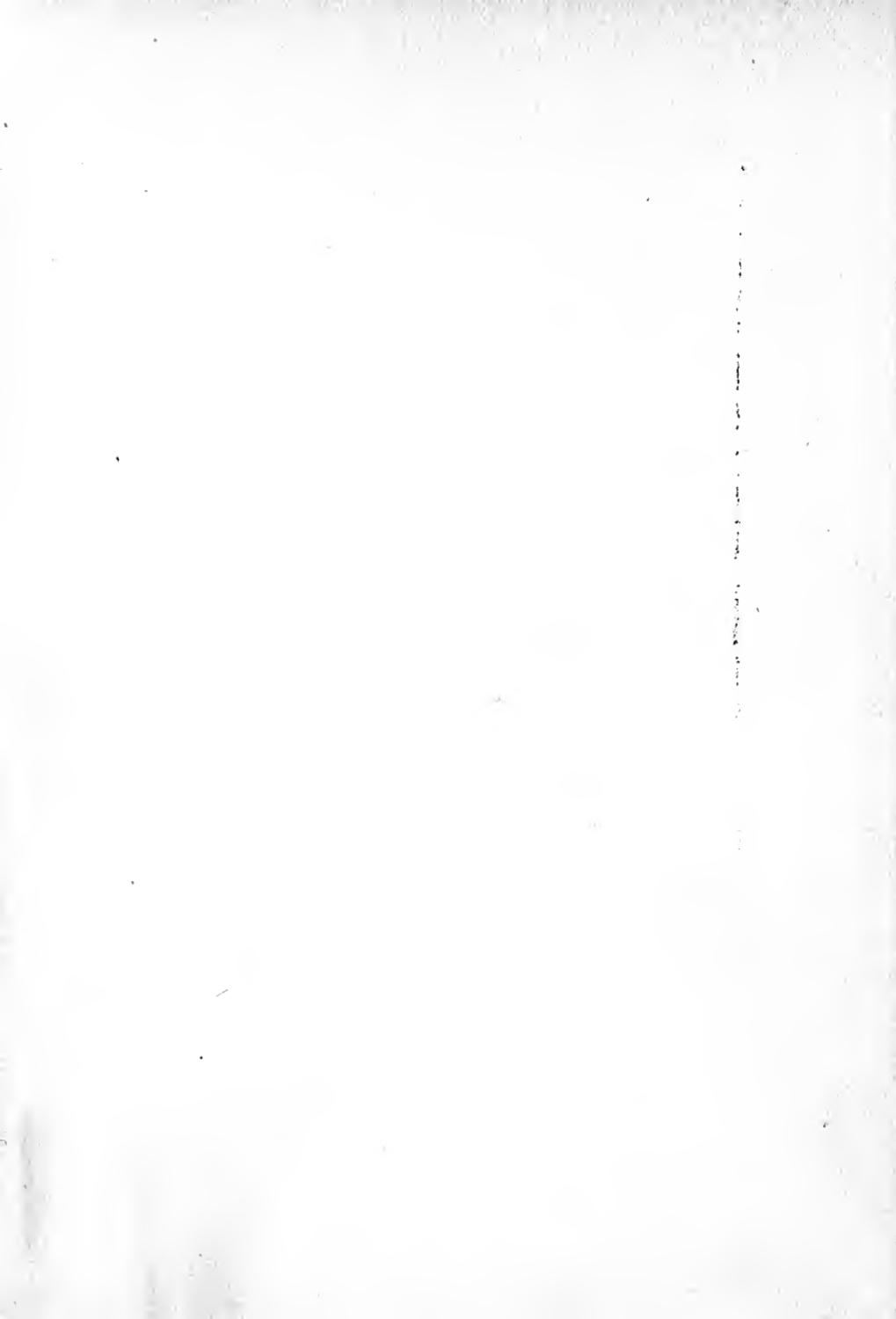


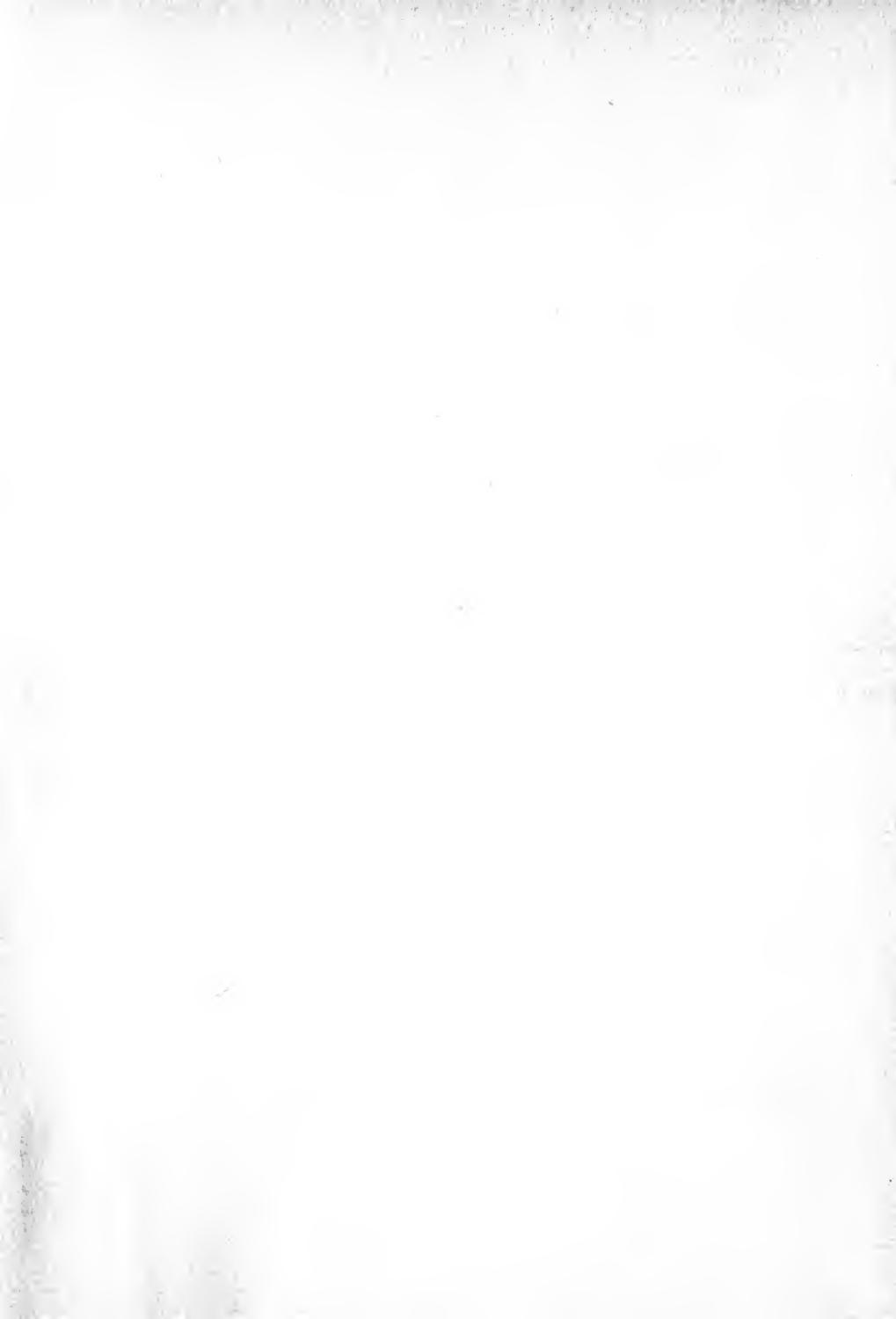


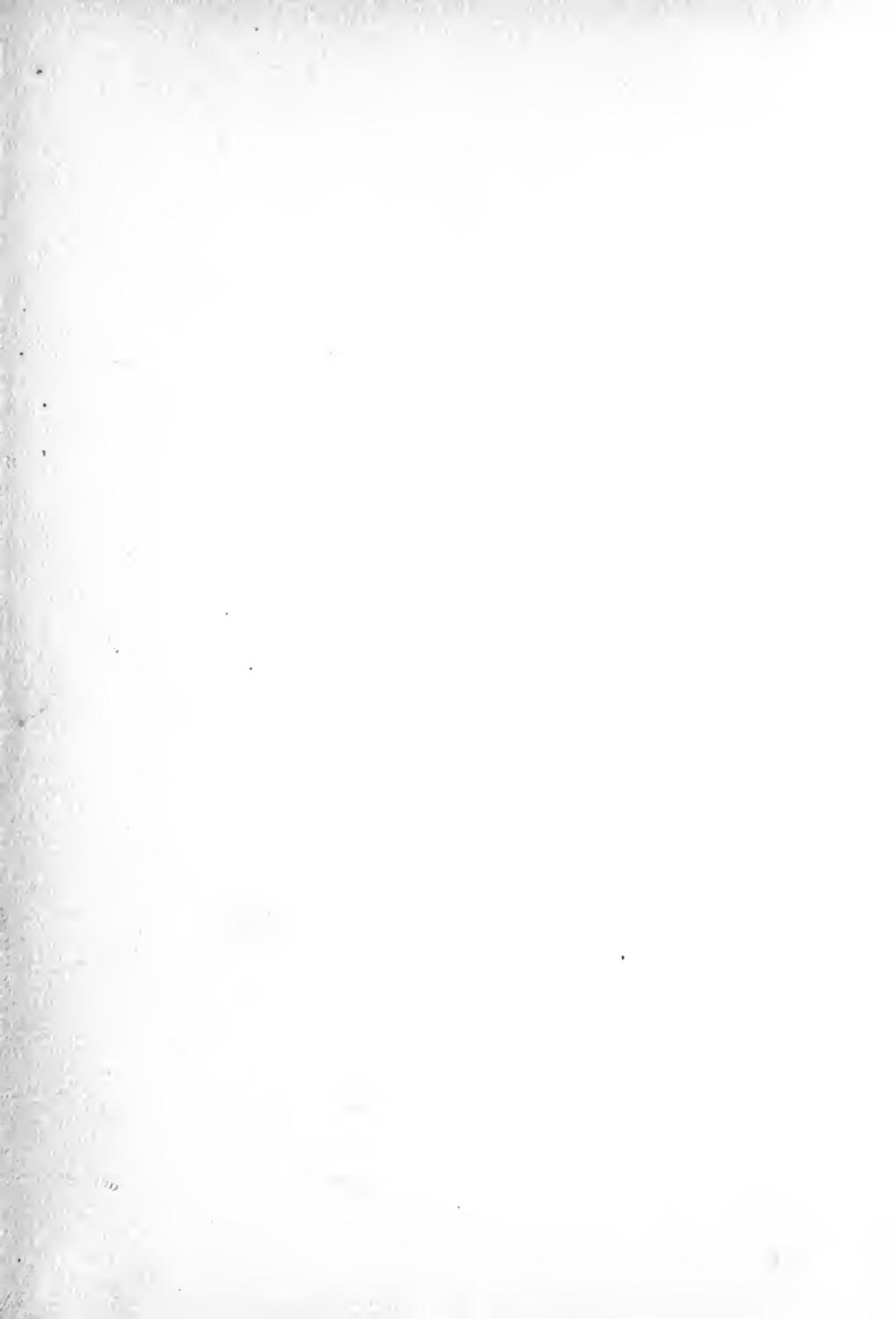






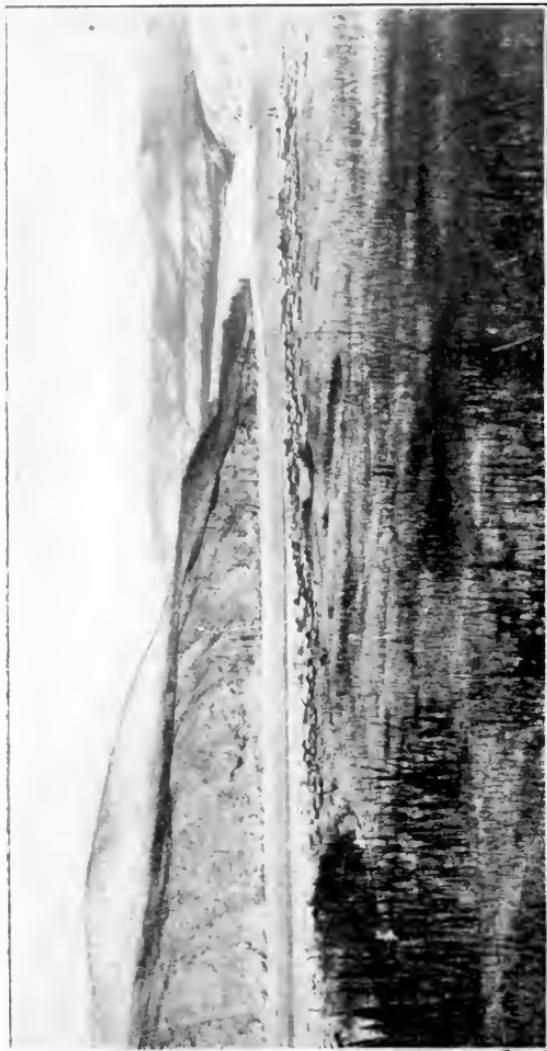








DAWSON CITY, FALL OF 1897.



THE
DECLINE AND FALL
OF
SAMUEL SAWBONES, M. D.,

ON THE KLONDIKE.

BY
HIS NEXT BEST FRIEND.

FULLY ILLUSTRATED.

THE NEELY COMPANY,

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PREFACE.

WHO ever reads a preface? Every one who wants to read intelligently and with profit.

Let the "gentle reader" attend, then.

The romance of this book may not merit criticism. The abrupt sentiments and lectures of Dr. Sawbones may not meet with the approval of the public. Nevertheless, they are the firm convictions of the author. And if the public does not like them, it has its refuge: let it throw down the pages and pass on.

Concerning the El Dorado of the far Northwest, the author knows whereof he affirms. He has paid his price for the information.

He is aware the Klondike (aboriginally "Trondik") is a threadbare subject to-day, but the early history has been told under circumstances and pressures that made it quite imperfect. Now we can revise it—dust it up and reclothe it—so as to make a nice new picture, which quite likely will please you. He is not writing of the Klondike of to-day; most items are of the season of 1897-98, the famine winter.

The comments upon Canadian justice on the Klondike are mildly drawn. If you are of contrary opinion after reading this book, interview the author personally and he will convince you there has been no abuse.

It has been suggested that because of the similarity in the situations of the Canadians on the Klondike and the Boers in South Africa, our sympathies ought to go with the Boers. On the contrary, for the same reasons we con-

demn the Boers. However, there is this distinction: while the Klondike was pioneered and developed by Americans, who then were kicked out, the Boers themselves had pioneered and developed their own country and should be allowed some license in making their own laws.

The author, moreover, wishes here to announce a broad distinction between the Canadian and its mother country or English Government. The Klondike has purely a Canadian rule, which the mother country is not responsible for. The laws themselves are not so much the matter of complaint as is the administration of them, which is so corrupt that Englishmen and Scotchmen join hands with the Americans in disgust and revolt.

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THE
DECLINE AND FALL
OF
SAMUEL SAWBONES, M.D.
ON THE KLONDIKE.

A FAIR PRISONER.

THE wildest of the wild West territory has, as has the most Puritan State, regularly appointed court jurisdictions. In an embryo city thereof the district court is convened; the judicial machinery has in charge a fair girl prisoner, while a curious populace attends to witness. Ordinarily this camp did not honor the court proceedings with its presence. The overhanging spurs and peaks of the great Rockies are more important, more interesting, for in them are the gods of these people—gold and silver; and to them are they devoted, and they believe more in the justice dealt them by their magic 3—7—77 than in that dispensed by the Pilgrim courts. But this prisoner being a girl, the gallantry of the vigilants refused them jurisdiction over her. Moreover, the charge was incendiarism, a crime from which many had suffered.

The history of the prisoner is this: She is the sole one of a numerous family. The greatest monster among dis-

ease—the chiefest scourge among mankind—had carried away father and mother; one by one brothers and sisters approached a given age and disappeared in accordance with strict orthodox heredity. Herself had drunk spruce teas and slept upon pine-bough beds of the north countries and had bathed in the fumes of the tar vats of the Carolinas and possibly with benefit. She had listened to the appeals of algerenes on the southern coast of California and there endured quarantine, exile, as instituted against “one-lungers” (so facetiously termed) by their hosts. She may have wished herself dead, only wishing does not bring death more readily than it brings wealth. However, our prisoner had wished herself in the Rocky Mountains, for in crossing that range she had experienced charms that held her aloof from physical ills and mental strains. She felt herself nearer heaven than her dreams ever approached. So it came that she inhabited this camp, nor was it a mistake in her. The lightness of the air at once put her lungs to extra duty—extra expansion to insure a full oxygen supply. Development, enlargement, follow as does increased functions. The excessive dryness of the air we breathe, by its rapid power of absorbing moisture, keeps diseased lungs free of obstructions, free to heal.

“Fat and fair” was the verdict in favor of this girl’s migrating to the Rockies. The universal one-story mock front building of our early mining towns prevailed here, and only one building of the dignity of two stories lined the main street of the place. In this our subject had lately made her home. The second story was somewhat an aristocratic perch, yet she had no envious neighbors to make her life spicy.

Summer-time had come and quiet reigned at midday; shade and leisure were sought rather than trade and excitement. The prisoner now in the dock then sat in her

palace gazing out upon the waste—the drear blank roofs stretching into distance ; the so-called zephyrs of these parts swept down off the mountains, fanned her drooping lashes, and bronzed her mellow cheeks. Suddenly a cry of “Fire” startled the denizens of the camp, but it startled not this maid, though the smoke and blaze raged upon the roof directly underneath her gaze, and she must have perished only that a pair of strong arms bore her down and away ; and the winds scattered the brands, the brands fired more and more of the town until little was left of it.

Then the populace was as raging as the fire. No little cloud of suspicion hung over this girl prisoner, but a dark hurricane of conviction swept down upon her. No one was to dispute the origin of the fire. The roof underneath her gaze was the starting-point, and no fire for days had been kindled within the building upon which it started nor in the adjoining neighboring ones. There was no way to account for it save coming from human hands. The girl’s own confession tended to conviction. “I was sitting in my window in a deep reverie which carried me back to the past and the lost ; then from the roof underneath leaped a dazzling light ; then chaotic shadows reveled as it were before my eyes. I was chained with intense, unutterable agony—was riveted helpless to the spot, while the fury and the furnace heat, the choking fumes and damning odors of unearthly things overcame me.”

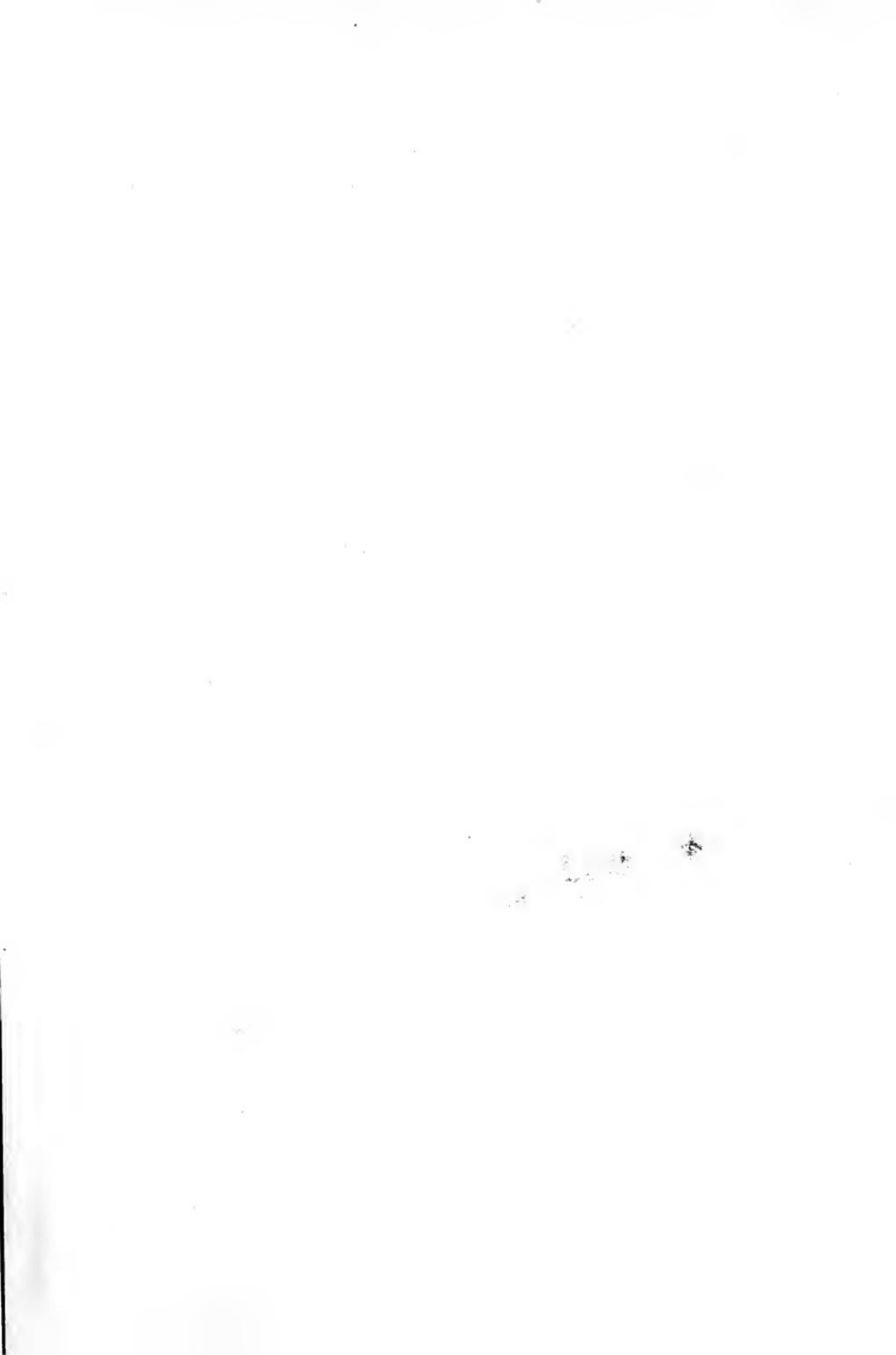
This camp could not comprehend the spirituelle of the unusual organization in their midst. The trance she was thrown into by the glare and the roaring of the fire raging underneath was quite unintelligible to them. She appeared to them only a parcel of deviltry. Well that the victim was a woman, or the vigilants would have grown a new crop upon the hangman’s tree ere morning.

Now we turn to the court—the trial. The whole legal

array at this sitting is the judge and the prosecuting attorney. The few friends of the defendant thought it useless to procure her counsel; there appeared to be no defense.

There happened to be in the camp a medical practitioner from one of the few colleges which require a respectable preliminary education to be followed by a long and severe course of medical study. In this we find necessarily ambition, honor, dignity,—attendants upon a thorough education in any calling. This doctor had had the prisoner as a patient once and he knew her composition. He was capable of looking down through her eyes into her heart and reading what was there. He could comprehend the dreamy, impressionable nature which would account for her visionary tale, and he could account for the fire, yet not prove it. Doctors need be thinking, reasoning creators, but work in quiet. Now and then you find one to brave the working force of the District Court, but in such case weigh well his bravado against his profound conceit; for how can the quiet, untutored mind buffet with the law which usually respects itself more than all else—justice, humanity, religion, virtue? The charge to the jury was brief and fatal. A prosecuting attorney with learning, conceit, and ambition never sees a heart nor a soul nor a virtue in his prisoner.

By exclusion this prisoner must be the author of this fire. No other resident was near, no flying sparks from passing engines, no forest fire communications, no neighboring chimney in use, no storage-room from whence could spring spontaneous combustion, no nests for rats or mice to ignite stray matches, no friction of timbers, no fire-bugs abroad; only the proprietor with his handful of loafers in the store underneath, and this prisoner overhead occupying the only possible communication with the flames





THE FAIR PRISONER.

and witnessing them with apparent delight and fierce interest. The wise twelve have no alternate from the verdict—"Guilty!"

In the closing scene of this trial was observed a man with a basket. Nothing was observed, for he simply walked up the south aisle of the court-room and careless-like placed the basket upon the window-sill. The doctor at the same time strolled from out the throng and as quietly adjusted the basket in the full glare of the sun.

In these rocky regions the sun is expected to shine every day. When a picnic is announced it goes. When a doctor orders his patient sunshine and exercise he expects to meet him or her out in the street every one of the three hundred and sixty-five days of the year. Well, the doctor further arranged some contents of the basket, then drifted toward the prisoner's dock. A brief spell. The jury is polled, the Court is settling down to the necessity of a sentence, when suddenly there is a startling report and a series of explosions, a riotous smoke and flame, and a tumultuous rushing and tumbling for doors and windows. In the throng amid the shrieks, the uproar, the frenzy are the Court, his officers, the jury, the multitude. When quiet was restored the culprit was not in sight. We may guess how she had been spirited away, whose strong arms rescued her from the strong arms of the law.

The next edition of the *News* contains the following letter from Dr. Samuel Sawbones: "The tragic finale of the criminal trial yesterday was simply a sentence where it belongs—a confusion of law-givers who unscrupulously presumed upon justice without knowing where it should rest. The basket in the window contained only a lot of combustible material of loud report, of big smoke, and illusive blaze. The explosion was caused by a piece of

glass, the form of convex lens or sun glass, which we all know focuses the sun's rays so that they may create many degrees of heat and produce combustion readily of all inflammable substances. In this case I had only the bottom of a tumbler which happened to be thus convex, or sun-glass shaped. I had it placed in position to catch the sun's rays in the window and only in a few minutes did it set on fire the contents. Now, this experiment was not to stampede the Court and rescue the prisoner, but to prove the prisoner's innocence. It was an exact counterpart of the fire on the roof which proved so disastrous. Previous tenants of her room overhead the fire had cast upon the roof perhaps broken glasses and bottles. When it happened that the sun had shifted into position or accident had shifted the glass into position for creating the requisite focus, then did the concentrated rays burn into the roof and start the blaze.

"The Court should know as well as I that this girl prisoner could not be the author of the fire. The virtues should not be so nearly extinguished in men by their every-day calling as to make them incapable of divining graces in a girl whose soul shines out of her eyes and from whose heart purity springs as a flame.

"I am afraid the shock of the late unpleasantness will so have shocked my poor patient's nerves as to make it imperative for me to abide round about her—therefore excuse my sojourning further among you."



SAMUEL SAWBONES, ESQ., M.D.



SAMUEL SAWBONES, ESQ., M. D.

SAMUEL SAWBONES, Esq., M.D., was born in one of the Dutch counties of Pennsylvania. He was born of not poor yet of respectable parents many years ago, even before the War of the Rebellion. He was raised in that atmosphere which prevailed a century, then dispersed, leaving the old Keystone State nothing more than a common heritage, leaving it without a power or influence; and indeed that she is so left is good, judging from its present corruption and what might occur were it as of old—"As Pennsylvania goes, so goes the Union." The philosophy of old Ben Franklin was the dynamo of that prosperous, healthy current which made the old State once reign. Poor Richard's Almanac is out of print and alas! for the politics at least of the old Keystone State.

But Samuel Sawbones received the full current of Poor Richard's sayings and can boast that he was brought up in the way he should go. "Honesty is the best policy"—that went without saying in his time. "Early to bed and early to rise"—he did not need the curfew to ring; the wealth and the wisdom of the day were too evident. "He that by the plow would thrive, himself must either hold or drive," was scrupulously his guide from the earliest day that he drove the cows to pasture up to the present.

Samuel grew and gathered a little wisdom here, there, and at various institutions of learning, until in time he hied away to the university of the State, where he was puffed up full of medical lore and burdened with a great green box wherein was delegated him to kill, to cure, as best fitted his skill.

He left, alas! not with arms full of bouquets from his graduating platform nor with a great big bright star pinned to the way-off future; for two of the shining lights of the great institution had said: "Let your walk and conversation be such that all cardiac impulses remain undisturbed, that no nervous sensations arise to unbalance its equilibrium!" Oh! oh! my poor boy! That means you have some very serious heart disease. In accordance therewith Dr. Sawbones paraded his new silk graduating hat around the square and no further than in which lived his father. He gave up eating his mother's doughnuts and took to baby foods. And he broke off with his best girl to avoid the excitements that must necessarily occur with a sweetheart. After moping a time the good in the man began to assert itself. "Die or not, it is no reason why in the interim I should not be dispensing the profound knowledge within me—why others should be dying through want of the saving influence of my vast store of medical resources." Then he set himself to work in a little hamlet to cure the ills therein, but his success was so unproportionate to his conceit that he wished the prognostications of the wise professors might be hurriedly verified. He even joined the baseball club and played third base for them. This may have been for one or two reasons. He began to fear for the prognostical virtues of his old instructors, of whom he entertained the greatest admiration, in whom he had undying faith. Then how near fame it would be to be heralded "*Out on the third;*" "the third baseman, Dr. Samuel Sawbones, of the Schloppindekopplehoopinturtles, fell at his post," etc. Is it strange to say Samuel grew strong at baseball, fattened at a starving practice? Indeed, if the truth must be told at the expense of the dear old Alma Mater, the heart disease disappeared to the extent of leaving Dr. Sawbones not a vestige of

excuse for not being as other men. Yet his start in life was blighted. However, full of the electrical current generated by Franklin, full of ambition and energy, he fell to with heart and hand to make that light which he conceived was within him so shine that all the world would witness.

Though it would appear that there must be some Dutch blood in Samuel Sawbones, it is not quite proven. He once pressed his uncle for data, hoping to prove he might be a son of a descendant of some other descendant of the Revolutionary War. "But," said the seer, "you know many Hessians came over to fight in that war, not for, but against us. These chiefly deserted and took up their abode in Pennsylvania, where they became useful and thrifty citizens. I would advise you to not push inquiries as to pedigree. You might strike this source."

At any rate, Sawbones was lacking in the thrift of the Dutch of his nativity, and while they were building immense three-story bank barns, painted red, and miles upon miles of worm fence, he was souring upon the scant vegetables they traded him for fees. He moved to the Allegheny regions and there tried a race of life with the kill-deers, but he found them carrying knapsacks over the buckwheat fields he was traversing with saddlebags. Then in his agony he said: "Why was it my old infirmity did not work the allotment of my old professors? Their successors say high altitude kills rapidly the victims of heart disease."

So it occurred that Samuel Sawbones, M.D., flaunted his shingle in one of the high-altitude towns of the Rocky Mountains—so high that if the world happens again to be drowned by a flood you people down on the coast will be two miles under water before it wets our feet.

Still more strange things are to be recorded—more strange, however, to the medical profession than to the laity. The high altitude did not kill off Samuel nor did it make his heart disease worse. Added to the altitude was a great deal of excitement and of violence by way of exercise and exposure. When the doctor found natural causes would not kill him, he gave up hopes of dying, but did not despair, for he found life a little more worth the living. When he got hold of a twenty-dollar piece he did not find a Pennsylvania Dutchman there with his thumb on the eagle pinching to make it squeal. He kept a little diary when he learned that orthodox lectures could not be made to always work orthodox. He observed that high altitude practically has no ill influence over heart disease; that subjects of it live possibly longer in the Rocky Mountain regions than elsewhere. He can recite innumerable cases of very serious heart disease who are as well as they were twenty years previous. He can vouch also for the fact that hemorrhages, from any and all causes, are no more frequent here, and he believes them less dangerous, but of course the book makers will say he is a great liar. Samuel began life anew upon his advent in the new country. He climbed to the miners' camps upon the highest spurs and peaks; he crossed the wildest ranges after victims to wintry blizzards; he drove during the fiercest colds and storms. Were it not that it might influence his veracity in other more serious matters, I could tell of his having a night's wandering in which his bottle of sulphuric ether froze in his pocket. However, we will not press you to believe this.

Samuel Sawbones was here inclining the least little bit to fame and fortune, and had he not been born under the auspices of a very mean planet he no doubt would

yet be a leading medical light, with a fortune quite large enough to buy him an office of honor and responsibility in the gift of the people. But his composition, or maybe only his endowment through the ruling of the aforementioned mean planet, led him to preach the virtues instead of attending strictly to business, as were his right-hand and his left-hand professional brothers doing. He posted about him his old Poor Richard maxims. He went so far as to pin up "Honesty is the best policy." He put over the transom "Live and let live." Under the graces was written: "And the greatest of these is charity." One day in the exercise of charity he drove his gig over such fearfully rough country and at such a breakneck speed as to develop that sneaking little disorder appendicitis. Ever after, that little varmint kept nosing about to annoy him—no doubt the ruling of the mean planet under which he was born. He had observed so much the fallacies of the wise men of the East that here again he resolved to profit from personal experience. Instead of nursing himself, wrapping himself in warm flannels and crawling through the world on easy couch by short relays and avoiding kicks and cuffs of active life, he said: "I will do the other thing."

Capt. John J. Healey was writing glowing descriptions of the Yukon country; not of the Klondike, for that region was not known, but of the country in general, its prospects, possibilities, brilliant future. Captain Healey pictured all the gold fields at present looming up before us and never faltered in his assurance. Circle City with its Birch Creek mines was raging; Forty Mile was panning its thousands; and these were only prospecting camps. "Well, well," said Samuel. "Why should I not go? My store of three-ply flannels brought from Edinburgh town and too warm for this country

will be just in luck up in the Alaska frosts." Let me suggest that Dr. Sawbones was not looking altogether toward the cure of his appendicitis when he was talking to himself about Alaska. He had just passed through the storm written out in the first chapter. Now here we might diverge again in the wrong direction if not exercising due caution, for was it a fear of persecution by an outraged foe—the sadly vanquished legal authorities—or was it from fear of a hurt through the subject, the object, of all that trial and that tribulation? Samuel as yet has not confessed any interest in his fair patient other than professional. The girl has not confessed any interest in her doctor other than patient.

And how did it happen? Well, I don't know. Foolish things break out like fires—spontaneously. Here the girl is telling Samuel Sawbones that she loves him, actually loves him, always did admire him for his goodness and kindness, but now adores him for his—eh—his lovely self! And Samuel, the big booby says: "Oh, please don't. I am not good enough for such a lovely, dear, good, angelic, sweet girl as you." Then they fell to and discussed the practical side of the comedy. Dr. Sawbones had his boxes and traps labeled for "Fort Yukon, on the Yukon River, Alaska, U. S. A., via St. Michaels, in the Behring Sea." The girl (we have not learned her name yet) is hanging out in one of the larger cities of the Rocky Mountain regions.

"I will die, doctor, I know I will, when you leave me. I will die of *ennui*."

"Yes, yes, I know you will, my goddess, but I will die if I remain. My appendix—oh, no—I should remark my field of usefulness is limited here, while the poor Eskimo of Alaska is crying out in agony of his many infirmities which I can cure! Oh, hang it all! you know

there is gold there, and it is ‘gold!’ ‘gold!’ ringing in my ears. It is a gold wire to my nose that is pulling me there. Now don’t you see the devil that tears me away from you?”

“And oh, dear doctor, you know I am going to die here, and yet you tear yourself away. Were I a golden calf you would stay and worship me!”

“No, no. I will go and open the way; then you must come. You remember the ice palace at St. Paul, how snug and warm and cozy it would be? I will build you an ice palace on the banks of the Yukon; we will line it with the furs of the caribou, of the wolf, and will cover the floors with the robes of the moose and the skins of the polar bears; then we will decorate it with nuggets, and how happy we shall be!”

I wonder if Samuel did not tell his dearly beloved that he would make a cozy corner for her wherein they could do their wooing while the aurora borealis danced before their eyes and vibrated its sympathy through them? And did he tell her that she would have to eat dried salmon and that she would have to draw water, Rebecca-like, from a great deep ice well in the Yukon, and that she must wear mucklucks and waddle like the native squaws? Oh, Samuel Sawbones, have you not a lot of sins of omission from that last interview?

“Still, dear doctor, since you know I am going to die in my loneliness can you not devise for me some relief—something to do?”

“Do nothing, do nothing, my dear child. Like our grandfathers’ and our great-grandfathers’ girls, simply be a girl as were they and await the dawn of your own existence.”

“Do not, please, pet me with those endearments you play upon the young girls whom you saw first in the

world and dandled upon your knee up to the present young ladyhood. I am Miss — until you can ebuluate something original and pleasing as well as affectionate. To continue my plea, do I impress you as one who might sit idle, dumb, for long months, simply dreaming of the man in the moon—which I take as the same thing as a man 'way up in Alaska's frozen bounds? Provide for me pastime, if only the work of typewriting."

"Ugh! Oh, no! Not that!"

"Why not that?"

"It will take more than words—it will take a whole lecture to say why not."

"Very well; give us the lecture."

"Possibly it will be good for you to get the whole lecture; therefore you shall have it. I need not coin reasons why you shall not engage in pursuits orginally within the domain of man. These reasons are flagrant and I only recall them to you. Please look at man's interest in you. You are not abusing poor man by stealing away from him his daily bread. He will not starve, nor will he fail to provide means for a wife—if he wants one. But man working side by side with woman loses his ideality, his veneration, his gallantry for her. He comes to view her a fellow-being, a fellow-workman. She returns the compliment, naturally; he is no lord and master, she says to herself. Everything grows common between them. They exchange common business phrases, they gossip in common, and talk politics in the common slang; religion is discussed until a common belief is reached; domestic relations are criticised until a correct conclusion is arrived at. Like plants take issue and bearing from the pollen of the plants surrounding, so does humanity take coloring from the associates. It is

not possible for woman to work and associate daily with man and remain untainted by his free, independent moral obligations. In business she imbibes his spirit of barter and gain; in politics she enters into the corruption of the campaign with the same cheers; in religion she gradually accepts his infidelity, his easy virtue, his free-love doctrine. The girl thrown with man through her daily life helping in sharing his business, will in years grow much the same religious, moral, social views that are practiced and preached by him. Some monster woman will say, ‘And what if she should?’ God forbid! is all I have to say. Do not let the days of chivalry pass by your dreams. You want the strong arm of a knight about you, and it is the more dear if there for protection than if for mating. It is very silly for a woman to say or think she will excommunicate herself from monster man. But we all know man’s intercourse with man leads, drags to a break in every one of the commandments. We realize that all offspring must receive its endowment for the keeping of the Ten Commandments from a non-corrupt motherhood. A saint and a devil may rear at least half their offspring saints. Above all things, there is no need that you grow yourselves man-like. Inventions and its machinery are taking the burdens off man’s shoulders while he may take it off yours. He can best prepare the eat and drink; he can best make your coat and gowns. He needs woman simply to perpetuate the race and supply him rest after the weary toil. Give up the funny talk that you do not need man. But he does not want a partnership in business.”

“Dear doctor, do you not lead ‘way off from typewriters and stenographers—lead off to woman’s rights?”

“No; for they are the elementary school of woman’s rights; professional women are its high school; dis-

gruntled married women are the alumni of the institution."

"Well, I know, oh, so many nice girls who are engaged in typewriting that I would not object being classed with them."

"Yes, I know a hundred good girls thus engaged, but I know a dozen bad ones, and is not that a fearful per cent. for innocent creatures to stray from ways of womanhood?"





THE LOWER YUKON COUNTRY—BAR DIGGINGS.

EARLY ALASKA DIGGINGS.

PIONEERS to the lower Yukon, Alaska, were not wont to go via the passes from the present Dyea and Skagway and down through the lakes. They were in part afraid of the treacherous navigation by boat, and lacked capacity by dogs and sleds, for the long journey more than consumed their grub, while for want of dried fish their dogs often starved, and for want of the dogs themselves might starve. Dr. Samuel Sawbones, bag and baggage, shipped aboard a steamer from the coast, and in three weeks was in the mouth of the Yukon River bound up that stream. His diary of the trip is neither funny nor instructive. He found the natives on the bank of that river paying penance through the same afflictions poor white folks in the States were subjected to. Grippe was shaking them out of their moccasins into the ice-bound silent rest just the same. Of course he scattered his pills and pukes from the charity chest. The experience was interesting and the pay, we all know, is to come in the by and by! As he arrived in the pay streak or gold belt of Alaska he had his hobnailed boots electro-plated, that he might gather up nuggets in his walks and wanderings. Of course he daily examined, but the amalgam panned out nothing for a long season. Circle City was swimming around like a flying Jennie. The gold from Birch Creek was weighed out to the commercial companions, to the saloon keepers, and to the wenches as the dogs packed it into town; then it flowed through the freaks of the whirlpool and scarcely ever was at rest. Thus the thousands—one, two, ten, twenty—from each

miner gilded this city to a glory that red paint would need bow down before. Birch Creek is summer diggings, bar diggings, and miners had nothing to do the long winter months save revel and pack their grub sixty miles out to camp for summer work; this on their backs or with dog teams, depending which upon the miner's temperament. If a cheerful giver in his temple of worship, usually he would about the ending of winter resolve himself into a pack mule and grub his *cache* on Birch Creek. Samuel fell into nothing—not into any gold mines nor yet into the fell vortex of the population. "Signs are promising" was all he could write to the girl he left behind, and she, poor dear, could only boo-hoo! over her dreary wait for the cold, cold beyond.

But matters grew better and Samuel wrote his dear such letters as only his loving, faithful fingers could pen. It seemed from these that the frost of this arctic zone drove all the warmth of his being from the surface to his heart, and he poured it out to the girl. It was foolish wooing, but poor Samuel was untutored. He would say:

"GENTLE MAIDEN: The gold I am in search of slowly fills my sack—dust, much of it, and as foul here as in this camp, in its use and influence as the foulest of well-trodden dust of your streets; yet well sprinkled with nuggets, which suggest a loftier sphere. These nuggets measure in size and magnificence a degree which influences one to worship them, yet not one of the greatest nor all together approaches thee, my own sweetheart, in glory, brightness, in worthiness of worship, and I bow down before them only second—after praying for you."

'And the dear, good thing would only answer in a more distressed humor:

"**MY OWN DEAR DOCTOR:** Come home to me now. I know the seventy degrees of frost will not freeze you; I know the dust of that frozen North will not corrupt you; but oh, my dear Samuel, your chiefest hope, your earthly pride and glory may elude you, may be dismissed your sphere through sheer agonizing over your absence and loving influence. Take pity on your chiefest desire and strive to hold it fast. Temptations, too, are strong about me, yet they only give me power while your absence robs me of strength."

And no cooing in their wooing? Nothing like other simpletons? Oh, yes, but that we leave out. Samuel would try to excite a mite of jealousy by relating little flirtations with the non-festive Eskimo maid, while his little maid outside hinted from time to time of little sly glances from leisure gentlemen of the town. Nothing serious happened until one day Samuel received a typewritten letter. It was pitiable to see the poor beggar after that. A love-letter written on a typewriter! Yes, in fact. It was full of endearments. It was a hot number in so far as heat and fervor were usually exchanged, but written on the typewriter! Did you ever receive a letter from your sweetheart so written? No! Then you cannot know how much a blizzard it is to receive a love-letter written upon a typewriter. You may contemplate the position without my further discussing the horrors. Poor Sawbones barely survived the shock, but as the winter season had closed in, leaving him till the next spring without exchange of letters, he was by that time so far recovered as to answer uncomplainingly. During the winter he had stored up many passages and quotations of love, many beautiful thoughts from the brains of other men—other fanciful, poetic natures. He had these set

in order, arranged to do the most good and to express in highest color one so placed as to be capable of loving the little mouse which nightly nosed about his cabin and stole his scant *cache* of sugar—to paint such one's longings and hopes. In addition was something of a business *r  sum  *. Then he added to the manuscript a little story.

One Byrne, a humorist of his own town, had preceeded him to the north, and they met at Forty Mile. Byrne was successfully mining at the head of Forty Mile creek and came to that camp for supplies. Byrne told him of a former visit from the camp diggings to Forty Mile camp. He proceeded thus:

"You know, several years back, every item of news was mouth to mouth. Only a few brief months during the summer brought letters or papers, and every man was expected to be a public bulletin. Well, I had observed the popularity and the gracious standing the news-monger held in camp and resolved to profit by it. At Forty Mile, a supply camp on the Yukon, I met a hundred old-timers—miners here, as I was, for a supply. Of course—

"Any news, Byrne?"

"No; only as I came by the Forks there was a little furore. They had had a fire there the night before. You all know Belle Fawkes?"

"Yes, they all knew her, as she had been in this country four years.

"Well, her cabin got on fire, and the next day nothing only a mound of charcoal and a little heap of poor Belle's bones were to be found. And old Sykes, foremost in the rescue, had one eye scorched out and is crippled for the whole mining season. We ought to take up a collection for old Sykes."

"Then they hung about my neck and plied me with

drinks and discussed a subscription for poor Sykes. After a few beers the camp pried further into my interesting features of news-gathering, and I was compelled to advance my popularity.

"At home, too, we had rather an unpleasantness. You know, up there we have some of the old Montana vigilantes. Well, they imagined they would die an unglorious death unless they created some new life within themselves, so they lassoed poor Sourkraut Ben, who had in reality cleaned up some of the *caches* while we were at work. But poor Ben is shiftless and deserved clemency, yet the vigilantes would not extend it. They hanged him, and I have in my knapsack the last will and testament to send to his deserted family."

"Of course the whole evening was made riotous, and every man at camp extended me his hospitality for the rest of my stay. Certainly each of these affairs was told in detail and with variations so as to make a short story long. Next day when lack of excitement afforded opportunity I detailed some casualties from over the range.

"After this woeful detail I was not permitted to mush a dog. My goods were loaded, my dogs fed on the fat of the camp, and a perfect ovation was given me until I was paraded many miles out on the trail toward home. Of course before I was detected a great liar," concluded Byrne, "other events were the subject of gossip and I was not the least in disgrace."

In the spring-time, early in June, Samuel Sawbones' epistles, manuscript, reports were on the trail, rushing down the Yukon for the outside. And early in July the loving missives, gossiping chatter, and personal notes of Miss Nella passed the above in the Behring Sea on their way. I will not pretend to note the reception at each end. Dr. Sawbones had intuitiveness, latterly called mind-read-

ing, by which he accurately figured the new *rôle* of his inamorata. She still was dying from sheer want of him, from the absence of his love and affection and his soft, sweet, tender care and his delicate, soothing professional offices! But she had taken to stenography and typewriting for a vocation. She had a position in a mining brokers' office and was—well, rather shocked at first; yet so shrewd, ingenious, interesting were the mining manipulations that she was compelled to admire the brains, the spirits who conceived and executed the deeds, the plots, the schemes. She inclosed the following duplicate copy of one of her dictated letters:

"JOHN DOE, Esq., Sourkrout Gulch.

"*Dear Sir:* Be prepared for a visit from some Eastern capitalists who have in contemplation the purchase of the property you represent for us. I hereby send you a sack of gold-dust, which you will please shoot into or otherwise incorporate with the several exposed points of the ledge. Do this carefully, as they have a pretentious expert with them, and the price of the mine does not justify our interviewing this expert. I also send you duplicate ore sacks for samples; they will bring the corresponding sacks with them. Fill these with your richest samples and have them ready in like trim to those they may fill for themselves. While at lunch or at drinks see that your most expert help makes an exchange of these sacks. Much will depend upon this being skillfully done. I need not, however, advise you in detail, as I know your capacity for this work.

Respectfully,

"RICHARD ROE."

Many things in this last series of letters pronounced this girl as having a shade of the "New Woman." She

at first was seriously embarrassed in the atmosphere which surrounded her, was dazed, and her conscience brought her to confession, but later date exhibited the daily tincture and consequent preservation of mind in all the duties imposed—frauds, delusions, villainies, ambitions, gamblings, stealing, concocted and distributed through the office. No, no. Not one hair upon her head was bent upon any other than womanly virtues, and her tastes and instincts rebelled against even mining slang; yet her heart at one time would have broken to have been witness of her fellow-creatures grasping, stealing one from the other. But as the sailor boy partakes of the swagger of all other sailors, the soldier parades in all the stateliness of his whole battalion, the barber assumes the power of quiz and gossip attained by no other trade, thus must our heroine grow caste from the unscrupulous devils usually engaged as “promoters” in mining operations. And she could intersperse her love-letters to Samuel with “interesting” mining ventures and have no thought they might crush his poor heart through her telling. But he could smile over the following history she related to her last knowledge, for he recognized characters. Three great heads—a quondam preacher, a quack doctor, and a defunct banker—perpetrated a steal from a colony of Pennsylvania Quakers who seemed to be the greenest possible community the party of the first part could discover. An old worn-out placer digging in Seven-up Pete Gulch served the decoy purpose. We had known it to be quite worked out and abandoned years before. This syndicate (the nice term assumed by themselves) squatted upon, resurrected this “digging,” flumed it, watered it, salted it with boughten dust, and sold it to the Philadelphians for a cash consideration of \$75,000. This is not a big mining deal and a rich syndicate could not feel it, but that sum

invested in a mine that was not and could not be worth \$1,000 illustrates what fools some mortals are and what rogues are others. The original syndicate was accorded the management of this place, and after adding \$80,000 to the original sum as developing fund the company was sold out for—the entire property of the company—the value of the sluice-boxes, one or two hundred dollars.

“**MY DEAR DR. SAMUEL SAWBONES:** The turmoil of this office makes writing else than of business a burden. Out of the office my thoughts turn to you, yet my head is racked by dictation of mammoth deals which won’t give way to affairs of the heart. Yes, I write to assure you I await your calling. My duties here, I am aware, do not meet your approval nor my associations accord with your humor, but you will comprehend my clinging to it when you learn the possibilities annexed. I have invested in shares in the Bonanza Chief and hope ere long to provide you what you deserve—a position of wealth—and to allure you home again. I hunger for you when I think of you eating dried fish spiced with icicles in the arctic circle, with nothing to sweeten these save recollections of the past and anticipations of the future.”

And with this letter poor Samuel’s hot biscuits raised—swelled up in his stomach without need of baking powder. He saw the autumn sun each day cut out fifteen minutes more of the light, and he saw this star reaching away from him, leaving more darkness in his soul.

“The damned mining sharks,” remarked he to his friend, “have hypnotized by their process of suggestion the poor girl and are robbing her. Oh, how much more honorable one’s abode here among the untutored Eskimo than among such evil spirits as these natives would exorcise themselves of.”

He did not lament, nor fume, nor fret. He wrote that his dried salmon and canned foods were so seasoned by her love that each meal was a feast, and that every dream was as near heaven as perfect digestion could make it. Samuel is not a great liar, but it is not the way in love to abandon hope; therefore he should not exhibit despair. He believes the true nature of woman is to be manipulated, grown, sculptured into any possible shape, or thing, or end—only necessary a skillful artist. He says: "Only can this idea fail when there are anomalies in her anatomy or degeneration in her nerve centers." And thus their love progressed unprogressively while their lives plodded on at full gallop. The excitement of the Klondike snatched Samuel up into its whirlpool, and the final stampede of January, 1897, found him in its ranks. This went from Circle City in great state. Circle's most magnificent women with gorgeous dog teams headed the procession. The miners of Birch Creek district wintering in town joined the stampede and gave it backbone; only three souls of three thousand remained in Circle City, and none returned to tell the tale for long months after. From this the Klondike was started on its record of world-beater.

Very few of these original locators own a claim or own a dollar. Also, many of the bonanza claims were not paying, and the early birds did not all get good, healthy worms. Dawson sprang up as the mining camp center, and of course more life was exhibited here this first season than on the mining dump. By the time of the spring clean-up "bonanza claim owner" did not mean or read "gold king." Dr. Sawbones found it agreeable to rustle, as was ever his wont and as was the law of the planet under which he was born. No doubt he was substituting his original ice castles by air castles, and these

were to be built of dust—nuggets of gold. No doubt he claimed right, title, and authority to protect and cherish the same femininity who so fast is growing in mind to paddle her own canoe. Her last sad rites had been to notify him she had joined the woman's rights. Oh! oh! oh!

"Good Lord have mercy upon not me, but her, poor girl. No, this is not the influence of those bold, base men, but of those half-breed women of her town. Oh, yes, I can see the nasty things in breeches, for they must, being doctors and lawyers and helpmates to impecunious disappointed men, trudge about as we—of course with skirts overtop. Yes, I can see them fill her full of tomfool truck which they emphasize 'woman's wisdom,' 'woman's rights,' and so forth. Well, upon mature reflection it amuses her and don't hurt me, so why should I wail? I wonder, though, when she comes up here, if she will preach or teach woman's rights to the native women, and I wonder how it would work among them? If Skookum Jim comes home and finds his squaw has not chopped the wood or carried the water and has partaken of her dried salmon without a pow-wow, I wonder if he will not exorcise the woman's right through a beating and a howl? Oh, well, I will abide my time."

Thus spoke Dr. Samuel, but still he would not quiet. He persisted in battering the woman's rights mantle with such little nuggets as lay before him. It was cited, "Nature surrounds us with examples of female equality and predominance," but he calls for cases. "The most industrious and worthy among insect life—the busy bee—has only a queen and no king." Ah, yes. And was this beautiful queen ever known to diverge from the true feminine path—that of procreating the species? No other queen is so worshiped, so guarded, and all this through instinctive adoration of motherly virtues. Not the least

of their loving attentions is in the act of the hive keeping a platoon of bees ever and anon through reliefs, as our soldier sentry, fanning the air within through a process of vibrating their wings, thus securing a change with the fresh air outside. So many nice things must be told of the bee, but the nicest of all must be said of the simple, matronly office of the queen. And why is not the nasty venomous spider recited. The ruling spirit here is the female. She towers above her mate in a degree that leaves no question as to who is lord and master. She finishes the necessary ovation for the furtherance of her species with a hunger, rapacity, that only saves her mate a disastrous end from his capacity to escape in flight. There, yes, it lately has been discovered that the female is the head, the leader in another animal colony. The leader of a flock of wild geese is feminine. The flock of chattering geese overhead—ah, yes, we can easily comprehend a female influence. The ruling power of only poor silly geese! “But more serious,” announces Dr. Sawbones, “we are approached with claims that woman is the brighter orb, therefore should shine in the human firmament, should lighten it. Should I say this is ignorance or delusion? Deductions are drawn from supposed cases. Womankind mistake precocity for profundity. The female is precocious. This exhibits early in her teens when she outstrips her boy pard and overtakes him. From this springs her conceit. I will not discuss why the Creator thought best to create us, but discuss the fact as it stands. Like the short-distance horse, the female distances the male in the teens. At twenty she has accumulated all her charms and matured her brain. Armed with a finished education and stored with housekeeping experience, she is in her bridal gown waiting for the youth who ten years before was in his college

gown, who five years since was nailing up his professional shingle or merchandise sign or opening his handiwork shop, and now at thirty, the present time, presumes to lead her a journey through what is left of life. She at twenty, he at thirty, are fairly equal. She at thirty, he at forty, are equivalent. She at forty, he at fifty, are beginning a divergence. She at forty-five begins a halt; he at fifty-five is in his mental prime and little past his physical best. She at fifty is getting old and serves well only the office of grandmother, while he at sixty, though a little tottering in step, does his very best business. She at sixty, seventy, eighty, except that she grows feeble in body, runs a very level race. He at seventy is coming down off his perch to meet her, and soon thereafter they are traveling again hand in hand. Therefore, ye aspiring maid, look well to this curve in the line of life. You take an early beautiful leap up into your own horizon. There you strive with a master for a few brief years more. Then you must be satisfied with a basking in the sunshine of the orb that has kept on and up—satisfied until natural exhaustion sheers it again within your path. No, no. You cannot follow the life-curve of man. We will allow many exceptions, but nothing that approaches a rule, and on the general principle of breeding and husbandry these exceptions, these women who most approach the mental capacity of man—or, if you choose, who rise highest in literary attainments—should not be rushed off into places which she may fill, but which have no demand for her. It is fittest that she, too, should be devoted, should be sacrificed, in the lamentable words of the society, to the improvement of the stock. It is only fool talk to say that she can fill all the offices of men and all the offices of women too. It is all well to grow our girls into queens, but let us decree that they shall live to beget

kings. That the best bred should be equal in rights with man because she is fit to fill his offices, leaving the feeble to procreate the race, is not fair nor rational. It is useless to argue that she can be judge, jury, lawyer, doctor, politician, and mother too."

This season's clean-up on the Klondike reached the outside with Samuel Sawbones' earliest letters, and while these last may not have even started the heart of his maiden, the gold fever of the Klondike did startle the mining world. More than that, it started on the fool's errand scores and thousands of all sorts of fools and idiots and knaves, among whom was your most humble servant. I say "fool's errand," because any and all persons except hardy, experienced miners who go on such stampedes are either fools, idiots, or knaves.

FORT GET THERE.

ONE of the trading posts at St. Michaels, in Behring Sea, is known as Fort Get There.

Very appropriate indeed, for every voyager by sea to the unknown Alaska sets his face first to Fort Get There. Leaving the Pacific coast, there is only one little beam of sunshine, Dutch Harbor, to cross the cheerless, chilly, dreary sail before we get there. And then when I first got there I wanted to get away without the waste of a day's time. I never was in a place the whole of my long life from which I wanted to get out, from which I wanted to escape, from which I prayed to be delivered, so much as from Fort Get There, at St. Michaels—this miserable, mixed big Indian and little Indian camp; the big Indians being the two trading company outfits and the little Indians being the native Eskimos.

Well, I must go back to Seattle and get there later.

It is possible to make the navigation route to the Klondike one of comfort, one of interest—maybe one of luxury—but the Yukon trading companies had not yet, in my time, entered into the possibilities. They had quite too much to do with impossibles. Of course we emigrants, scarcely at sea, began regulations for the company transporting us, but we were all dumped along the shores of the Yukon ere we perfected any scheme said company chose to elect.

It would be nice in me to call ourselves prospectors rather than emigrants, but I was seized with consternation upon my first review of the ship's cargo. The brawny, sturdy bone and sinew demanded by the fierce, cold,

rugged Alaska was scarcely an element in the mass of men. We had yellow kids, Texas Jacks, blonds in bloomers, scientific miners from the East, cowboys, slums, newspaper correspondents, some Montana and California miners in fact. The baggage was as incongruous as the human cargo. Every one had a canvas bag, everybody had a gun and knife and pipes with tobacco, tablets or diaries, cards, a very few books, and fewer picks and shovels. One hundred and sixty passengers were carried on this boat with passenger accommodations for twenty people. A reservation on the second deck was held for the balance—140 souls: a space of 58 by 24 feet and a height of 7 feet. This rookery served as beds, closets, smoking-rooms, and gambling-dens. The nastiness from the combine and the crowd is beyond any one's belief. Seattle harbor regulations ought to be ashamed of its office to have allowed imposition upon a fool lot of humanity as we were like the loading of this boat. But of course this trade, this mass of men was sprung upon the company so suddenly it had no time to prepare! Yes, maybe we only are to blame, and we will never do it again, I am sure. You know what fools we mortals are and also how the glitter of gold brings the fool out on us.

It may have been the conditions we were placed in were causes for the drinking, gambling, and carousing which was in keeping with the den of iniquity in its temporal sense—the rookery in which we were encompassed.

One's experience should always have had his philosophy as its pioneer, but his philosophy gained during the luxurious college season seems to desert him during his buffs and rebuffs from the fighting world. On this trip we do not want experience, but cling hard to our philosophy. Many comic things amuse us in the face of gambling, rioting, and languishing. None of us are poor devils driven

to Alaska through poverty or to escape justice. On the other hand, we are mostly business men and gentlemen of leisure needing trade and change of scene. Of course we all discuss the possibility of harvesting a little gold while out.

The all-water route is a matter of 1,700 miles from Seattle to Dutch Harbor, in the Aleutian Islands, a coaling station, and from there 700 miles east of north to St. Michaels, on the coast of Behring Sea and near the mouth of the Yukon River—in all a run of thirteen days for our ship. The captain of the ship was supposed to be a most excellent fellow, but lest some doubt might follow, a resolution vouching for all the good qualifications of a sea captain was signed by one and all, thus setting at rest forever any doubt or dispute of the matter. I mention this only because I would otherwise be distrusting myself and relate a lot of little things which I thought the captain did not do to make us happy on the trip.

St. MICHAELS, August 21, 1897.

'All the Yukon transportation companies transfer their ocean cargoes to the river boats at this point. Further south, 80 miles, is the mouth of the Yukon River, and 1,800 miles nearly east is the Klondike—about a trip of two weeks. On a nice summer day this nook from Behring Sea called Norton Sound appears a very respectable harbor. Arriving here, more startling news than the nuggets of the Klondike was that people were starving in Dawson. We held meetings—always miners' meetings, of course—and discussed the grub question. The transportation companies would not carry us any freight and advised that we go home. However, our eyes were on that star of the East, the Klondike. We lay bucking, kicking, and swearing for thirteen days at Fort Get There, St. Michaels,

Norton Sound, Behring Sea, Alaska, waiting for our transportation company to pack us from the ocean to river boat and hie us on our way. We amused ourselves—well, no, not much. We trade a little with the Eskimos, but they and their wares stunk so badly we feared quarantine at Dawson. However, we bought some things to kill the worse smells of the rookery of our steamer. In the midst of my perplexities the agent here had in the company store with him a sort of coyote fellow, who says he was once a trooper down in Montana, as clerk. We began to get hungry already, even before the cold struck us, and I asked:

“Mr. Coyote, can you give me some crackers?”

“No!”

Later, being very hungry, I said:

“Mr. Coyote, please have you any cheese?”

“No! no! Get out!”

Such fine little attentions from storekeepers go a great way to make one's time pass pleasantly, and I would suggest to the N. A. T. Company to ship a cargo and scatter them along their trading posts. They could be had in Chicago, and no doubt a choice offered during a dull packing season.

When you get to Fort Get There naturally you will look about for the fort. Well, it is not here yet. There is a Catholic mission established here and an Indian camp of Eskimo Indians. Then there are actually a dozen cannon in St. Michaels, about as big as those our boys play with on the Fourth, mounted on wooden wheels and pointing out into the harbor. Of course they won't shoot.

About 800 people are at this date (August 21) floating about in this bay, and the season is getting so late that doubt exists as to the possibility of the trip. Nights are

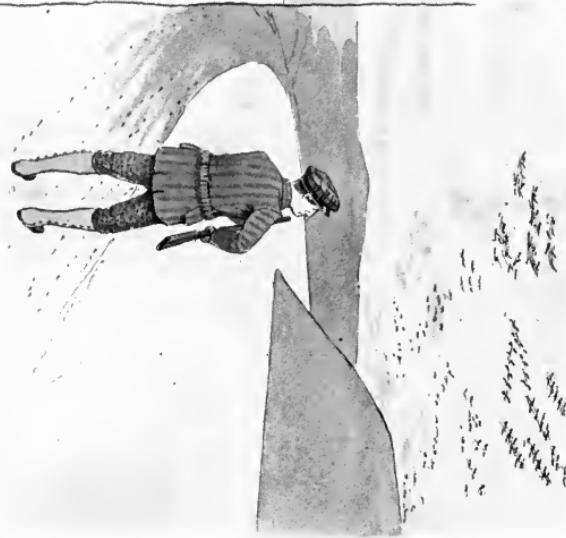
already getting cold. And are we not asses for continuing on against the tide that begins? We already realize the fact that we are asses, but until the novelty of being such wears off we will not confess to it.

August 27 finds us transferred to the river boat and headed up the Yukon. The waters are muddy, the shores are wide-spreading levels with low brush, and the characteristic bog, icy bottom. Wood-yards and little Indian villages are all that line the shores. The transportation company trades for the wood, flour, calico, clothes, trinkets, etc., and we passengers buy fur goods and novelties. Tricky fellows have learned to trade trinkets, tobacco, and edibles, whereby they can cheat poor Lo; others actually steal from him, and some fool him in estimating values of coins. I am ashamed to have to tell this, but I have been ashamed of my company ever since having left home. In good old Montana days we would here have plenty of food for the vigilantes. I am almost resolved that the love of gold has so enervated humanity that not enough heroism is left in it out of which to form a brave, true vigilante. Playing cards, betting, and laying of hands upon his neighbor's goods seems to be the chief end of man—such men we are here—hurrying to the Klondike.

The natives of the Yukon have luxurious living this season of the year. They have fresh and dried fish, wild game, flour, sugar, and all luxuries to be traded for on the boats; and we find them dressed in all manner of materials and with such fancies entirely as would not be found among the civilized. I never saw them at meals, but often found one or several sitting eating dried fish with apparent relish.

VUKON

YOU-KANT



HUNTING WILD GEESE.



THE LOWER YUKON COUNTRY.

SEVEN days out on the Yukon. This river averages nearly a mile in width as far up as the present limit; it is from four to six miles an hour in rapidity. Lately we are surrounded by hills approaching the dignity almost of mountains. These hills are covered in part by a grass, yet chiefly by the moss peculiar to Alaska. Much of the hills and the mountains have a low brush, and from that various sizes of brush up to that of a small tree in greatness. A special picturesque fir covers areas of the hill-sides and shades them dark green. The moss is of many colors, much inclined to red; the brush are green, red, and peculiarly yellow, not specially an autumn yellow, but a born tint of yellow. There is a blending on the shore of the Yukon of all these colors—a transposition of them purely as nature can bestow, which makes our present view a wonderland. Two, four, six hundred miles thus far and no apparent finale is presenting us a picnic not dreamed of even by the most enthusiastic delineator of the most liberal of the romantic excursion routes of the traveling public. It was indeed a wonderfully beautiful, enchanting surrounding, a bewitching dream. We push along this lower river day and night. The moon is up about a foot above the horizon, where it appears stationary the past four hours. The moon seems to have become loony up here in Alaska. It has deserted its color—its bright, honest silver face, given up its argyle smile, and shines with a bloated, bilious sallowness, an absolute golden radiance. The heretic! Everything inclines to

yellow. I can state, however, that we are getting sick of the monometallic currency as it strikes us here—trading with dust.

At this present stage we are in a furore. We meet the company's previous up-river boat; it is coming back. Low water has frightened it, and with its choice cargo—passengers and whisky—it is on the back track, giving us warning not to hope for the Klondike this season. We rage, but we do not despair. The oldest inhabitant does not recollect of low water before this season.

A little further on and 900 miles from the coast is Minook City. We approach this and are offered opportunity to winter here. A little mushroom of tents. We are permitted grub at Klondike prices and guaranteed by the city platters excellent mines on all sides. It is surprising to see how many and with what resignation they step off here for the next eight months' incarceration. No, thank you, captain. I will go on, and when your old scow sticks in the mud I will paddle my own canoe on and up. I however, bought a town lot in Minook. There are some known mines in the vicinity, several of which pay very well. There are prospects for more, and when all the horde unloading spread prospecting we may have the pleasure of recording a new Klondike.

Three hundred and eighty miles further in is Fort Yukon. This is the region of low water. Our boat promises to go on to that Indian camp of a dozen log huts and a missionary. Nothing new to chronicle while on this stretch save little incidents. We are eating our meals with fingers in lieu of knives, forks, and spoons. Our fellow-passengers who deserted us at Minook kept—no doubt meant as souvenirs—all the tableware of the boats, leaving us tin cups, tin plates, and fingers for feasting ourselves from. They make no apologies and we

make no excuses for them, save that they learned the necessity for self-preservation while journeying the past four weeks. There is no picking for us, therefore will not go and do likewise.

Stopping to wood the boat to-day, I beheld a scene peculiar to this stream. A queen of these shores, an Indian woman gorgeously decorated with furs, came up the shore with a dash, she at the helm—not of state, but of her bark canoe and a team of dogs at the line, making a display as well as rapid transit. The said subject received the munificent revenue of \$32 for eight cords of wood and began immediately to turn her coins of silver and gold into luxuries: a gorgeous bandanna handkerchief, a bag of crackers, yards of gay-colored prints, and—will you believe it?—a lot of soap!

Here we are high and dry sure, though the river looks big enough for a gunboat to pass up. A dozen cabins all told is the real estate of Fort Yukon, owned by Indians, a missionary, and the transportation companies. The Indians are off fishing for the winter's grub, leaving house and home vacant; but to-day not a cabin is lonely. We have squatted into and upon everything like shelter. The Indians may come home any day and scalp us, as we deserve, but we are taking all sorts of chances in everything. Many passengers deserted their craft on the way up the river and many more propose returning from this point. Two dozen stop here, while the boat sails away down to the sea; stop here to be "Nearer, my god, to thee"—to the gold of the Klondike. We discuss the possibilities, which are these: poling up the river in canoes; waiting for ice and going up with sleds; but we have no dogs. Dawson is 40 miles up, and twenty days with dogs will land us.

We are here now a week waiting for something to turn

up—some heroic captain willing to force a channel through the Yukon flats. The Indians are coming home and they have grippé, true blue white folks' grippé, and one is dead of it. Oh, their hideous crying dogs and babies! Doll on Alaska remarks: "The Eskimo, or rather the Yukon Indian babies do not cry." Doll evidently is a great liar, for these brats squeal and bellow equal to any little Caucasian I ever was entertained by.

I had the pleasure to-day of meeting Mr. Whipple, discoverer of claim No. 1, Eldorado Gulch, Klondike. Mr. Whipple was paddling his canoe down the river, with Minook City his objective. He bought 200 pounds of flour here to mend leaks in his winter stores. Likewise he wished 50 pounds of sugar, but he had no sack, and the trading store never furnish anything but the raw goods. If Mr. Whipple were mining down in Montana he would reach down and take gunny sacks from off his feet and fill in his sugar, but here the miner learns to accommodate himself not only to the Indian squaw, but to Indian dress, therefore nothing but moccasins are on his feet. Mr. Whipple finally tied up the bottom of his overalls and got away with his sugar. This simply illustrates the accommodations met with in these Yukon trading companies. This man Whipple, as before stated, staked claim No. 1 at Eldorado, one of the best on the Klondike, and when only partly prospected sold out. He took his few thousands, went into Dawson City, hired all the dogs and sleds to be found and held a grand carnival up and down Main Street, and waked from his dreams a few days later broke. After realizing that a magnificent fortune had been his, but was his no more, he turned tail to the Klondike and hopes to mend his means at Minook City.

We hold the fort, the old Fort Yukon!
No! I see the old fort holds us!
I fear we shall die in Fort Yukon
If we hold the fort or it holds us!

ON TO DAWSON.

All, we did do a lot of fretting, fuming, crying before hurt uselessly, for here we are actually on our way again to Dawson. The Bella, the beautiful Bella, beautiful not because of gaudy colors and elegant lines, for she is any old tub of a boat, but because she acts the good Samaritan and picks us up from the wayside, and because Captain Dickson took us stranded idiots by the hand and gave us a boost on our quixotic adventures. Never a day before loomed up so brightly, so happy, so auspicious. A hundred-pound package was as light as our best loaf of bread; the gangplank was as wide as the path to Castle Luxury; the snow in the streets of Yukon was warm even. We bid good-by to the remaining good souls with feigned tears and are again on the dangerous shoals of the Yukon River. We take the Robber, that branch which has last robbed the main stream of its feed, and we are treated royally by the most gracious thief. Nothing was left wanting in its kindness, and we are singing praises even to the robber. Of course we will get there. Now we eat, drink, and be merry, for there is no end to the good things aboard the Bella.

This being the other steamship company, we had signed certain stipulations for the favor, such as exonerating the company from the usual dangers of the sea, starvation, freezing, or capture by pirates. And most important was to help wood the boat. At dusk the boat tied up on the bank of the river, and we pilgrims bound to the unholy land of gold had a little task of gathering in about fifteen

cords of wood. Sometimes it was cut, again it was not. Snow was deep enough to hide the snags and fallen logs and to pour down our necks and keep us from getting too hot. Oh, yes, it was fun. We were "on to Dawson," and any stick we could turn to roll us on was fun. We had big lamps stuck about in the bush and we need not necessarily gouge our eyes out. There was enough snow to make falling easy, provided you let your load of wood fall the other way; and then you must not fall off the gangplank into the river.

CIRCLE CITY.

Two short days in rapid waters piloting in and about bars, with gathering of wood along the shores for the boat, and we were landed at Circle City, 80 miles up the river from Fort Yukon. The gangplank was down, whereupon a delegation of "prominent citizens" boarded us. Below in the boiler-room, among Eskimo dogs and Siwash Indians, they lined over and upon our luggage and traps and read off their resolutions, and politely requested our concurrence in said memorials. In plain, "What are you going to do about it?" Captain Ray, of the United States army, mounted a box of evaporated potatoes and made a nice little speech, in which he tried to make them believe they were good American citizens and that they certainly could not mean to disturb the peace and break the municipal laws of the growing metropolis, Circle City, as also the law and Constitution of the great and glorious United States. That now, after having acted their play so admirably, they must go home and not rob the boat—take the bread and cheese out of the mouths of their neighbors, the good people on the Klondike who were hungry, whose mouths have been watering a whole season for the good things of this good boat's stores, who stretch out empty hands for the same and return nuggets in thanksgiving.

A very nice, very eloquent, very proper speech he made, appealing to justice, humanity, and loyalty. He, however, made a serious mistake in appealing to patriotism, for the chief speaker of the committee bounced the most

prominent pile of luggage, which happened to be a keg of assorted sweet pickles of Captain Ray's own importation, and made the following back talk:

"We, the association now presenting, are the people, the miners, the bone and sinew of Alaska. We are hungry; we are thirsty. For weeks we are out of butter and eggs, nor have we tasted of the Vienna sausage or Rochefort cheese upon which I trample this present moment. The year past we have had no milk for our tea and coffee nor for our motherless kids—nothing for them save dried fish and the native Iceland moss. We are taxed \$12 for our flour, which is damaged beyond the relish of the Siwash squaw. Our mines glitter with gold, but our stomachs pale and shrivel from hunger and we lack strength to pan out this. Those with food must carry it 70 miles to the mines on dog sleds. The season is here. Duty to themselves, their families, and to posterity confront them. Their diggings, their homes, their healths stare at them as grim specters. You must not forget, my dear captain, my brilliant soldier, that we are American citizens, true blue, breathing under the Stars and Stripes and hoping to bleach our bones under the same. Here we see you aid and abet this boat, this commercial company, in its attempt to pass by your wards, your citizens. You allow us to starve, desert us, in these far-off cold shores, these mountain wilds, allow them to blockade, chill, freeze our loyal blood, and for what? To carry bread and butter into foreign ports, into alien camps, to feed and relieve British possessions, to throw our lives and safety away for men sheltered by the flag of Great Britain. Is that the mission of you, representing the American States, an officer of its grand army?"

Even Captain Ray acknowledged the justice and the patriotism of the miners' meeting and meekly slipped

out and off. The committee, without force or ceremony, opened the hatch of the vessel and relieved us of thirty tons of the best things in the ship's hold. This included flour, bacon, beans, boneless turkey, butter, buckwheat, canned luxuries, cheeses, etc.

On to Dawson September 26.

The river lessens, the distance lessens, the time lessens, and now we feel safe to say we will get there, even though the ice runs freely and the thermometer says five degrees this morning. I keep cheering the captain by pointing out to him that the wild geese still hold the country. Therefore we must have some nice warm weather still later.

The only settlement on the Yukon to pass is Forty Mile. It is a Canadian post, but mostly settled by Americans, while much of the diggings about the head of Forty Mile are on tributaries from the American side of the line. It is, however, insignificant to us, and we barely touch there to get our exchange of mail. Sixty miles more and we are there.

All hail to that smoky nook around the corner ahead! Yes, 'tis the mouth of the Klondike and the city. City? Well, 'tis Dawson. And we rustle and bustle for the landing? Oh, no. We have little or nothing to land save ourselves, and landing is like the landing of a herd of cattle—we must almost be driven off, for we know not where we go.

DAWSON ON THE KLONDIKE.

OCTOBER 1, 1897. Two days ago there climbed the mighty Yukon and hove to at the wharf in Dawson City a steamboat of several hundred tons burden. Upon the first discovery of its smoke floating high over the banks away down the stream the populace of the town and of the Klondike on the other side of the river floated, then swept out to the landing. The band came, too, and played "The girl I left behind me," with other lively airs, and while it played it looked to see if by chance the girl might have come with other luxuries. The mounted police on foot also came, slowly, as is their wont, but not to keep order in the throng, for it was too enthusiastic, too wild for restraint.

Cheers, hurrahs, and the chimes of a thousand Eskimo dogs made the scene hideous. Fur caps were tossed and parkees waved in lieu of handkerchiefs, and there was in fact a hot time. To-day another boat, just as big, just as pretentious, just as important in every particular, and with just as valuable a cargo, inasmuch as your very humble servant was part and parcel thereof, puffed its smoke high over the cliffs and paddled its way up the rapids and hove to at the same wharf without attracting the least attention—without the blowing of whistles or even a tender of the freedom of the city. We wished to dispel the gloom of the people by a little cheerfulness of our own, and struck up "There'll be a hot time in the old town to-night." But there was not; in fact, there was an icy cold time. No one was looking for us, no latch-

string to a warm hearth hung out, and we camped in a zero hospitality.

The spontaneous outburst of the Klondikers over the first boat was not of an overloaded stomach. On the other hand, it was a hungry appeal, eagerness, hope for bread, and its small tonnage was a disappointment, a shock. Only the remnants after a hold-up by the miners at Circle City was left of the load. It was in the choleric minds of the populace that we, too, were coming light-handed and heavy-footed, which was the case, for the "miners' committee" at Circle had boarded us and bared us down to a few paltry tons of solid stuffs and no liquids.

Of the 160 passengers leaving Seattle on August 5, as yet but four of us have reached the Klondike. The Yellow Kid, Texas Jack, the girl in bloomers, the scientist from Boston, the capitalist from New York, the gentleman of Chicago, all loud in their daring and doing, have stranded, and we few, only by dint of perseverance, cheek, push, and might, have won the race. Of 800 people with us in St. Michaels harbor only this load of 50 are here or will get here this season. The ice begins to run, and this boat must unload to-night and be off in the morning, or else it will be harbored here for the winter.

Passengers' outfits are being stored in the trading companies' warehouses to be inspected by the government officer. Everything, from association, from valuable service rendered it, has become very precious, and we fear to trust it out of sight. We keep watch for long hours—we watch the other fellow, who is watching his store and returning our compliment by watching us. It is cold—below zero. We dance to keep warm, walk to ease up a joint, and whistle to keep up courage. Upon the top of our parcels goes the ship's cargo, and we are invited to call later. Thus we are turned loose on the town, but do

not start out to paint it red nor to seek bed and board, for we are advised none are to be had. The main street feels as though we might spread our blankets and rest, but then we must share with the thousand-and-one curs already located. Great luck! We find an unfinished log cabin and lodge there: the few shavings gave our weary heads and chilly hearts the best rest for days back.

October 2. The sun shines here this morning as it does outside. The days are of moderate lengths. It is no colder than we are familiar with—midway between freezing and zero—and the atmosphere is dry, bracing, and agreeable, and no special ill threatens, yet I feel depressed, silent, weak-kneed, desolate. Ah, I see now. I am hungry, and nowhere can I get my breakfast. Sure that is it, and I am off down to our old friend the boat that carried us over. There I blarney the cook, who permits me to take a cup of hot water. While drinking it I tell him a thrilling scene of the night, and he dares not say nay to the handful of sea biscuits and cold bacon I seize upon. This is my first breakfast on the Klondike.

This day's house-hunting steered me into the face of a colony from home tenting on a gravel bar on the Yukon—dear old faces because from dear old home. I had a mighty meal of slapjacks, beans, bacon, and a relish of cheese and crackers. I was warmed up, restored in mind and body, and upon the stimulus of the occasion rented a house on First Avenue—a cabin 18 by 24 feet, one story, one room and kitchen, for \$200 per month in advance for six months. Here I am now at home—not quite "Sweet home," but the only old thing of a home I have had; the only thing I have had for sixty days that I should like to call home for a pet dog. I can at least rest my head and heart and achy old bones in peace and without chance of being walked over, sat upon, spit on, steamed through, and

chilled; without having my shin bones sampled daily by prowling curs or being a *cache* for the surplus live-stock propagated by Siwash Indians. The old arm-chair is not here, nor the foot-stool; the feather bed and spring mattress give not their balm. Three-legged stools, crude pine table, spruce pole beds, and the usual unwashed fittings of a pioneer fill up our furniture. But our prayers are not for our surroundings. We feel a little frightened over the matter of food for the winter, and our daily bread will possibly absorb all our devotions.

October 3. The climate conditions are serene in Dawson at this present writing. No more glorious sun shines than ours of to-day. Everything is in keeping with an old-timer's remark: "This is the finest winter climate in the world." Every condition seems to vouch for his assurance that it never grows colder here than in Michigan, Maine, or Montana; that we learn to love it and seek to abide in it. But we are startled so often when we wish to enjoy the glories and wonders of the Klondike by the barter.

"Any flour to trade?"

"No."

"Any beans? Any bacon?"

We are held up, as it were, so often this way that we wish we had flour and beans and bacon to trade or to give away. What do they want to trade us for these staples? Anything; dust, nuggets, simpler foods, clothes, etc. We are offered 200 pounds of moose meat for a hundred-pound sack of flour. We count our flour and—oh, no, not one pound to spare, and the trading companies will not give us a bit. We find moose meat selling for \$1 per pound this morning, as was also fresh fish. Milord Bacon, our King Flour, and Chief Beans are not to be had for love or money.

Contemplation makes the sun shine less lively and the temperature seems a degree lower, and memories from away over out of the country steal in among these sad thoughts. However, our sleep is refreshed by dreams of the gold fields on the Klondike and the magnificent fortunes there awaiting us.

Mining is quiet. First, it is the season for preparation; a little too early to mine because the ground and waters are not frozen substantial; second, there is a strike at the mines because the wages are being tried to be forced down from \$1.50 per hour to \$1 per hour. Old prices were \$1.50 per hour, and with the rise in grub it should not be too much to-day. Besides, working for wages, miners not having mines of their own have a choice of taking "lays" (leases) on mines in which they receive 50 per cent. of the output. Every man to his mind in the matter of working for wages, working on lays, or prospecting for himself.

Dawson, the chief camp of the Klondike mining district, is situated on the Yukon River, which runs a little west of north. The Yukon at this point is one-third of a mile wide, very deep and rapid. The Klondike River comes into the Yukon from the east, cutting a chunk off the camp. The decapitated part is named Klondike City. The Klondike River is 100 yards wide, not very deep, but rapid, tortuous, rocky, and unfit for navigation except for pole boats or very small motor boats. Three miles from the mouth of the Klondike Bonanza Creek empties into it from the south, and 14 miles up Bonanza Creek comes into it Eldorado Creek, a little from the southwest. Bonanza Creek and Eldorado Creek have produced thus far all the gold of the Klondike district. The Klondike River pans out nothing in either bar diggings or gulch diggings.

Three hundred houses and log cabins may overestimate its size. There are at present 300 tents, but they are fast hauling down as the cold and demand for miners press. It is very funny to see the fantastic shacks grown from the boats and scows that floated the population down here from the lakes. They are upside down, on end, halved and spliced, covering dugouts and interwoven with tents and log huts. One wonders what they can mean until he noses about in them and finds them inhabited.

Dawson town site is a flat, one side, almost straight, bordering on the river, all the rest of it encircled by a mountain, the greatest depth, in its middle, being one-third of a mile. It would be swampy only that it is frozen solid in winter, while the moss covering protects it from thawing out more than a depth of one or two feet in summer. The matter of streets in Dawson will be a serious one if it attains to a busy city.

The water supply is the Yukon River, through buckets in summer and ice sleds in winter. On the hillside at the north end of town are some beautiful springs, and this location is becoming popular as a residence site. The shore water of the Yukon being the Klondike, the supply is clear, fresh and apparently good in all particulars.

Lots on First Avenue are worth \$5,000 to \$10,000. However, not much is doing in real estate at present. The atmosphere is too full of other business, and one is not apt to neglect a choice claim for a mere matter of house, lot, and home luxuries. I am not well booked as yet in affairs here and will give details later. I have not yet been to the mines. The food supply keeps us thinking, talking, and quarreling. Every day it seems to grow more dark. To-day I heard tell of a man who had had no food for four days. No, not scarce yet, but no one will give or sell through fear of shortage in the winter.

A very hungry man dropped into our cabin and we, forgetting the situation, gave him a share of our dinner—bread and butter, coffee, beans, and a slice of ham. He handed out his sack. "There; take out \$5; it was worth it." Now and then we see sandwiches selling on the street at \$1. But they are hard truck. The two trading companies, so far as they can fill old orders, continue to do so at old prices: flour, \$12 per hundred pounds; bacon, 37 cents per pound; beans, 25 cents. All classes of food are selling on the side for \$1 per pound. I am hearing the starvation question from morning to night. Murphin, from New York, has just remarked: "In our city if a man has a big sack of dust he can go at a brisk gait and carry a high head, but here if he has several hundred pounds of flour he can just rush. Dust doesn't count anything." The Honorable Joy, member from Montana, says: "I haven't had the wrinkles out of my stomach for four days."

October 4. I called again to-day for my baggage, which was unloaded and stored in the A. C. Company's warehouses. "Your trunks are personal baggage. All else you must pay transportation for." I had two trunks, which were handed over. Some bundles, 100 pounds of flour, and 100 pounds of other grub were taxed for freight. Nothing more was said; nothing exacted for duty upon this outfit. My pard and I resolved ourselves into pack mules, for no transportation was at service, and carried home our things. There we sat upon them, wept over them, and bewailed their littleness.

There are a few teams of horses in Dawson freighting for \$10 per hour. These will probably be killed off for want of food, and for want of feed for the dogs the horses must go to the faithful plodding winter motor power of the country.

Through my side window I can view the internal arrangement of my neighbor through his. It is a bar and seems to be dealing much in single drinks. A drink is 50 cents, which possibly accounts for the loneliness of the patron. Of course after this first drink one may feel the moon to shine a little more cheerful. He possibly will imagine his flour-sack fuller, and in the glow of hope and good-fellowship invite his next best friend to drink with him. Maybe this second drink will assure him that the river may yet break and the boats come in with flour enough and to spare; then he will ask the house to drink. The bar grows more and more crowded as the night turns toward morning.

Except a free-and-easy theater, a dance hall, and the gambling halls which are combined with saloons, there is nowhere to go—no places of amusement, I might be permitted to remark. I bought a Seattle paper dated August 28 for 50 cents, which after reading I utilized as a window-blind. I am continually interested in a crowd before my window reading the latest.

Some of us are beginning letters home. We find the following notice posted on various buildings about town: "John Dallas will leave Dawson for the outside upon the first breeze-up. Letters will be carried for the sum of \$1 each." The Government has no post-office here, and I applied for a possible letter: "All mail from the United States to Dawson goes on down the river to Circle City, the first American post-office. From thence it may be returned here when opportunity offers, but may not till spring."

SAMUEL SAWBONES, ESQ., M.D.

Samuel Sawbones was picked up *en route* and is a passenger on the fair Bella. He brought his kit with

him, brought everything but what is really necessary here—flour and other morsels of grub. He brought pills and pukes, tablets and triturates, powders and plasters, oils and extracts by the quart and gross. He had a nice new sign with gold letters ready to fling to the breeze. And I think he had assurance and conceit to hope her majesty's government would fire a salute upon the momentous occasion of his grand announcement. But there is in Samuel a little of the old-time professional courtesy—something little cultivated the present day—and he made it a duty to call upon the authorities and the located doctors. Captain Constantine told him there is a law of the Northwest Territory which requires a physician to have a license to practice medicine. He consoled our friend, however, by saying he recognized the fact that most of the camp are Americans; that it is unusual to enforce Dominion laws strictly in such unsettled mining camps; and that with the power invested in him at present he would not enforce this law until pushed to it by the Canadian physicians appealing to the home government. Dr. Wills, military physician at this post, greeted Sawbones kindly, but with a rather bland sardonic grin told him in brief he must forego the pleasure of associating with Canadian doctors in practicing the healing art on the Klondike. Recovering from the shock, Samuel Sawbones took occasion to talk back:

"We knew nothing of this law before coming here, and for us now to go to Calgary to stand examinations for license is a matter of a season gone and an immense expense. It is virtually being kicked out. Besides, under the circumstances we hope for the usual courtesies accorded new mining camps, that of self-government."

"Yes, yes," says Dr. Wills. "But here are three of us—myself, Dr. Richardson, and Dr. Norway—who have

permits, and we can fully attend to all the sickness that is or may be prevailing. Of course it is hard on you and any other American, but it is our right, and we propose accepting the bounties of the situation."

Old Sawbones, who had seen millions in it going up the street, saw as he trudged down a dip candle warming the stove and Iceland moss soup in lieu of the compound vegetable heretofore preliminary to his bacon and beans. His gilt-lettered shingle, he says, he can use patching up the window, but the drugs—he dare not throw physic to the dogs here on the Yukon, as dogs may be the staff of life ere spring. Samuel Sawbones, M.D., a good subject of the great and glorious United States, now a mendicant under her majesty's flag, not knowing where to lay his head nor how to turn an honest penny, has scores of duplicates in this rustle for millions on the Klondike.

October 7. The sun the past few days shines upon us as brightly as it does outside, but it does not warm us equally well. Every morning a great crowd is massed before each trading company store, all beseeching an order of goods, all there are for orders taken and paid for early in the season. It is getting time for miners to be off and at work. Each likewise wishes to settle the pending difficulty or horror, "Will I have enough to see me through?" The weather has warmed up and the river is clearing of ice, and there is dawning a little hope that two boats now loaded at Fort Yukon may come up. However, two boat-loads of provisions will only lessen the number of exits which are preparing for the first substantial ice. The situation of the present exposes the craft of the human kind. Now are beginning to come forth the inhuman kind from their hidden *caches* with supplies to sell at the fabulous prices reached. It appears that these made hay while the sun shone, which was nearly twenty-four hours

every day during the summer, and now have great stacks stored away for the starving poor—of course at their own prices. Even while the mosquito was stealing their thrifty black blood they did not rest from their labor, and it is predicted there is actually enough food in Dawson if distributed as it should be.

Our quarters being a most prominent one in Dawson brings us many callers. An attorney wants a window and corner for an office; an optician wants the best window in the house to expose his spectacles; a watchmaker offers \$100 per month for a room; so although the business generally is stagnant, we see no lack in variety. One business house has a sign: "General merchandise, hardware, drugs." I looked into the drug department and found quinine, salts, iodide of potash, and some plasters, constituting his whole stock. There is no drug store in Dawson, but I hear of one or more stranded on the way which expect to get here for the spring trade. I hope so, for it is so refreshing to drop into a drug store for a whiff of pure drugs and medicines when one is choked up with microbes from uncleansed streets and undrained swamps. Is there an undertaker here? I do not know; only the indications are that he will not thrive. The reports outside of the many deaths on the Klondike have been not only exaggerated, but in chief false; only a few people have died since the Klondike has been discovered. A man is reported in the hospital from being shot while robbing a *cache*. It is a lamentable fact that the latch-string must not hang out in Dawson unless the proprietor is inside; it is lamentable likewise that we have not a vigilante organization. Want makes thieves of us all. The mounted police are not effective in protecting property, and I doubt if they have any desire to burden themselves with an effort. To-day a *cache* was

robbed of 1,200 pounds of grub and no clew or any effort at a clew. The police, so far as my observation goes, are only a success in arresting drunks and keeping order in the saloons.

The only news medium we have is the old-lady facility of mouth to mouth. All business is posted in written form upon the front of business houses—lost, astray, wants, meetings, individual grievances, locations, etc. For want of news we sit in contemplation. If the climate on the Yukon is so glorious as is being talked, we will want our old bones to lie here; yet, again, if the mosquitoes and gnats are as bad as pictured, then will we not have to spend our old age fighting these pests?

All kinds of mechanics, with professional and business men, are here, and their first impulse is to jump their legitimate calling and fly to the diggings to bag gold rather than to earn it. Contemplating the possibilities of this is about the pleasantest of our pastime. Going on the street and viewing the signs still hanging—the Delmonico, the Metropole, the Klondike—makes one's mouth water, but the empty tables recall one to his sense of the emptiness of many stories floating about and quench his enthusiasm. We find several of the hotels open, but on the European plan—find your own blankets, brew your coffee, and make your slapjack on the hotel stove, and pay \$3 per night.

October 8. The river is comparatively free of ice today and boats might come in with food supplies, but I fear the captains, from my observations, will exert themselves more toward furnishing their own winter's luxuries than toward relieving the starving Klondikers. At Fort Yukon, 400 miles below, is a big supply of substantials, but further on and down at St. Michaels the best of foods as well as liquids are stored, and I will wager

no boat will return to us, but will seek winter quarters at these congenial points.

The strike is still on. The miner can have his choice of working for wages, working a lay, or prospecting for himself; therefore he will not have wages come down. The bonanza kings cannot starve him out—only the trading companies can do that. Men are considering the alternatives of going out on the first ice and of possible hunger here.

"Can I make you a trade for a door lock, sir?" And a little man with a big gunny sack popped his head in our door. "Will give ten candles for any old thing of a lock."

We wanted ten candles, but had no door lock. Another *cache* was robbed last night. A box of candles to-day is worth \$100, yet the light of ten candles will not let us see any gain in robbing our own door of its lock—virtually robbing our *cache*. No oil in the market and not much in the town. To the miner candles are as serious a want as grub.

October 10. A raft of fresh beef has just landed, about 30 head, and is selling at from \$1 to \$1.25 per pound. They were driven over the pass and held on the upper river until cold weather overtook them, then killed, frozen, and shipped. It is calculated in all that 200 head of cattle and 800 sheep will have reached Dawson before navigation from the head closes. Horseflesh is advertised to-day at 25 cents for dog feed. I am not sure that some one or more may not be laying in this dog feed as a reserve supply for the dogs' master.

A prominent New York expert in the interest of outside parties dropped in with the following remark: "This country is not as big as represented. There is no room for the thousands of people pouring in, no business, no de-

mand for them." A little later another mining expert, just as prominent, seated himself on my best stool with this good word: "I am just down from the mines. It is the biggest country any of us have ever seen. I have been around the world and mined in many places, but this far surpasses them all; yes, a great gold country which bewilders us."

Almost daily we run into a batch of men and find it a "miners' meeting." They discuss the strike and all other matters they think pertain to their business—very often things they know nothing about.

All kinds of meetings are popular and draw a crowd. There are no halls, schoolhouses, or places for a meeting, therefore we meet in any nook Mr. President may appoint. To-day there was a large meeting in the chief dance hall. All the girls were piled away behind the bar and Mr. O. Sullivan occupied the speaker's stand. He was offering to this community his big scow, just arrived from head waters; he was offering it to the throng for transportation out of this camp. He offers scow and crew for a run down to American territory, where is stored boat-loads of grub; to the opulent who furnish their own blankets at a rate of \$30 per head, the indigent free. Mr. O. Sullivan is an old-timer on the Yukon and knows the needs of the country. He brought this scow in loaded with an assortment of the best whiskies, but is a little startled upon arrival at the prejudice existing against wet goods in favor of solid food and substantials.

Captain Hansen, of the A. C. Company, has made a little speech advocating Mr. O. Sullivan's scheme, not that he admires the gentleman's thrifty generosity but he declares there is little possibility of any further supplies coming into Dawson, and it will be wise for the unprovided to go down where supplies are stored. Our chari-

table friend O. Sullivan has another scow on the upper Yukon with a cargo of eggs and girls. They seem to have parted cable with the whisky barge, but may be expected any day.

Just now one of our loafers resurrected from the bottom pocket of his parkee five little gold sacks. His story is this: "My pard had these all full of dust. In one night he lost one, two—all five at the faro table. Then he borrowed \$5 from me, for which he gave these as security." No comments were passed on his fool partner. Here his reputation, his character, and his executive ability will not suffer. It is such enterprise, as much as anything else, that makes Klondike and other mining camps. This man will carefully step across the swamps from one nigger-head to another, over hills and across gulches with his bed and board, serving under the load of a packing jenny; and after many days one, two—all five little sacks will be refilled and brought to town to replenish—to supply the motive power of this end of the camp. The proprietors of the gambling dens seldom hoard the dust and the trading companies are the final holders. They enrich the outside world with it in exchange for the good things we need here. Our five little buckskin bags do not represent millions, but they multiply into millions.

October 12. The high prices have not dropped out of provisions yet; buildings and rents keep steady; wood has an upward tendency at \$30 per cord; the market in general tends upward, and one is obliged to deal with speculators, the stores being about finished. Troubles lend one's ears to others' troubles; frights send one poking about after others possibly lurking. We are regaled with the possible pestilences awaiting Dawson. The springs freeze up in winter and the spring opens up only murky water in the Yukon. There is no possible drainage for

the town. The police government exercises no sanitary precautions and we are threatened (by our relators) with prolific pestiferous diseases the coming spring. The Canadian doctors will have a picnic—will clean up a big fortune in a little time and from a doubtful capital. Our friend Samuel Sawbones, M.D., not being in it, will reflect upon each funeral pile, and filled with envy will say "I told you so," and heap his benedictions upon the little swelled heads and big puffy bags of the aforementioned presumptuous, greedy pack—these conceited wise-acres, envious and afraid of the skill and competition of American doctors.

Whilst writing a miner dropped in from the Eldorado diggings. He was in ill-humor and seemed ill-natured. He came here from police headquarters. His fist is bundled up in a bandanna handkerchief and he says it carries the footprints of a man's jaw bone. Was some victim crying bread to him, and in this way he shut him up? Well, the incident has no connection with his visit to the police; it only shows he is a bad man. Two days ago he returned to his home in Eldorado and found his *cache* clean and clear of everything edible. He was here to-day after a search-warrant. The police authorities did not give him one; they informed him, he says, it would not be good Canadian law. My own reason is they do not want to be burdened with the thief. He was wrathy as if being lashed by the lion's tail. "We, the miners, will get out a search-warrant of our own; we will make an example of the wretch." It is to be devoutly wished they may. Things have come to such a pass that one cannot turn his head to watch his right hand but that his left will be robbed. The vigilantes were good cure—good physic in the old Montana days, and I think will be good

medicine in these days of sugar pills and tablet triturations.

October 16. At our mess meeting to-day it was *Resolved*, that under the present strait of the bacon and bean market we now and hereafter confine ourselves to two meals daily; and *whereas*, the run on candles and oil has set their price quite out of sight, *be it further resolved*, that ordinary gossip and simple story-telling must be conducted under cover of darkness, and at no time must more than one candle be burned save in sickness or death." In the gloom and depression of one feeble sickly tallow candle I am now recording the above resolutions. As half the story is in the telling, the gesture, the eye of the teller—no one wants to hear a story to-night.

The boats do not come in, but we do not quit looking for them. We have replaced the card above the door, "There's no place like home," by this one: "Eat, drink, and be merry." We do not want to think about home too much, but rather incline to bravado to keep our courage up.

I resurrected the following grub bill, the prevailing prices of the past summer and the prices of to-day had the boats all come in: 1 case catchup, \$24; 8 lemons, \$1.50; 25 pounds apricots, \$8.75; 20 pounds lard, \$6; 60 pounds salt, \$6; 1 case condensed milk, \$24; 249 pounds ham, \$112; 1 keg pickles, \$5; 2½ pounds pepper, \$2.50; 1 case rolled oats, \$18; 6 cans, baking powder, \$4.50; 1 case apples, \$18; 10 pounds coffee, \$5; 1 pound butter, \$59.

If only the boats would come in, we should then get rid of that ghost that haunts us to say: "Better take that seven-hundred-mile trip out over the ice the first freeze-up." The millions on the Klondike, too, haunt us, and we long to be part owners of the fifty tons of gold to be

shipped home next summer. We are inclined to look the threatened famine in the face, although we know it is possible for it to get the best of us in its ghastly return stare. Our mess is organizing a relief expedition—in plain words, are outfitting for a moose hunt. Ye mighty hunter of the Rockies and of the plains, drum a little melody of envy on your breakfast-table and remark: "Oh, the glories of this moose chase must be worth a run right into the jaws of hunger!" Well, we will outfit, and first with clothing of which the necessaries might make us quite oblivious to the kicks of the most villainous football team; then must roll our blankets, pack our stove, tent, axe, cooking utensils, and grub. Now trot out, you dead ox, and we will load. Oh! oh! oh! Here is where the fun drops out. We must load ourselves fifty pounds to the man, and with this, trudging through the snow and over ranges, the novelty will remain, but the glories and excitements of moose-hunting quite die out. We call it then not moose-hunting, but a relief party. It is remarked to me: "Should you kill a moose of, say, 1,000 pounds, what would you do with it?" That has not before occurred to me. Possibly we would sit down and eat of it until it dwindled away to a portable package; then each mighty hunter may tug at the toboggan and reach camp with the shadow of a moose.

The query of cold occupies us with that of hunger, though it does not frighten us. A fifty-dollar Yukon stove is one item in barring out cold. Then we look well to the moss chinking of our logs. We have no mud, therefore pack between logs and every possible air-hole with the moss found in abundance. Old-timers say a little later we shall mix snow and water and apply the slush to the outside, and this will prove a valuable protection for the six months of severe cold. People here in the

early season cut wood, which is in plenty up the river, and floated it down on rafts to Dawson. The banks are lined with it, and there seems no dearth of it, only it is \$30 per cord, with an upward tendency. We have as yet not experienced severe cold and can only speculate what it may be.

October 24. The several Indian bands not too far up and down the Yukon yearly bivouacked at the mouth of the Trondik to catch salmon and hunt. One of several boomers, who, as are all boomers, was trained to hate legitimate work, looked upon this location with desire. One Ladeau squatted right here on the north side, now the town site of Dawson. Then he looked with envy upon Sixty Mile up the river and Forty Mile down the river, and he said: "We must draw upon those prosperous camps and build us up here." They salted the bars up the stream and set the Indians to nosing about for gold. Finally a squaw up Bonanza Creek actually discovered gold and imparted the discovery to Siwash George, her lord and master. George, like a good son, had adopted the customs along with the tribe; he gambled away his gold and drank up his furs as fast as his squaw could furnish them. He got away down to Circle City in one of his trading boats, and in a confidential drunk gave away this find up Bonanza. His very appreciative audience at Circle, 300 miles down the Yukon, immediately deserted the bar over which they gleaned the news for the bars on the Bonanza, but not familiar with deep diggings their stampede was a failure.

A little later Siwash George vouched for Mrs. George's find by an exhibit of a sack of fine nuggets at the gaming tables of Forty Mile and Circle. There was a bigger stampede, yet it was in fact a second failure. In truth, the two stampedes were not the miners of the country,

but the coiners of gold. What I mean is, after the miner delves and digs the gold these old-timers, his accompaniment in the country, deduct it from his sack in a thousand-and-one ways and set it afloat among themselves. This, you will understand, by the aid of saloons, dancing halls, theaters, faro tables, gambling, wicked girls, etc. Of course they make a failure of anything which needs pick and shovel. In August was the first stampede, but now about January, 1897, started the third stampede to the Klondike, and this one stayed. It went from Circle City in great style. Circle's most magnificent woman with gorgeous dog teams headed the procession. The miners of the Circle or Birch Creek district were wintering and joined the stampede, giving it backbone. Only three souls of 3,000 remained in Circle, and none returned to tell the tale. Thus the Klondike was started on its record as a world-beater. The American in Siwash rose superior to his adopted life, and he helped all his uncles and aunts and cousins of his wife in the tribe to good claims, and he with some of them are still the happy owners. Bonanza Creek empties into the Klondike three miles from its mouth. Twelve miles up Bonanza was Discovery Claim. Very soon all the Bonanza was located, and as the tail ended the stampede came in, the drones, the sluggards, and the pot rattlers of the camp had nowhere to go. Above Discovery one mile a tributary enters Eldorado Creek. Here these disappointed stampeders, in despair at not having a claim, located. Lo and behold, this Eldorado loomed up the head center of all this mining district and holds its precedent to this day. It is estimated that two-thirds of last year's gold output was Eldorado gold, and this year it will hold the same ratio.

MISSIONARIES.

If you get there before I do, look out for me, I'm coming too. Sure enough, the indomitable Methodist who is ever singing the above has come. He has had one service, has a church, with \$700 paid, as per announcement, furnished with stumps and slabs as pews, and a whole catalogue of church work organized and in operation. The text of to-day was: "Bear ye one another's burden." The usual collection followed this admonition: "Now put in coin if you have it; if not, just spill into the plate some of your dust; if broke, why, then, bring us a few ounces of flour or any canned goods." The regular announcements were a little unique even to we old prospectors. "Class meeting this afternoon; regular service this evening. For the meeting to-night I would request each of you to blow out the candle you may be using, wrap it up, and bring it along. You may be at liberty to take home with you what may be left. To-morrow morning all good brethren will please meet me at the church with axes, and we together will make a little excursion up the hillside for the purpose of wooding the church for the winter; Wednesday evening we will meet to organize our book exchange and library. All bring your books and we will exchange one with the other. Dr. McCune, an excellent physician connected with this mission, will be pleased to extend his service to any sick, free to those who are unable to pay." From the start this mission is making we can bet it will not starve out this winter. I believe it is the right thing —may be, however, in the wrong place.

P. S.—By the St. George! This was not a Methodist meeting at all, but a Presbyterian mission. Well, the "walk and conversation" was so Methodist and so un-Presbyterian that I must be pardoned for the mistake.

Even the last closing act was life-like Methodist; the preacher, resting his glance upon Sister Green, the only woman present, as if wishing to say "Pray for us," but passing on said: "Brother Stephen Furleny, please lead us in prayer."

VIGILANTES.

"It is something remarkable the way you old-timers applaud the old vigilantes' organization, the way you old fool miners fall down and worship the dead and buried, mourn over what has not even left footprints in the dust of time. But you old tramps never will tire of has-beens, and the trails of the Rockies, your stories of the latch-strings hanging out, and how you hanged Henry Plummer for robbing sluice-boxes. Now, let up on it!"

"Well, pard, let me have just this little bit of back talk and I will stick to the pork and beans of this country. My old bones are sort o' stiffening of late, and I took the long, easy route, the Behring Sea trail, to reach this camp. The old sailing tub Cleveland had on board 163 souls—embryotic miners possibly, the same manner of men who pass muster for honesty outside. Well, out only a few days and we began losing our tobacco, pipes, papers and books. On board were a captain and lieutenant of the United States regular army, a United States marshal for Alaska with three assistants, and the officers of the boat with arbitrary powers. Stealing went on—pillows, shirts, blankets, anything, everything, and all the power aboard seemed helpless. I actually knew poker chips that could not be won to be stolen off the board. At Fort Yukon three barrels of bonded whisky were stolen from the warehouse right out between the legs of a United States customs officer sitting there, and nothing but the

hoops and staves were ever discovered. Here at Dawson matters grow worse from day to day. The officer of the mounted police seems a clever and willing guardian, yet stealing grows greater and bolder, whole *caches* are robbed, and one never knows how much petty thieving. No doubt you and I will have to guard our sluice-boxes with shotguns when we clean up. The mounted police are ever walking—strutting—up and down the street, but they never catch a thief, they never hang a rustler. They may be good soldiers, on the principle that everything must be good for something, but soldiers are no good in a mining camp as peace officers are never any good on a mining stampede. This is everything in a nutshell, and you cannot crack it. I need not repeat the situation down in Montana, Colorado, and California when the vigilantes ruled supreme. You know the latch-string was perfectly safe hanging out; that our dust was secure in a tin box within our cabins; we never lost a cracker from our packs; that we camped on the trail and did not have to padlock our gunny sacks to our feet to hold them safe. You latter-day saints may preach about mounted police and the British lion's protectorate, but they never gave us back this day our daily bread that was sure to have been stolen yesterday unless being guarded with a shotgun; now I let up on you."

THE TRAIL.

Down in Montana it used to be the pride of society—of the diggings—that there had gone out, spread world-wide, the saying: "The latch-string always hangs out." Alas! that we may not say as much for the Klondike! There the big-hearted, generous-handed prospectors made "camping on the trail" an inspiration rather than a stare

into the cold face of helplessness. The admixture of nationalities makes it doubtful if even plenty of grub will correct the present selfishness of the camp.

The trail in itself is a different proposition here from elsewhere. At the present time the muckluck is the most popular footgear. The muckluck is a rawhide boot of sealskin, with or without hair on. It will stand water, if well oiled, without leaking; is very light, and one can wear innumerable socks to keep warm. Later, as the winter precludes any water on the trail from thawing or ice breaks, the Indian moccasin of moose skin mostly takes the place of the muckluck. Persons wear one, two, three pairs of woolen socks and a pair of thick German socks inside the moccasins, and this protects a foot from all sorts of cold. One is safe from frost unless by chance he gets wet. His clothing is very soft, thick, light woolens; a parkee, much like a Chinaman's outside shirt, and of ticking or drilling, is popular wear because very light and a great bar to cold by virtue of affording a wind-break. The only fur is the Yukon cap, a thing *sui generis*. Summer trails are the trying ones. Gum boots are the proper resort, but they have many drawbacks: they are quite too heavy for a long tramp and too warm; they often overflow or get overflowed with water and mud, which makes them quite unnavigable. A new summer trail or an old one worn deep in mud is best navigated in a pair of light shoes, having in view the procedure of wading through water and mud, getting thoroughly saturated, and at the end changing for dry stockings. Trails are through swamps, jumps from nigger-head to nigger-head, over fallen trees, snags, over mountains. Nowhere is there a free spurt until a trail is broken by use. "On the trail" here is a different proposition from elsewhere because of the distances between

supply points. In fact, there are no supply depots other than this one at Dawson, and the simplest possible stampede or business requires a big load—from 50 to 100 pounds is the common pack on the Bonanza trail. We may meet a man and dog in sled with perhaps 30¢ pounds. I saw some veritable beasts of burden among my fellow-men, they sledding individually 300 pounds. As yet snow is limited and sledding is very poor, so that 300 pounds is almost an ox's load. On my trip up the Klondike I met many and all sorts of packers and packs, men fagged, peering straight ahead, mechanically moving, apparently ready to drop, but never dropping until their twenty or thirty miles are made. When night overtakes us on a stampede or prospecting tour we pitch a tent and sleep upon pine boughs. Oh, how our bones do ache! We dream all through the night that we still go on; the pack is breaking every bone and rending every muscle in the body; maybe we dream of such a luxury as a latch-string, but never that it lets us in out of the cold.

October 20. Well, it is all up with the boats and down with the hoped-for new supplies. The river is making its final freeze-up; we are inventorying our *caches* to determine the fight we will have to make through the winter. Now and then crops out the discovery of a big *cache*—one of flour, of candles, of bacon—which some smart tradesman corraled during the summer for just such emergency as this happening us; yet all such relief is small in possibilities for continuing us through. People are training to two meals a day; many are devising ways and means for going out. The outfitting consists in a dog team, necessary clothing, and blankets and grub for men and dogs for forty days.

REINDEER.

The reindeer hooped up in harness, bunched up, bent in its strains at a load, and driven by a runty little Laplander, presents almost a comic picture. Yet its great good points must obscure such a view and make us applaud its nobility. It is said to have a capacity of 400 pounds per 100 miles a day and can subsist upon the native moss. On my way to the Klondike I interviewed Dr. A. N. Kittleson, in charge of the United States government reindeer ranch which is situated at Unilucklick, on the coast of Behring Sea, 60 miles north of St. Michaels. He gave me the following statistics: The herd consists of 1,500 head; about 400 are or can be fitted for work; some are being worked, others are awaiting the opportunity; much of the band is in the hands of the native Indians for care—herding and training. The herd is rapidly increasing. On our expedition to these gold fields we had the association of two very agreeable government officials sent to Alaska as emissaries especially to report upon its conditions and its possibilities. The starvation point of the Klondike was fairly presented to them and they appreciated the situation with the necessity for relief. Here is a most opportune test case for the reindeer, I argued, but, argued they: "We admit the capacity, the utility of the reindeer; we agree that nothing would approach it as the right thing in the right place and that hundreds of people might be saved hunger, if not starvation; yet in face of all we cannot utilize the offering at present. In the first place, a messenger must be dispatched to Washington for authority; next, the authority must be transmitted to the ranch on the coast of Behring Sea; then harness must be furnished, the deer broken, sleds made. All this will be a

year's enterprise for the Government." Poor old ship of state, looking down at part of its own crew drowning. What a happy spectacle!

In discussing the same conditions as a private enterprise the following outline was made by one familiar with the surroundings: "I could reach St. Michaels in a few days via one of these river boats; from there, by some Indian canoes. I could within a week be at work outfitting on the deer ranch, and quite as early as the ice will bear be on my way to Yukon River points where are large storages of grub. In very nearly a month from date I could be approaching Dawson with relief." This was no fancy picture, but actual computation by one familiar with the country and the climate. Our two kid-gloved government officials no doubt will report the feasibility of this plan of relief next summer and receive instructions for next winter's emergencies.

GRUBBING.

"Sawbones," says Captain Healey, manager of the N. A. T. Company at Dawson, "there is a great deal of sickness in camp. What is the matter?"

"No, not much—nothing unusual."

"No? Well, I am made to believe there is a big lot ill. Why, every man who comes into the store wants a grub stake for a sick brother or a sick pard who could not leave his bed to personally apply for a few necessary supplies. So you think it is not serious—the sickness, eh? Yes, I see! Any scheme to get an extra pound of pork and beans."

The store is continually full of beggars, and such beggars as you never see elsewhere. They are not paupers. All have money to pay, but the old trading companies

hold fast to their old prices while corner prices are way up. Of these beggars one class are made liars by fear of starving, and any resort that furnishes something to eat goes. Another lot are such as have plenty, but who strive to beat those companies out of grub to use for speculation on the side. With all their efforts to fill only orders for such who must and ought to be served they continually are defrauded. A woman with children will tie them, ragged and dirty, to her apron-string and march in before Captain Healey and force out a combination of tears and tales of woe; if her husband is a better solicitor he heads the procession. Some adepts at disguise may appear in the various invalid characters and carry on a brisk trade, for Captain Healey in particular cannot look upon suffering if he can mitigate it. Captain Hansen, manager of the A. C. Company, keeps well out of reach of the besieging mob, and though he has some gentlemen about him, he has enough toughs in waiting to dispose of those whom they prefer not waiting upon.

I was witness to the following between one of the trading companies and an old-timer who came after his winter's grub, ordered early in the season, but which was only filled in part as per scene:

"Fifty pounds flour." "Oh, dear, only fifty pounds for the blessed long—" "Check. Forty pounds bacon." "Why, it won't last me till Thanksgiving—" "Check. Twenty pounds beans." "It will not more than fill my pot—" "Check. One box herring." "And that little box won't make the pan—" "Check. One hundred pounds sugar." "Now, if my batch of kids were up here they would eat all that sugar—" "Check. Fifty pounds dried apples." "There's some business in that, for they will keep one filled up while—" "Check. Now, there; handle that flour a little more carefully."

Don't you see my life ooze out of that measly porous sack? And there, there goes a bean; pick it up. That little slab-sided piece of bacon—why, it does not even make a shadow. Yes, give me that red pepper. I got some horse meat for the dogs, and I may have to fool the dogs. A little red pepper on horse meat will make it go down just as readily as moose meat. Then last winter, when my pard got closed in on Stewart River, he said red pepper made his poor mush, his Malamuth, his lone partner, as much a relish as canned roast beef appears in camp. Yes, I may have to keep the wolf away from the door by virtue of this red pepper and my poor mush, though he is half wolf. Wolf in the stomach is better than wolf in the door."

PROSPECTING.

"Well, Samuel, my boy, back, eh? Struck anything this trip? I see you had a new pard. Yes, quite a stampede from the Forks over to Sulphur yesterday. A dollar and a quarter to the pan was reported, and every available man and woman rushed off in a struggle for some vacant claim. Sulphur promises to be a diggings that will rival Eldorado and Bonanza. Yes, I will post you if anything very big occurs. Will pay from \$100 to \$1,000, according to location."

Dr. Samuel Sawbones said he staked on a pup of Ophir Gulch, but must trust to luck for an Eldorado.

"Yes," continued the doctor, "I struck a new pard. You know the established law of this land. Any and every partnership formed upon coming into or within the boundary of Alaska for the purpose of navigation, trading, prospecting, mining, or whatsoever, invariably and universally dissolves by mutual consent within sixty

days from date. Well, this my last partner was a gentleman from a great city who tacked on to me I know not from what cause, but I felt the necessity of dissolution and at the same time held it due to him to proceed decently and in order. My invariable rule to break the link is to take the offender out prospecting. Like my celebrated liniment, it is never-failing.

"Well, we had easy sledding up to Forty Four Eldorado, when we began the trail over the range. This is two miles to the top, with a grade of nearly ninety degrees and a corresponding slide down which is quite as burdensome. We had outfitted for a big route. Down Ophir 12 miles to Indian River, down Indian 30 miles to the Yukon, down Yukon 35 miles home; all over unbroken trail. Grub for all this time, change of clothes for accidents, tent, stove, picks, shovels, axes, etc., made a sled-load for a dog team, but we tackled it all the same with our man team. Well, my pard was made leader. He forged ahead, as all new recruits usually do. He puffed, of course; finally he lagged and swore; his breath came fast and he was beyond expressing himself; his eyes stuck out—hung out. No, mine not so much so. Old soldiers never do the work of raw recruits. His tongue shriveled and he never spoke nor looked. We had to duplicate the trip, as the load was too heavy. We virtually fell down the hill on the other side, but the snow was too deep to permit of any injury following. Of course duplicating the trip could by no means duplicate the gentleman's temper—only prolong it. We packed down the hill rather than sledded, and when one of us toppled over the other necessarily needed to help him on his feet again.

"We reached the rendezvous late in the evening, and I left making camp to pard. The stove never went up,

and purposely I failed to supply tent-poles. We slept out in the cold—only about 30° below. We were not in speaking humor, nor did we do any grumbling; in fact, it was much of a pantomime. My pard did not even complain of my biscuits, though I am sure I made them to aid the cause.

"Next day we prospected Ophir Creek, but finding it quite completely staked we started on the several pups or small streams emptying into it. While doing this we learned that we could not possibly reach Indian River with a sled loaded, and therefore must return as we had come. I could see 'Ugh' pictured on the features of my pard, and indeed before the scene was closed it was fairly seen upon my own. I regretted the loss of the first-planned route, as it was possible we might run upon a moose, than which nothing more agreeable could happen. We hoped, too, to fish in Indian River, and being limited closely the whole winter to salt meats, these fresh ones would have been offerings worthy most devout thanks. I need not picture the return. Almost the day was exhausted crossing the range, and I am quite sure our combined strengths, with our combined patiences and our individual virtues, were all gone, all worn out or destroyed. It was a cure-all, but at greater expense than I had bargained for. Pard never resented and kept the lead, but I could see he had enough of your humble servant. He was cold and I did not care to bring on reaction. You know your ears may become frosted, and rubbing them well with snow brings on reaction, and how they burn! I wished to avoid a reaction in pard, for oh, how hot it might have been! I had not counted upon this over-work as my medicine. My office of cook is the one in which I work my charm. After a hard day, if I served a hard bean, underdone bacon, and weak coffee, and spice

them with plenty of ugly back talk, I can tempt the devil to creep out of almost any subject. The overwork on this trip was good (you know each doctor may have a different medicine, all good) but it reacted upon me too severely.

"We staked claims, and did we find gold? No. Who ever presumed to stop there a month and dig to bed rock to prove up to the recorder that the claims were gold-bearing? Why, when you stake a promising claim you must run home by relays to record it or some other fellow, possibly the one just ahead of you in the line where you stand three days before the recorder's office, will have your number and description in his pocket and records it before your eyes.

"Yes, the claims we staked were within the Eldorado possibilities, only a few miles over the range, and will sell to outsiders by virtue of the association. And, too, they may prove 'way-up paying claims."

The foregoing narrative of Samuel Sawbones covers the proceedings for prospecting in Alaska in many of its features. The anticipated prospecting tour is planned in accordance with the distance and the country. One may have a dog or a team of dogs to transport his grub, but we must recollect that the dogs must be fed from the freight, therefore the gain is not absolute. Some husky prospector may carry seventy-five pounds of substantial grub off into the wilderness upon which he can prospect one or several months. If simply on a tour of location he can go the limits of all the present known creeks in the Klondike district. Then if he has found gold he proceeds to duplicate a pack of grub two or more times until a supply for a season accumulates. It used to be in Alaska that miners worked exclusively bar claims on the larger streams. They would carry the supply of grub

in winter with dogs, would clean up at the end of summer, and remain in town the winter except the time to regrub the claim. With the present excitement and the change in the location of gold matters are much different. Stampedes germinate, as it were. For instance, Ophir was prospected in the summer season and abandoned. Two weeks ago a party of several crossed over to Ophir, dug something of a hole, and called it Discovery; they staked up and down and returned to record. In another day a little larger crowd crossed to Ophir and located. Each day a little larger party took the trail now fairly broken to Ophir until at present each and every claim on the gulch is staked. Each and all of these staked because others before them went there and located. No gold in paying quantity has yet been found. Many only stake and do not pay the \$15 to record, but they take all chances of some one else recording it.

REFLECTIONS UNDER THE AURORA.

This morning my hot cakes carried the mess by acclamation. They were all eaten, but requiring a "sop" the unusual bacon frying was used. This robbed the "widow" of its midnight oil. No noon meal in view and no supply for the widow! But our evening meal—the enticing hot cakes did not kill, but threatened, and the usual supper was abandoned for a simple tea. What follows? Why, total darkness. The aurora borealis plays freaks and fancies in the heavens, and it alone must guide us through the night. One of the mess confessed to two inches of tallow dip, but "will be darned if he is going to waste it." Candles are down to 60 cents per box, but we need a score of necessaries—mitts to wood with, a pan to wash in (both faces and pots at present

are washed in the gold-pan we brought to clean up our fortune in), a broom for housecleaning—and the candles must be forgotten.

Under the aurora we go to cogitating and sometimes moralizing. If only that N. A. T. Company had given us a can of lard, how we would hug it, even with our best clothes on!

Brother Young's mission church burned down last night, and the only fire brigade is the curious crowd with snowballs. All we could do was to throw snowballs on the adjoining cabins. Buckets, yes, but the water might freeze in the buckets while carrying it from the little holes down in the ice. Nine men who had put their faith and grub in Brother Young's tabernacle have only their faith left, and I fear it will not keep off the scurvy the coming winter. Down in Montana I observed the Lord did not always "temper the winds to the shorn lamb," and I fear as well for the probabilities in this country.

In a few days our neighbors will be going "outside." In fact, a hundred poor souls are reported waiting for the first substantial trail up the Yukon to the lakes and the coast. Our neighbors with seven dogs promise a rapid trip, thirty days or less. Usually three dogs constitute the team for three men, whose outfit and grub and blankets weigh 125 pounds to the man. The dogs' own feed added makes as much as the team can pull, leaving the men to walk or run, which is understood even after paying the present exacted price of \$300.

What, our quondam landlord in jail, he and two others? Yes, Curley Redd and the bartender and a pard deliberately pushed in the front door after business hours, carried off the wooden boxes in which was stored \$21,000, and, like asses (oxen), began immediately to spend it, without the least security or secrecy. Why, of course the

mounted police—anybody could—detected them and confession was a natural course. Most of the money came back. The penalty? Early in the season the criminals were put afloat in a boat on the Yukon and sent down to American territory. I do not know what may be done with them, as the big, fat, husky police will not want to share their scant grub with the criminals. There are more thieves, cut-throats, and vagabonds in this camp already than could have in the early days in America been screened from all the mining camps combined, and there will be no abatement until something better than the present government follows. Mr. Curley Redd rented to us our present cabin. A few days later the real owner came along and collected a second rent. One week ago I bought a boat on the river ice. Next day I went down to dismember my boat and carry it home: only the bottom was left. Yesterday pard bought a tent standing across the way from some young gentlemen of Seattle who had accumulated a team of dogs and are ready to go outside. To-day a man came to light who loaned to these precocious youths of Seattle the tent, and is preëmpting said tent regardless of our claim. To-day we look about for our sled. The sled is the market-basket here, its substitute for the good housewife's market-basket at home, yet much more than this. Every well-regulated family must have a sled. Every sled is alike. They cost at home market \$10; here they are worth to-day \$40 to \$50. We must have one to bring in wood; for carrying our grub stake home or carrying outfits to the mines; for the children to play with; for one to take his best girl out in. Our sled is gone, stolen or astray, and we must carry our wood upon our backs. Always one of a mess must remain at home to protect it. Aside from the loss, the moral effect of all this depravity is damnable. To-mor-

row all the mess will be prowling about peering in here, there and everywhere, looking for an equally good sled that can be spirited away as was ours.

Samuel Sawbones appears in the shadow.

"Come in, doctor. We want you to arbitrate a case for us. A in our mess says he will not be damp-hool enough to chip in for a sixty-dollar box of candles, while B says: 'Wait. When candles are \$120 a box I shall write to the girl I left behind and say I am burning candles at \$120 per box at your shrine, and I hope you will appreciate my devotion and sacrifices.' Which do you commend?"

Sawbones delights most in his own experiences in Alaska of the past years. He assures us on the starvation point by telling how it might be worse. He related a thrilling incident where a poor but proud prospector stole the wallpaper off his office wall just to make soup from the flour paste that was used; then, in the agony of arsenic-poisoning from the green paper, he sent for the doctor and confessed to the fault. I will not, however, vouch for everything Samuel Sawbones tells.

"By the way, Dr. Sawbones, what is the aurora borealis?"

"What? Why, only the X-rays from the Arctic Ocean. The light, the rays of the Oriental sun, strikes the icebergs of the northern sea; these serve as the tubes, as it were; they divert the rays, intensify them, magnify and multiply them, and the rays so generated, the X-rays as they are, pierce the heavens and make themselves seen and even felt throughout the heavens. Along with the rapid play of colors and transposition of scenes observed in the States, here we have fantastic leaps and flashes, sheets of rainbow brilliancy dropping down to the earth; with strange crackling, electric noises so nearly overhead

as to make us stop asunder. No, I cannot formulate you this theory in scientific language, but you need be satisfied with the reasoning."

REFLECTIONS AT 52° BELOW.

It is generally recognized that one calamity is always followed by a second. One fire of a week ago sure enough is followed by a much worse one. And all we could do, as on the former occasion, was to throw snowballs. My neighbor declared to me that filling his water bucket at the river wells this morning, he found upon arriving in his cabin a fairly solid ice frozen over it. A fire-engine at this temperature might get a stream of water started, but I can imagine nothing but icicles would reach the roofs of the buildings. Several of the best buildings in Dawson burned last night. One, a fairly well-equipped theater, is a distressing loss. The fire was limited by a vacant lot and by green log cabins. Of course there is no whimpering or crying here over misfortune, as fortune is supposed or expected to go hand in hand with it. A simple strike on Stookum Jim Gulch can correct the accident as shortly as it was created.

And will people freeze? No, none except, as Samuel Sawbones would put it, dampools. A man who goes out prospecting or traveling in this temperature without matches and without sense enough to build a fire before he is frozen too stiff to light a match may freeze sure enough. One soon learns here to provide for a rainy day. He will keep his stove banked up with wood, and a little breastwork of ice before his door for emergencies of 70° or 80° below. He will economize likewise in washing his face and dishes. He who is out every day grows tough and can sleep up in the ranges with good robe covers in a

brush tent, and not run the risk of freezing. A dog "musher" tells me he would not be coaxed to sleep anywhere but in a tent piled up with his dogs.

There are three horses in town which command \$10 per hour, but the owner says to-day: "I will not leave them go out." It seems even poor frail man either has more endurance or ventures more than is safe to risk in the horse. These horses have a hay supply, but they eat cornmeal and flour and other truck we men would fain *cache* for the spring-time. Maybe nothing will be lost to us, for we may have the opportunity to eat the horses.

Wood has an upward tendency; \$30 to \$40 per cord; \$10 is the penalty for having a cord cut into stove wood. Oh! oh! oh! How it does rasp one's bronchial tubes to bend over a buck-saw this cold snap and make his breakfast wood.

A character on the street and in the prominent saloons up to the present time was a "Jenny" brought up from the states by some lubber of a man and abandoned when feed got scarce. Jenny would edge into these warm places with the steady crowds, and I think at no one place was it ever kicked out. It had innumerable scars over its hams from hoofing quite too close to the stove. Out in the street it seemed to serve no better purpose than a whetstone to sharpen the teeth of the Eskimo dogs. To-day our old associate is the center of a howling mass of these dogs, but its natural toughness and the solid frozen mass from the cold disappoints the herd of scavengers. Poor Jenny! Some day there will drop into your jack-ass heaven something in the shape of a man, your late owner, the wretch who brought you up to this cold, cold country and left you without food and without shelter, who left you to eat mucklucks, to freeze out in the street, or exhaust your gall by holding first place around the

saloon stoves. He is so much bigger ass than you that you can afford to forgive him.

Oh, me! but it is getting colder, and they say it will be 60° below to-night! What shall we do to be saved—saved from freezing? I can add to my bed my buffalo coat; this button makes a sleeping-bag; then I shall keep on my German socks and my flannels. In addition to my blankets my canvas cover must go over all—over my head to keep the warm air in and the frost out. Bad air, eh? Oh, that does not count here. All freighters crawl into sleeping-bags and tie themselves shut. Indians cover themselves completely under skins. The native dogs lie anywhere and everywhere, apparently a big roll of fur, their noses, eyes, and ears stuck under them in some manner with no pretensions to breathing fresh air. We can live here through the winter without any demand on fresh air. Fresh-air cranks would die here. It is a custom with several tribes of Indians down the river upon occasions of scarcity of food to retire into an underground abode called (I forget the name) and take a sitting posture, close up the place quite tight, keep it hot, and remain there until spring opens up, neither getting fresh air nor exercise, and having their food supply cut down to the meanest possible amount once daily, which is supplied them by the squaws who remain to regulate outside affairs. They are strict to remain away from all family ties. And yet they pan out all right with the spring tide. Bad air does not kill them.

ROGERS.

One Rogers, a stray from a British whale-boat in Behring Sea, was taken kindly to by the humanitarian element of St. Michaels and outfitted with old clothes and

such luxuries as face one projecting a sojourn on the Klondike. As roustabout, assistant cook and valet, he worked his way with the foremost of us up to Fort Yukon. By this time he had not only attained an independence, but also the enviable reputation of a good fellow of thrifty attitude and open hand and heart. I myself there had the pleasure of taking a little gin-and-water at his board. Of course Rogers was the first off the gangplank at Dawson. We were, however, surprised, even horrified, to be summoned before his excellency the captain of the Northwest Mounted Police to testify as to Rogers' good character. Gilverry, of the New York *Herald*, upon being dumped off the boat—kicked off, as it were—on the bleak and lonely banks at Fort Yukon, remained only long enough to damn the temerity and inefficiency of the river captains and the trading companies' negligence. Then he gathered several Indians and hied him on and up toward the gold fields, leaving the mass of us to weep in our desolation. The mighty strides of Gilverry on his tramp up the banks of the Yukon, and the long, tough pull made by him landed him many days ahead of us, but landed him virtually barefooted. Only a few days up and down the streets of Dawson over the sharp edges and ragged surfaces of the nuggets with which they are paved made him absolutely so. Now, it was not passing strange at all that upon the arrival of our boat at the dock the enterprising, rustling, galloping reporter of the live New York *Herald* should be there looking for us. We were expecting him, and indeed the fog-horn of our old scow had awakened him from his golden dreams and warned him of his post of duty, and he was there, but with his eyes riveted upon the corns and bruises upon his pattering feet rather than directed to his old pards.

Thus interested in the footlights of the occasion he

made a hit. Rogers, always first on boat and first on shore, struck the Klondike at the same time as our correspondent, with a pair of fine, high-stepping boots. Said boots had indelibly penciled inside the legs the name, the place, of Gilver, of the New York *Herald*. His right, title and exclusive ownership was vested in Rogers' very first step to fortune. At the trial it was developed that Rogers, after clearing the boat at the custom-house, was the proprietor of three different *caches*, in all aggregating 3,000 pounds of miscellaneous toothsome luxuries, besides Gilver's boots, which he *cached* at Fort Yukon previous to the flight aforementioned. We relate this incident not to abuse Gilver, who is a Welshman, or Rogers, who is a thief, but to illustrate what a young, active, enterprising young man may accomplish in a short season in Alaska, where the vigilantes have not yet cropped out. Yes, Rogers was convicted. His worship, the captain of the Northwest Mounted Police, acting justice of the peace, decreed in substance as follows: "Her majesty's larder being very low, while we have not yet completed the hardwood finish on our jail, I therefore command that the prisoner Rogers be and hereby is ordered aboard a river boat commonly called a skiff, and that he be set adrift with the current of the Yukon and cautioned to continue said course until faithfully and fairly within the bounds and jurisdiction of the government of the United States of America."

EDMUND'S, OF VIRGINIA.

Edmunds, of Virginia, is no fool; he is no wit. Physically Edmunds is prominent; mentally he is promising. He first showed up on the Skagway Pass, where he earned from \$20 per day up packing. He had come from

old Virginia, where he had been a student in Lincoln College and was doing well until the wave of prosperity struck him. During the Presidential campaign both parties promised their supporters a wave of prosperity. The successful party was as good as its word and immediately its wave set afloat.

First, the great wave knocked silver off its perch; then, sweeping on, every institution, every business, every enterprise not fortified by trusts, bonds or monopoly, was knocked off its foundation. The wave of prosperity is still abroad, and not a poor soul dares venture forth with his paltry dollar lest it be engulfed. Edmunds, of Virginia, not being a union man of any sort by which he could draw support, and having no stock in any trust or monopoly through which he could sit and ride upon this great wave of prosperity, found himself adrift, floating with the many millions of his co-humanity to whither unknown. He chanced upon the Klondike trail. He was a pack-mule; not that there was any mule about him, but because he packed the average load of a mule and was earning as much as a pack-mule.

Edmunds by chance camped on the trail of two young men of Seattle, both delirious with the Klondike fever, both fresh from—one his mother, the other a young wife. They elicited his sympathy and engaged him first as nurse, later as general matron. In the fullness of their hearts they divided their worldly goods into three parts, one of which they donated to Edmunds, now their captain.

Windy Arm! Oh, Windy Arm! Quailing hearts and weak knees are thine. The terror of cheechokers, yet the bone doctor for the Klondike fever. Scores of cures canst thou boast! Three days and three nights were Edmunds and his two patrons stranded upon one of the numerous islands of Windy Arm. The wind seems never to fail

there. Edmunds tried to cheer up by whistling when his two companions waited upon him with this: "You know, sailors always whistle when becalmed for the gods of the sea to send them wind." Edmunds obeyed their wish, but still it blew. As a choice of two evils—that of being driven crazy on this sandy bar or being broken to pieces on the rocky shore—the two cheechokers of Seattle made each his will in favor of their old nurse and partner, and commanding themselves to his care chanced their escape to shore. No sooner struck than both stampeded rapidly on the back track home. Edmunds remained a lone mariner. He trusted himself to the mercies of Windy Arm. The first day his mast went overboard, and he, helpless, camped right in the trough of bear tracks into which he was cast. He says: "With all the guns and pistols and knives of my late companions to fortify me I did not sleep that night." Next day he broke his rudder, when he says he prayed a little, and reached shore in safety. He wished he had not let go of his late companions, for he thought the bottom of the lake would not be so cold if lying there all three instead of his lone self. However, he confronted all dangers and defeated them. He had reached the canyon below all the lakes and was whistling through sheer good humor at his own success, when, as he says, he was mortified at six guns pointed at him and each with a man behind. He let his hands have their way and their way was up. Explanations followed. His two pards, footsore and hungry, in their rapid back action became mendicants, and in the weakness of their miseries they forgot facts and detailed a history of piracy on the high seas which is death—as Edmunds almost experienced. But our skipper escaped the forearm of his craft and lives to hang in a better cause. Friends happened to follow down the trail (he had friends wher-

ever he had acquaintances), and they vouched for his tale of woes versus the tale of the two kids of Seattle. Then this Virginia coon, barely escaped from being skinned and barbecued, sailed down through White Horn Rapids, whistling "Dixie," with his heaviest sails afloat, and landed in another week at Louistown, the other shore of Dawson, with 2,000 pounds of grub of the actual value of \$2,000. He proposes staying with us a year and hopes to replace this grub *cache* with the same weight of gold-dust and nuggets and hie him back to old Virginia.

GAMBLING IN DAWSON.

Passing an idle hour in the Miners' Home poking about from faro table to poker game, I was arrested by a peculiar spilling noise something of the manner I have heard from the ripping of a farmer's grain bag and the spilling of his wheat. This was a sharper click, however, a metallic ring which wheat at 50 cents per bushel never possessed. Claimant of No. 7 Eldorado had bursted his sack of dust. The fire shovel and broom were brought into requisition and a hasty clean-up made of what was in sight. The claimant of No. 7 said: "Come and drink, everybody—come and drink!" Sometimes the Miners' Home has a hundred patrons, but No. 7 Eldorado was game and did not quail before this number, even if the drinks are 50 cents each. Then No. 7, always a high-stepper with several drinks, deposited the remains of his sack in the faro dealer's box. Of course, once there it is a time deposit.

This is preparatory to a discussion of gambling in the Klondike. A dealer with whom I am in touch confides to me that his house cleans up nightly about \$2,000. Of this sum a share must be credited to the bar. "We

broke Smooth-faced Billy last night. He began playing several days ago with a few thousand dollars, but, poor fellow, did not hold out long. In poker the rake-off is big, four bits for every deal and four bits for every pair. It is not a popular game. Our spring trade was good. A lot of cheechokers assumed the rôle of professionals, and with a lot of little tricks and actual steals as accomplishments made big clean-ups. Now actual professionals run the games, and only they and the proprietors make money. It is common here for the player to be as full as his sack—associate conditions. There seems to be a fellow-feeling between a full claimant and his full sack, and usually the fullness of both ooze out hand in hand, and both may be met on the homeward trail after a few days in the same dilapidated condition. It is usual to hand one's sack to the dealer, who deposits it in his strong-box. It is common here for the player to take a pile of chips and continue his drinks; and it not unfrequently happens that he is so tired or so sleepy that he walks off, leaving his deposit to our tender mercies. Why, sometimes we close the game in the morning with so many dust-sacks left behind that we are at a loss for room. Yes, most of them are redeemed or redeposited."

There are no new facts in the matter of gambling to differ from all old historic mining camps. The professionals live by it, as do the proprietors of the game.

Just lately a smart Aleck with the brand "Goldy" started out to beat the record of dampools. He beat it so many leagues that he forfeited his rights entirely to the dampools' club. They may, however, institute a forty-second degree for him. Goldy, by close attention to business, with a blink eye on supplies and a sharp eye on corners, had accumulated above \$20,000 in dust; then he let himself loose on the town. Of course he was

tendered the freedom of the city; all fools are when they have a bounteous hand. In two weeks he had gambled away his \$20,000 *in toto*—all rights and titles thereto and to all its fragments. His wreck of scattered brains will scarcely serve as a foundation for a new fortune, since so many new fools are encompassed here and opposition must bar trade. If Goldy had a claim on Eldorado we would not say “Poor fool,” for a few days’ clean-up would fill his sack and he would be with us once again. Take a tumble to yourself, Goldy. Go marry a squaw and live on brain food—she will supply you with dried fish. You may in that way get credit enough to receive Christian burial!

It is said the civil government of the Klondike proposes abolishing gambling, but at present the government suggested is sitting on dog-sleds at the head of the Yukon awaiting ways and means. It is short of not wheels, but motive power. More dogs are necessary to run the government—to run it down to Dawson. It makes one mad to reflect upon gambling, to think of one man in a trick, a scheme of baiting a hook with gold, a miserable, sneaking hook wherewith to take, to hook, to steal, to sneak from some fellow-mortal his gold, his goods, his toil, his *cache*, his family’s life and support, to wrest this from him and them and store the ill-gotten *cache* as his own!

THE LONGEST NIGHT.

Oh, the cold and dreary winter! Oh, the cold and weary winter!

It is cold and dreary sure up here in Alaska, yes, to some of us weary. The government thermometer has already marked 62°, and that any fool knows is very cold.

We all stand it like heroes; we must. The sled and

axe up the hillside for wood is a terror. The night is like being bound down in a dungeon, bound down helpless by every conceivable mass and collection of bedclothes, wearing apparel, and of household articles that can cover one. Getting up in the morning is a terror, is full of fear and trembling amid snapping of frost and freezing things in cans and buckets. Meals are eaten with a reserve grown of the possibilities of a whole winter of this which would run the larder so low that worse than cold may follow. But, thanks, the 62° proved to be only a cold snap. A breathing spell, a warm wave, is already peeping in to see how we faced it, how we bear up with the freaks of Alaska's Jack Frost. It looks us over carefully, ears, nose, cheeks, toes, and congratulates us upon having so happily outwitted Jack the rustler, for not a kick is coming.

I have no almanac to consult in the matter of longest day and night and therefore am not official. This 23d day of December I observe the shades of night setting down upon us from about 3 P.M. Night does not fall upon us suddenly, unexpected. We are so hemmed in by the mountains at Dawson that the sun is down long before its legitimate retiring hour. This time of year the sun does not seem to fill the bill—to obey the mandate accompanying its introduction to us—to shine by day. I am quite sure no one here has seen it shine for the past two months. It has a simple, sluggish habit of getting up sometimes during the morning, possibly rising over the distant south hills about the height one could reach with a ten-foot pole. There it sits merely outlined above the horizon.

December 24. It might have had the graciousness to greet us to-day if only to say "Good-day, friends. We will meet soon again and I will stay with you." Mr,

Sun, we will forgive you showing us the cold shoulder if some day you open up to us gold galore, and we will go along flirting with the silvery moon or sport with that fancy, fickle aurora borealis for the present.

"The sun rises in the east to open up the day." Oh, no! My good brethren, you must close your shops up here in the winter. It does not rise in the east. 'Way down south you look for its peep into day. To-day about 11 A.M. it mounts its southern stairway, takes its throne in an obscure balcony, reclines there until 2 P.M., then glides down the bannister of the same southern stairway and disappears until to-morrow.

Mechanics at outside work get in only a few hours' time. Miners of course work by candlelight. And yet I must confess the winter is not so very weary. Time passes in some inconceivable way. Daylight is utilized in getting wood and water and in marketing. Evenings go in cooking, house-cleaning, errands, gossip, and news-gathering. If weary the bunk is always open to us, and sleep up here goes hand in hand with eating. We never have our fill. The most hardened sinner can sleep ten hours out of the twenty-four. You will suggest: "A letter home now and then." You would not suggest it from our standpoint. I am from home now five months and not one word from there has reached me. Under such conditions one quite loses taste for writing letters home. Of course letters home were prolific for months, but by this time we have forgotten what we have heretofore recorded. Moreover, we are learning that we have written innumerable lies to the outside. We are learning that only one news item of six is reliable. We have already learned to not believe anything we hear, and only after personal investigation can we *vouch* for an item. We are afraid to chronicle any news lest we must

dispatch a letter to correct it. The old way—our way—of news-gathering, from mouth to mouth, is quite thrilling, but the old *Bladder* at home would blush itself into an apoplexy to be caught in 10 per cent. of the lying that makes up our daily news. These are to-day's headlines: "A nugget was found to-day in Eldorado weighing just one pound" "No. 24 has made a new strike. The pay streak, three feet thick, pans out \$100 per pan." "Hunker has a big find—a pan of dirt has more gold than waste." "There is a stampede to Sulphur; No. 20 has \$20 to the pan and claims are selling for \$100,000." "Dalton, who went out on the first ice, was robbed and killed, with his four partners. They had \$40,000, which was carried off." To-morrow every one of these reports will be corrected or denied. It is, however, an average daily bulletin.

But home haunts us. Home looms up every day as stanch, honest old home—yes, sweet home! This night would not be so long if the morrow waited us with a cheerful breakfast and a cheerful waiter. If we could go into the old bath-tub for a splash before going to bed we would sleep better. If we had a bin of coal at \$5 per ton instead of wood at \$40 per cord we would not long for home quite so much. And if just here I could compound a glass of hot rum for 20 cents with a good cigar thrown in, instead of going up to the bar and paying \$1, I would sleep to-night and dreams perchance would not haunt me. If somebody from home was bent over this cranky three-legged stool, reading as I write, then this longest night might not be too long. Yes, my coffee-pot is boiling hot at this present moment and a lunch is peeping out of the box—cupboard, I should say—and such an appetite! Only a little dried herring and a sea biscuit! And do you think I cannot make merry over the

exit of the longest day with this feast? Not everybody elbowing me about Dawson can give thanks for as much.

Saloons are gradually closing because whisky is giving out. A home-made whisky, "hootch," is in vogue, but it kills at a given number of rods. Dancing halls are in full play, but with the exit of whisky it will be exit girls. Gambling must wane with hootch and other stimulants, yet will hold out against almost every odd. Men and miners get good pay and are generally provided for, but out of 4,000 people in and about Dawson there is an underrcurrent of misery that the "widow," or the tallow dip, can never bring to light. There is a genteel element who came here the Lord knows for what. No visible means of support. "Too proud to beg," these are the ones now dreaming of home and thanking their stars that the longest night goes to-day and that sunshine ere long will come.

There are some veritable nabobs in Dawson, some who even keep not carriages, but dog teams for luxury, and dogs are worth \$300 to-day, while their keep is equivalent to \$1 per pound of food.

Samuel Sawbones came in to-day and placed a four-ounce bottle of laudanum on my shelf. A lawyer outside, but driven up here by the panic—the gold-bug rule—approached the doctor with this little bottle, and poor Samuel gave him \$2.50 for it. "Why," said Sawbones, "I saw want in the shadow that man made by the moonlight." An old chap sixty-five years old pulled up. "Want some wood?" Charity looked out from his face. "Yes." He piled up his little sled load of limb wood and figured 44 square feet at 27 cents per square foot. "Eleven dollars and eighty cents, sir." "And how much to cut?" "Four dollars, sir." I cut it myself.

Many sit this longest night in cold abstraction as to



THE WIDOW ON THE
KLONDYKE.

how to make this lingering winter meet late spring. But in face of all this there is gold; the gulches are all full of gold. That is what we stampedes here to the Klondike came for; and why shall we not gather it in and carry it home?

Well, the tallow-dip fiend—he who cornered the candles—has had his day, and from now on will be in the decline. The widow will soon have short hours' work again. The saloons, gambling, dancing, all these that thrive by night alone, will be sorry the longest night has come and gone. All the rest of us will join hand in hand and jubilate over it. The widow? Well, she deserves honorable mention. In fact, to half the population of the Klondike the longest night would be twice as long only for the light of the widow. Candles have already dropped in price, yet most of them cannot buy. To us the light of thy countenance, O dear widow, must drive dull darkness away. She is fractious at times—would not be a widow if she were not. She is fastidious, again: must be fed on the fat of the land and the crumbs of the bacon must be well out of the grease if you will depend upon her brightest smile. She resents the cold and settles down to a poor icy glimmer until you warm her well. She spits and flutters much, according to how the barometer sits down upon her. She must be dressed to a nicety or she may get into a pet. She may be gay and lively, dull or stupid, just as you coax her. It never failed that I got out of temper and tried to drive her but that I had time in the gloom of her rebellion to ponder and repent. Oh, no; the widow of the Klondike does not flirt and run away with a better-looking man. Give her her dues and all goes “By your leave, sir!” So unlike the widow of home associations! In fact, she is strictly what you make her and never off color. And with all her faults we love her

still. The fine point of a Klondike widow is that anybody can make one: a flat or half tin can; twist of candlewick nicely adjusted over the top; this filled with bacon fat or lard.

I am sitting out this longest night hoping to be of service recording minutes that might guide the thousands who may follow us to these wilds. How futile will such hope be!

This night must finish its own reflections. The aurora has a brightness in it that I fain would copy, but it will not ebb and flow.

And now the widow spluttered as if to say "to bed." This I will, and with more than the usual grace repeat "Now I lay me down to sleep."

WINDY ARM.

Ah, thou fiendish, gluttonous Windy Arm! Give up thy dead, give up thy feasting upon us, and say "finis" to "tales of woe" now ready to be written—already written.

Yes, all was calm and quiet when our little boat-load put its trust in the good behavior of Windy Arm. They did not know that every turn in Windy Arm meant a change of weather, of wind and waves; that every hour meant weal or woe to the landlubber sailor. They soon learned this. Yes. Christine Nillson was a buxom lass, fair, a little fat, with a little brogue and a light step. Just a little Swedish was left in her speech through her mother's early prayers, for she was American almost, just a year or two of infancy wanting. But she was all American in go, in get up and dust, in matters of the mighty dollar, in muscle and physical endurance. Christine had crossed safely and with honorable mention the notorious Skagway trail. She had crossed it, and praise be raised

up to her, without shifting her burden upon the back of the beastly bony bulk in shape of man, the Siwash Indian. Christine had made her *début* upon the shores of Windy Arm with a family sewing machine strapped to her back bound for Dawson on the Klondike. She dreamed of making parkees, moccasins, caps, and mittens for the bonanza kings of that camp. Nor was she much off her base in the speculations, only that the best-laid plans of men and mice aft gang aglee. Christine's courage, her comely face, and her service in camp made her an acceptable passenger for the route down the river. Three of the stern sex occupied the frail ship that was to land her and her machine on the Klondike shore. One at the helm and two at the oars is the usual ship's crew on Windy Arm. Alas! Christine, that thou art so comely, so fresh, so charming, for else Windy Arm might not now be counting so high its victims, its season not so abundant. Of all the arrivals at Dawson, the most harassing tales, the most extensive lies are told regarding Windy Arm. The waves at many points in the most modest account are not less than twenty feet high; other stories make them fifty feet. Just where there is always a sereness, a calm, on the lake to make one take one easy breath, then the next short turn, only the length of a boat, where it tumbles the craft in a mountainous sea, there the steersman cast one wayward sidelong glance at the blossom cheeks and sparkling eyes of Christine—cast a fatal glance, for in that glance he forgot the rudder, and this slipped from his hands as the fair girl slipped into his head; a fatal covetous glance indeed, for that moment, the very spur of that moment, one of these fifty-feet-high waves, born of Windy Arm, struck the craft aft, and our upturned boat rode on its crest, a bare structure; nothing more was to be seen. Two strange freaks need here be

chronicled—chronicled only and not explained. The boat overturning shipped its bulk in air, which buoyed it up while the cargo spilled out and sank; spilled out all save Christine and the steersman, who each clung to a cross-beam and were free to breathe in the air chamber as above created instead of compelled to drown in the water and sink with their companions and their possessions. The second freak was that the wave that wrecked the ship was the last, if not the sole, wave sent booming that hour and at that point at Windy Arm. Therefore the wreck floated on the peaceful bosom of that lake without change of position or without either danger or relief to the hidden contents.

The absence of any very dear thing that draws two people together, or intuitiveness or instinct, might have left one or each of the two victims to his or her special prayer for safe delivery from the dangers of the sea and sudden death. Only Christine had never heard it to be her duty to lay up treasures in heaven, where moth and rust and the waves of Windy Arm shall not corrupt, therefore she bewailed the loss of her sewing machine, not in the feeble tongue of saying her beads, but in fierce hysterical lamentations that could be heard not by the gods of the sea, else they would have given up the machine, but by the steersman of the sunken craft, who at once located her and extended all possible consolation along with a helping hand. This was timely, too, for Christine indeed might have forgotten her hold on existence in her struggle over her most promising means of existence. He clasped her clasp the tighter, in fact, squeezing it needlessly, if not thoughtlessly, while he poured into her listless ear hope and life and taught her to forgive the deep for swallowing up her all, her sewing machine.

They floated on quietly, nor did the minutes appear

hours. The steersman forgetting danger, began to pour out to Christine a great big casket of woes. He was a lonely creature tired of himself and yet always satisfied until his trail led into hers. Since that early morning when first he met her and pooled his issues—his grub—with hers for the voyage down the Yukon he had longed for something more than was his share during bachelorhood. He had not slept, only dreamed of her. Of course he would not have made this break in his reasonable plea, only that while pleading he yet had to be exercising his mind at the same time with his heart devising ways and means for getting out of the predicament into which Windy Arm had placed them; therefore he was excusable. He continued unchecked pouring out a tale of love and mixing it up with his inventions for relief of the physical strain.

"I know, O Christine, that this is a divine interposition to throw our fortunes into one channel—that we may float down life hand in hand, heart with heart—that our lives shall be one!"

"You nasty fellow!" exclaimed Christine, breaking out in a hysterical fit. "You drown my poor machine and give me one man. My sewing machine was worth a dozen men."

"But, my dear, I will buy you a new one in the Klondike, and I will discover you a mine, and we will load the boat with gold and pull together our way home. We will be married and will not forget the rudder and drown."

And then poor Christine began to melt and unload her bosom.

"Way back in Dakota I have a sweetheart—Peter the blacksmith. Peter is such a very good man and he loves me so. He wants to marry me, but Peter has a mother—

a poor old mother to support, and his strong arm 'way back in Dakota will not keep his mother in good strong tea, in soft warm blankets, with a good roaring fire, and at the same time buy nice ribbons and a lovely bonnet for a wife, with Sunday clothes for himself. So Peter and I agreed that I should go to the Klondike with my sewing machine and bring back a great bag of gold. Then we should be married and his mother should continue in luxury as at present. I do not believe a kind providence means to come in between me and Peter, and that my treasure at the bottom of this sea was providential, and that I was to marry some one else who perhaps has a best girl at home."

The steersman, still undaunted, combined his woes and arguments.

"But, you see, your sewing machine is no good on the Klondike; it is no means of support. All the sewing is done by the Indians with bone needles and thread made out of deer tendons. They sew all the gloves and caps and moccasins and parkees. Nobody wears white shirts and collars, no fine gowns, so I really think a divine ruling interfered to save you a useless trouble packing your machine 600 miles. And as for Peter, he will content himself pounding iron into gold and silver for his dear old mother. He will go on and on forever to the same tune, of course dreaming now and then of his fair Christine 'way off in icy Alaska buried there in the bottom of the treacherous Windy Arm, for so it will be reported. We all turned under and we will all be reported lost—we two with the two oarsmen and the machine. We will not correct this report and Peter will not be the wiser. The ring of the steel daily in his ears will soon drown 'Christine' out and he will whistle the same lively tune of yore. I am sure,

my dear Christine, you must see the hand of some ruling power in all this."

Then the bold steersman, having touched bottom, knew they were drifting ashore and safe. Yet he recognized the danger of losing Christine, and accordingly made his master stroke. He rocked the boat to frighten her, and when she clung the tighter to him he repeated his whole lore of love and made Christine believe their two hearts really beat as one; that the machine was the mistake of her life; that Peter is far happier in single blessedness. Then he again rocked her almost into a swoon, and Christine, irresponsible, faltered a feeble "yes."

In the waning of the season Christine was ensconced in a snug little cabin on Hunker Creek, there baking sour dough bread, frying bacon, boiling beans, making tea—yes, splitting wood and carrying water for her liege master, the bad steersman of Windy Arm. He had taken a "lay" on Hunker and was prospecting the claim. Only 15 cents to the pan is yet found, which after paying the owner 50 per cent. royalty will about pay wages. This keeps the wolf from the door, but no milk and honey goes with it. Nor will it return them to America next year. Yet he may strike it richer any day, and this hope buoys him up and on. Not so poor Christine. Her bold steersman, alas! will never strike anything so near and so dear as the sound of her old lover Peter's hammer; this is ringing in her ears from morn till eve. Now and then the pick in the mine beats the rocks, and in this she hears and feels the spirit of her dear old lover beating a doubly fierce stroke as if to deaden his soul against his woe. She imagines this vibrates even up to Hunker on the Klondike, and she holds out her hands, not supplicating him to come unto her and deliver her, but to forgive her and forget.

SOCIETY IN DAWSON.

Ah, there, Samuel! Off to the Pioneer Club? Sure. The first dance of the season was the Alaska Press Club. I was not honored with an invitation, but sneaked in the back door and viewed it over all the same. And what did I see? All sorts of funny things. About five hundred of the funniest things were the Press Club themselves. "No, not five hundred." Well, you will not believe how many newspaper correspondents are or were on the Klondike this first rush. Nor will you believe what a race of men in a race for fame, and a race for claims, and a race for news, and a race for the biggest thing in wind, and a race for first outside to get the said stuff first in their own special bladder publications, were here and at this ball.

There was Spleen Hash, of the San Francisco *Gold Bug*, dancing with Siwash George's squaw; the Kansas City *Star* correspondent, a graceful girl in full dress, in the maze of a waltz with "Nigger Jim" in mucklucks, shirt-sleeves, and suspenders; and Jones, of the *P. I.*, two-stepping with a pretty half-breed whose sweetheart danced his moccasins off in a jig to his own swearing; and—well, the society editor was not there and I have no copy for details.

Next on board was the Elks' ball. I got only a glimpse of this brilliant occasion. Many were dressed in the costume of outside, while others were in the costumes of the country; this is a short skirt, mucklucks, or moccasins, and a parkee of moose skin. The Elks themselves—some had collar and tie with washed hands. Everything goes. It seems everybody here dances. Everybody had to dance to get into the country and think best to keep on dancing until they dance out. The Elks, of course,

gave special attention to the native moose eaters, who especially love dancing.

The Catholic fair for the hospital was a society event as well as a charity affair. The usual fair attendants were not wanting. Conspicuous was ice cream only half frozen solid. Of course dancing followed—we take to it as we do to bacon and beans. We pay in dust at the fair. The fair unfair weigher, cashier, takes our “poke,” puts on the scales some promiscuous weights, dumps in the contents, and hands back the sack, for which we are devoutly thankful.

The regular weekly Pioneer dance is open to chee-chokers with respectable antecedents; terms, \$12 per night. I actually saw this dance break up at 9 A.M. Some fair women are here with us, but so few one must almost shoot his way for a partner in any event. The dukes of Skookum, the Eldorado kings, and the Bonanza chiefs monopolize any and all those who have not come in with husbands.

There are some breaths of select airs already afloat. I am not sure how long the squire's wife, or the judges, or the bishops will stand up against the wives and daughters of claimants of No. — Eldorado or Bonanza or Discovery on Skookum Jim Pup, even though these may make sad music with their h's and the Siwash linguism may vibrate harshly.

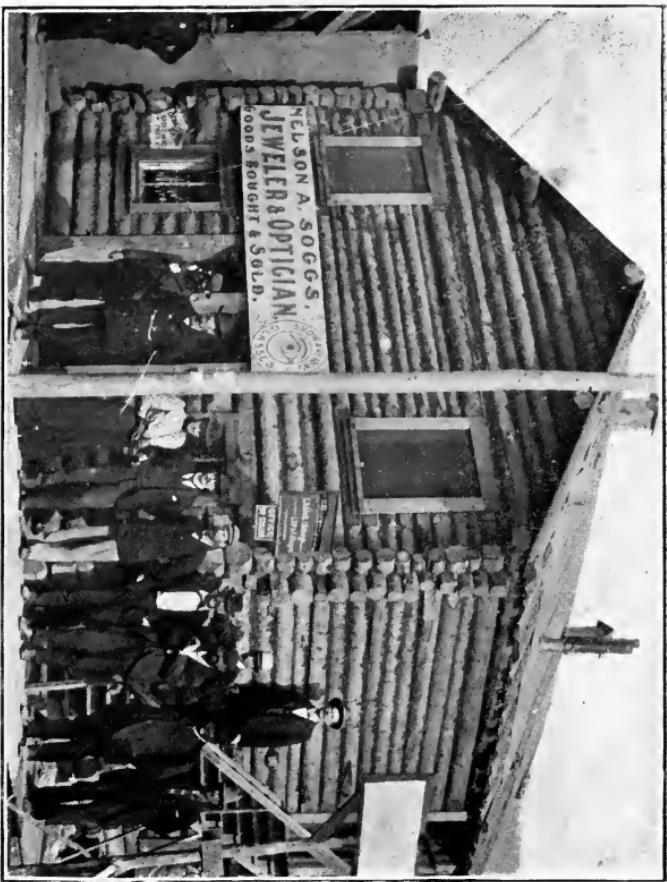
HOME COMPANIONS.

“Ah, little mousie, I heard you! I heard you!” Through the night long there was that busy, industrious grinding, that pattering of little feet, that rapid transit, then that silent, watchful interim, and again the rasping and rolling. I heard and did not fling a boot or a

pillow. Honest? Yes. The old instinct was to hurl one or all of these, but my bed was so warm and the floor so cold that I was quite willing to let my humanity get the better of me. I lay there and listened even as my flour and beans and sugar, and all of these worth \$1 per pound, melted away under your good intentions and most strenuous exertions. Where, oh, where did you come from, little mouse? You did not come to Klondike for gold; you are not here the old associate of the natives. You are too neat and clean for that, too industrious. Whence came you and what is your mission? I am from home now these six months, and did you steal upon me to make this night ever so chilly, lingering to make it homelike? You rouse up courage in me and drive off dull despair. Go on, go on, dear little associate, in your gay feastings. Forget we were once enemies by force of circumstances, and believe me we will be best of friends by force of favors. Yes, yes, little mousie; you rock me to sleep, even with the rustle and bustle in my sugar-barrel. I am in dreamland. "Oh, there's that wicked little mousie. It is among my chestnuts. Christmas is coming, too. Oh, kill it! Now it is in my hickory-nut bag. Get out, you horrid thing! Yes, mamma, it won't leave my things alone and leave me to sleep."

CHRISTMAS ON THE KLONDIKE.

Christmas! "And did you really have Christmas on the Klondike? Sure? And a Christmas tree? And a plum pudding and turkey dinner?" Well, yes, some of us really had. The Christmas trees were few and scantily arrayed, but we had some great dinners. Of course we had no eggs up there this winter, and no cows, nor oysters, nor cranberries, nor candies of any sort or size, nor nuts



AMERICAN DOCTORS OUT OF A JOB,

and sweet cider, nor popcorn, nor Christmas cards, nor whistles and horns and skates, nor sleigh-bells and horses; and other things part and parcel of Christmas at home were missing here; still we had a little Christmas in our own good way. I saw several youths take their best girls out sleighing with a dog team, and I saw some men who had been drinking "Tom and Jerry"! And there was a Christmas ball and there were church services. We had, too, some Christmas dinners that may astonish you as coming from a famine country up at the mines on Eldorado. I have a picture of a dinner given by some friends of mine. They pooled their genius as cooks, each donating the several dishes in which they excelled. They had stored away some fresh moose for the occasion; they had run across a neighbor with a bag of grouse, a winter species which inhabit here, and he gave them a share of his shoot. One of the quarto has a widespread reputation on "sour dough" bread and he provided a fair sample. The bill of fare ran about thus: Bean soup; fried salmon belly; broiled moose steak with evaporated onions; roast beans with bacon; canned cabbage with pig's jowl; roast grouse stuffed with peas and granulated potatoes; tomatoes, cheese, pie, cake—a *bona fide* plum cake, and oh! such a great cake it was I weep over it yet.

Then my neighbor Soggs, who is not a cook nor a baker, but lives to eat and truly picks all sorts of points for his palate, had a Christmas dinner all by and for himself, but he let me in to taste it. He came in the country late with a light outfit, but by industry and rustle had fattened up his larder beyond possibilities of many of the rest of us. He makes his own bread, as everything else; he let me look on, willing to donate any little crumbs I might pick up.

"No," he says, "I have not begun dinner yet, but I

can get it up complete in half an hour. My bread is baked."

Then he took down his bucket of sour dough and began operations. First he poured into a dish and stiffened enough for dumplings; this he set to boiling with a stew of moose meat. Another lot he shortened for pie crust, which at a later stage he plastered his plate with; then he minced up dried apple, apricots, prunes, raisins, mixed them rapidly, and filling the plate made a covering of batter. It took a place in the oven. Then graham gems popped up out of the same batter bucket and a little later a big ginger cake. He believed he had almost enough, as he did not care to sit long at the dinner, not having any gossipy friend, nor cigar. But oh, my! that moose pie! It haunts me still. And the gems! Each one was a nugget. The pie—he gave me of the pie to taste, and I am speechless in the matter of portraying the pie. Try it, try it, anybody, the combination of fruits and the plan of building. Nothing turned out of that one little "sour dough" bucket but seemed hashed up for a feast for the gods. "No hand-outs for the merry Christmas to the kids?" No. No kids called, and I have not seen a ginger snap since in the country. I do wonder if I can learn to make them. I will go in to Soggs, my next-door neighbor, and say unto him: "I am starving in these foreign parts for ginger snaps and there are none in the land. I come unto you, for your house is full of ways and means, and I need not want for ginger snaps if you will give me the recipe and the coaching necessary to make them." Of course I will have 'way-up ginger snaps from the present writing.

You people 'way off in the south, keep your weather eye open for the Klondike cook book. I will offer to the public a 'way-up breakfast gotten up in three minutes;

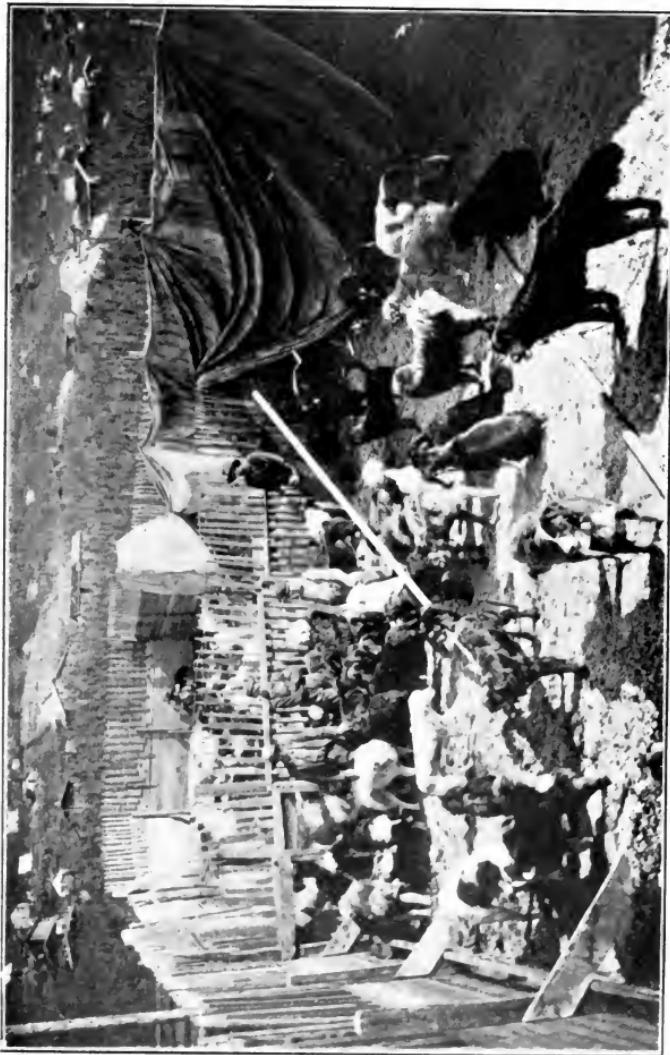
a good dinner in thirty minutes; a swell party Christmas dinner, without the usual requisites—eggs, cream, oysters, turkeys, fruits, lemons. It will make pork and beans palatable; show you how to economize cold cakes, burnt cakes, sour bread; how to obscure horse meat and incorporate it into caribou for select company; how to make a relish of salt salmon belly which will say "Ugh!" to lobsters; which will show how to keep house in great shape without kitchen furniture or cooking utensils.

EGGS.

Among the big heads and big dealers in Dawson one finds big-fool results often. Last year the eggs of the N. A. T. Company arrived here packed in salt. They came in fresh, and I have it from first hand—or mouth—that the *r  staurateur* sold his single egg for \$1 and had a ready market until he laid his last egg in its little dollar nest; then, after crowing just a few times over it, he had to shut his shop, for beans and bacon would not down without an egg. The salt, too, was in it so far as the trading company fared, not the *r  staurateurs*, for the salt brought its 15 cents per pound as readily as the egg its dollar. In fact, the N. A. T. Company had a safe investment—"quick sales and big profits"—in eggs. Never yet was a thing invented, or grown, or made too good for the American trader nor half good enough in profits for the present-day corporations. This year the leading lights at the Chicago end of the N. A. T. Company did not pack its eggs in salt. Did the \$1 each and 15 cents for salt at the Dawson end look too small? I give it up. As far as I can learn he had hatched in his own head a new scheme, a unique one, which must be tried at the expense of his company as

likewise at the expense of we hungry, fastidious mortals looking down the Yukon for the eggs' arrival. He had each and every egg electrocuted, then packed, then shipped. The *modus operandi* I cannot give, for the original inventor has not given it to us; no doubt he has a caveat upon the process in the Patent Office. Nor can I explain the different rights and titles, the claims thereto, nor the profits to be realized therefrom. Whether an object was to kill and preserve by the electric volt the little chicks already within the shell and sell them to the *restaurateur*, and through him to us old-timers, for spring chickens; whether to only prevent their growth and propagation under the summer sun of the Klondike, which hatches mosquitoes at a temperature of 120° above; or whether some damphool had assured him the electric shock would kill all microbes within or likely to get through the shell, and thereby preserve the egg fresh for time and evermore, to make it quite worth the dollar which it would command right here in camp, I know one thing only: the eggs duly arrived on the company's swell boat Hamilton. No remarks were made, no protests. They were stored in the company's most elaborate warehouse. No kicks came. Slowly and by degrees there was an unusual congregation of Siwash dogs about that warehouse door. Then the employees tried to shorten their hours within the doors of that special warehouse. Finally Captain Healey began to swear; then everybody knew something serious was turned up. In short, the Siwash Indians, used to foul fish and stinking things of all sorts, were paid extra wages to carry out upon the banks of the Yukon the eggs in their nice labeled, extra finished boxes, with the electrocuted chicks, microbes, and also, I fear, hopes and fortunes of the great inventor of Chicago.

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DOG POUND—DAWSON—CAUGHT UNMUZZLED.

DOGS.

Dogs are legal tender on the Klondike; not only on the Klondike, but up and down the Yukon and over all Alaska. The winter of 1897-98 was especially memorable in the matter of our obligations to dogs, for in them was placed our dependence to run away from starvation, as also we hoped much from them for supplies and for relief in general. It was heralded that the home government was succeeding the arbitrary police administration by a branch of its own civil rule, a governor-general and his staff. But these did not come in. Why? Dispatches said they were encamped on the headwaters of the Yukon and could not move because they had lost a pack of dogs, and the message incidentally mentioned: "Also some mounted police were drowned with the dogs." Thus we see the wheels of government resting upon dogs. And later experience has demonstrated that never since has the government of the Klondike been on so solid and so respectable a foundation.

During this season thoroughbred dogs were worth from \$300 up and half as much for scrubs. Thoroughbred is as distinctive here in dog as in horseflesh outside. Thoroughbreds here are the malamuth, a native Eskimo inbred somewhere and much larger than the common, and a Hudson Bay Company dog, the husky, with very much wolf in his make-up.

There are many outside dogs here, which include Great Danes, Newfoundland, shepherd, the "yellow dog" and pet dogs. Very few of these last, however, for not many of us are willing to amuse our women and children with dogs eating food at \$1 per pound. These out-country dogs make good work dogs, quite as good to pull and as strong as natives if well trained, but their feet do not

stand the work as well and they need more or less protection from extreme cold. They also must be fed more carefully, needing much the same mess we take ourselves on the trail, only we can palm off upon them a second quality. Food a little burned or a little sour or a little sad may be fooled upon the dogs and never a word said.

The natives work and feed well upon fish alone and with but one meal a day, yet when so kept they show it to be rather hard times by their poverty flat sides and scrubby furs. "Dog mushers" of our own race keep much better and finer teams than do the Indians. Although the Indians may have well-bred dogs, they show their associations and their feeding. A dog fancier could write a book upon the material and could talk dog with as much fluency and gusto as the jockey can dilate upon the thoroughbred racer. But aside from his being the beast of burden in this country, he is the same miserable cur in many of his spare moments and in many of his parts as you find him at home—in your neighbor's dog, of course.

Dogs, like horses, vary in their capacities. Size, of course, tells, but his pulling is not wholly weight; like in a horse, 'tis blood. Now and then we see trotting along a wee bit of a whippet with a sled and a great big duffer thereon, maybe an Indian, maybe a self-styled white man. Scores of miners have one dog; this for company to some extent, but chiefly for use. In the winter season one dog in a sled with the man at the gee-pole will carry from 200 to 400 pounds. One dog cannot pull nearly as much as one man at a hard scratch, but their good work comes in this way: He will pull all the time. Should I be carrying my worldly possessions or freighting my spring clean-up to Dawson, I would pull hard at every hill and

pull along over up grade, but at down grade or on a level I would spell myself and let poor "mush" continue the burden. The continual drag and the rapid gait—dog trot—make dog teams count in freighting. Six dogs will not pull more than half a ton, but they will make two trips to the horse's one. I hired a no-get-up Englishman with a one-horse sled to haul me some wood. It was less than two miles, good sledding, no hills, no obstacles, and by the hour it cost me \$25 per cord; then a team of dogs finished the contract for \$20. For plain freighting or traveling the dog is 'way ahead of the cayuse or mule, aside from his convenience.

Dogs are smart, we all know; being smart they are tricky; being tricky they are cussed; being cussed there is no end to the fool things they may do. They start and liven up under the startling command "mush!" They gee or haw as the old plow horse of the Dutch farmer. They whoa—sometimes—when you make the kind suggestion. A lady in to see me but to-day said she went up to stake on Nine Mile, and her dogs ran away, leaving her to walk a distance which exhausted her.

"Yes," she says, "these dogs know when women are behind them, and just as soon as the sled upset and we fell off they ran. Twice they got away from us and were caught on the claims up the creek. If we go in a basket sleigh from which we do not fall out the dogs always stop upon its overturning, for they know they cannot then get away, but if from a common sled we roll off and out of reach, maybe down the bank, then they do run."

The dogs on the Klondike are almost universally hitched in single file, and they all file around the turns and crooks and between trees and about stumps without stopping to consider circumstances, and when one is riding the sled with no person at the gee-pole to guide, then the sled is

continually floundering about, upsetting and snubbing. When a young fellow takes his best girl out sleigh-riding he must run the dogs at the gee-pole, or if he is swell and has a basket sleigh, then run behind, guiding from the handle back of the sleigh. He by no manner or means suggests to himself the privilege of riding with his sweetheart. Yes, from over the rail behind may come some tender soft wooing, but with her Eskimo hood of skins and furs possibly not one little coo startles the drum of her padded ear; and were he to be running at the gee-pole he would fare no better, for his glance would only rest upon the same furs and feathers without penetrating within. He must not be caught napping at his post, dreaming, sighing, for perchance here comes a team down the trail, and should the two take a turn to the same side, Miss Daisy will take a tumble to herself which her lover will scarcely be able to adjust. Yes, they will sometimes, quite frequently indeed, intermix, especially turning corners and on curves. Still worse, they often, in passing, pile up in a wholesale dog fight, the whole team of each part and party, all hitched and tangled into the worst imaginable football mass. And were it you, my dear friend, what would you do about it if your girl was wound and bound and doubled up and piled up into a big writhing mass of dogs and sleds and furs? Why, you would say, "The Lord have mercy on my soul," and proceed to pound the dogs over the head and pry open their jaws, for these Eskimos are wolfish and game. Then you would hunt up the bundle and unravel it. Maybe she is frightened, maybe laughing, but you would not laugh, for here is a dump of ruins. Her robe, worth \$200, her parkee, \$100, her hood, \$50—all these will be ruined and you will have to replace them. A freighter will run a load up the Klondike district or over any broken tract from

twenty to forty miles and back the next day. He uses the dogs about as he would use his horses as to rest and feed and work. Going out of the country during the winter is usually a matter of, say, three to four dogs to three men. These will carry for each man his total outfit, which must be limited to 125 pounds; added is the dog feed, which must be two pounds per day for each dog. The trip may be made in thirty days, but forty-five days is the more general time. Men going out must help their dogs—must go ahead to break trail if blown shut, and do the heavy pulling over snow banks and ice drifts. The man who cannot hitch himself to and be dog, in fact, had better stay in and go down and out on a dog raft in the spring.

Dogs make very good pack animals and are used no little bit for such purpose, especially in summer; in fact, it is the only way to utilize them in the summer. They are easily disabled by overloading. They cut up the same funny freaks under pack-saddles as they do in harness, never quite forgetting they are dogs, born for the chase, for fighting, for food of all sorts and kinds and in all seasons, and it looks to me also for fun. Last summer Bill Bludson was working a bar claim 'way up on a "pup" of Forty Mile. These bar and bench claims we work during summer. Billy's claim was in the wilderness, and before making his fall clean-up he was down to the town and borrowed from his old friends some dogs to help pack. He had a glorious summer and a clean-up made glorious by the sum and substance of his gold sacks. Down the gulch he comes as jubilant as if his path was gold, whistling "When the cows come home," and his four dogs panting under their great weight—two heavy gold sacks straddling the back of each. Just at the highest chord of his musical march a jack rabbit bounced up and

off into the wilderness. Billy and the whole Desdemona might bellow whoa and make Hell's Half Acre noisy with their voices, but they could no more stop this pack of Eskimos after a mad hare than they could walk up over the aurora borealis. But I am happy to chronicle that Billy made a second clean-up which exactly balanced the first. One dog was caught under a fallen tree, another had toppled over on his back and his great bag held him down, and so on till all were corraled.

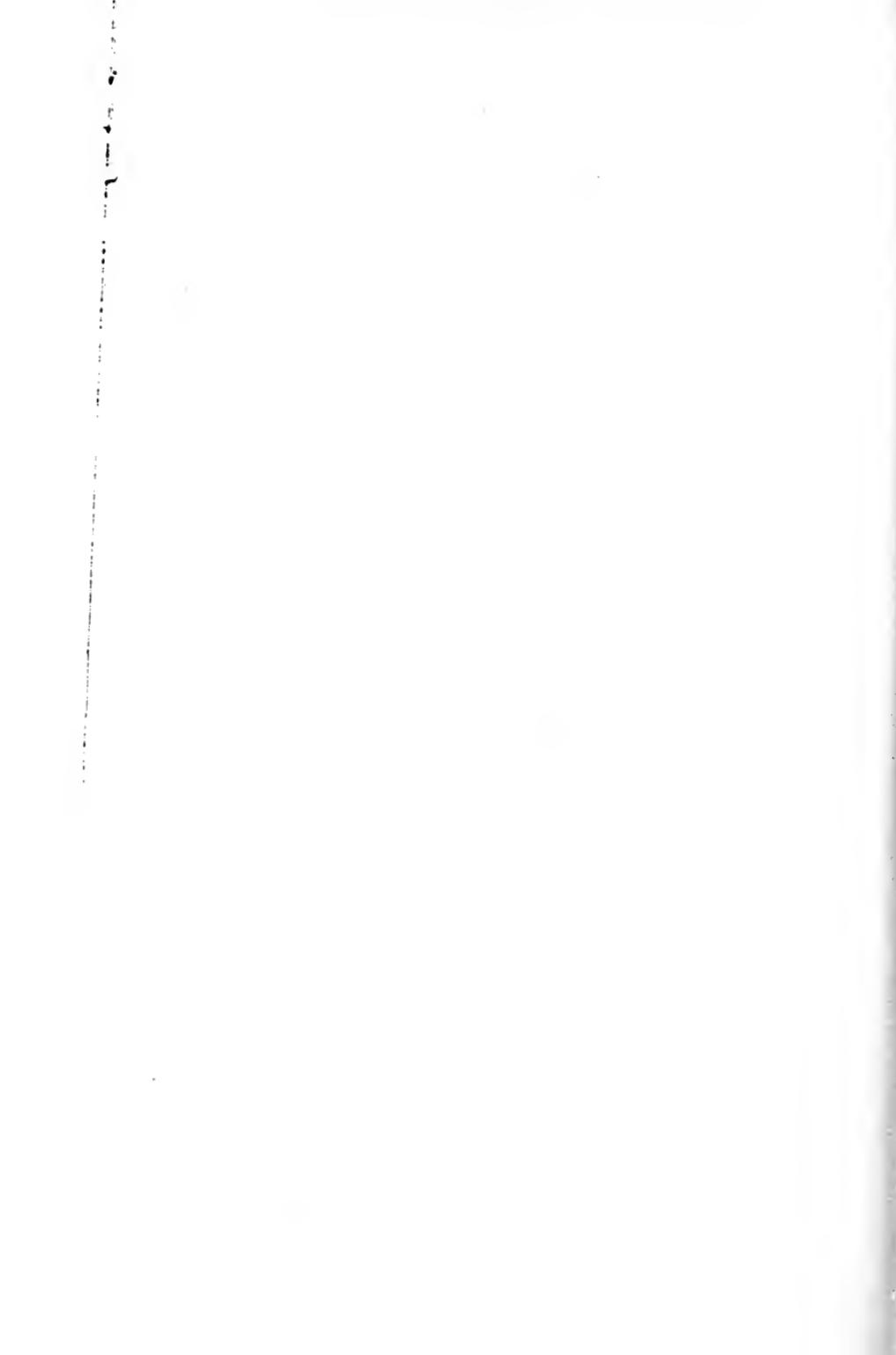
Dogs do not bark in Alaska. There is no bark in a native dog, while outside dogs want to ape the old-timers or else are ashamed to give themselves away as cheechokers. Maybe they are actually ashamed of the low, onery association which it carries them back to. You see they are now "the noble beast," and their walk and conversation must be in accordance therewith. But oh! oh! oh! Deliver me from the prevailing social system among these dogs. I need not recall to you that much wolf exists in these native dogs. Then as a form of communication, for ebullition of fellow-feeling, or for self-amusement, maybe for cussedness, you have their howl, their weird bellow, their piercing cry, their shrill tongue, with all the echoes of these from the surrounding hills and caverns in a blending, a most excruciating combination—these with the corrupted bark of the non-linguists in any and every pitch interwoven, this pooling of discord and hideousness weaves a web of agony that I cannot picture.

LETTERS.

Samuel Sawbones stood three days in the line before the post-office door, but could not reach the inner temple. He gave up the race and sent through one of the devious ways a five-dollar piece to the postmaster and promptly



NATIVE BLOOD—BLOOD WILL TELL.



received his first home missive. It was full of all sorts of news, and blessings, and promises, and queries. The dear, good Nella was solicitous in the extreme for him in any and all parts, but was quite undemonstrative in all care or anxiety about herself. This was in striking contrast to her early letters. She gave no demonstrations of dying because of his absence. She did not pray for advice as to what she should do to occupy her mind and relieve it from longing. She exhibited evidence of having quite enough to do to drive off *ennui*. She had, in fact, kept on making innovations upon poor man; was taking on all rites and ceremonies of the new woman as fast as conscience would allow them to ripen. Not all this was confided to the dear doctor, but enough to make his reflections anything but happy.

Of course she was coming to the Klondike with the first wave of spring, and she would outfit according to the details of his experience, yet she had suggestions of her own. If they pleased him she might carry them through. Samuel could read that the girl was becoming tainted, first by worldly people, then by worldly vanities, again by the world's disgruntlers. He observed that she was experienced enough to not need a chaperone or guide and protector; that she would outfit as to comfort and utility without reservation; that she had lost scruples against rustling and laying up treasure here below in any and all the mysterious ways of the present world. Her tender passions broke out here and there in the letters, but not many tear-drops obscured the pages. She was curious to know the political aspect of the country and as to church work and the state of society. I wrote out "Society in Dawson" for Sawbones, while he himself chronicled how the churches of the Lord cannot stand up against the Klondikers—that both were in ashes.

She gave quite a bit of her private life, which was indeed pure and sweet—something of the old past; but in the domestic events of her neighbors and acquaintances it was painful for Samuel to read a “thank-the-Lord-I-am-not-like-other-women” spirit therein. However, all Samuel thought was: “How good she is and how good I can make her.” I fear that at the same time she was thinking: “How good Samuel is and how much better I will make him.” Why, of course she loves him still, but when a woman begins to love herself, when she becomes ambitious, worldly, covetous of fame and admiration, she draws upon the love she may have or ought to have invested in some noble manhood. And if Sawbones’ sweet-heart had not withdrawn much of the original love invested in some noble manhood. And if Sawbones’ sweet-had not withheld all the old affection and bestowed it in mutual admiration upon her woman’s rights kin, she would still be properly and delightfully hanging around Sawbones’ neck and wooing him to a lovely, virtuous heart.

Samuel Sawbones was taking a breathing spell between his letters to Nella. The dark side of affairs of Dawson this winter was reflecting upon him, for though he was well grub staked for the season, he yet knew any suffering and hunger would appeal to him among the first for relief, and to succor distress is about as much misery as to suffer it. The first letter in over the ice was duly answered and at length. All the details for her trip were given, all the demands of the journey and the camp were listed, the future possibilities were recited to a nicety. Due credit and thanks were returned for the love and kindness showered upon him, and no comments offered on the pending crisis—her transition from true womanhood to crude, duplex woman’s might woman’s right.

Simple Samuel still believed he could fit the fair girl of his first adventure with goggles through which she could see only herself and not the amazons by which she had been beleaguered since his departure. Poor chap! You ought to have experienced that when woman once gets the bit in her mouth, like with the runaway, you may as well let up on the reins. But the hope helped him through the weary nights, and he never lost his cheerfulness or his usefulness. Everybody in camp shaped his or her ends only for the coming spring and the coming friends and foods.

Scattering mails found their way into Dawson—now and then a government mail, oftener private mails, and these brought Samuel Sawbones, Esq., M.D., more letters. These two questions were proposed in one: Is riding the biecycle by women conducive to health? Is riding horseback astride the proper thing? The doctor would not commit himself in answering. "For," said he in the letter, "medical men disagree, and I will not presume upon wisdom that will demolish either section. Except where the solicitor is ill she will not accept the advice. Healthy women can almost to a unit ride the bicycle without injury to themselves, but sick women never. As to riding horseback astride I cannot advise seriously, because of the comic picture the subject presents. I have always in mind, upon seeing a woman with her short, dumpy legs astride a horse, the monkey riding the ring horse in the circus. In faith, I do believe it is only a laughing matter and not one of health."

In another letter came the consideration of a kindergarten. "Shall I start a kindergarten in Dawson?" "Oh, no! Oh, Lord, no! Have you not learned, can you not see that the little folks of to-day are 'way beyond their limits? Do you not see them absorbing time and atten-

tion and expense quite beyond justice and good taste? Do you not observe them occupying a position that good breeding hoots at? Do you not see simple mothers all about you giving the labor and love of a wife exclusively to her children, giving the bread and butter of the family out for furs and feathers for them? Do you not see the children of to-day paraded for show, pushed before audiences for admiration, and shoved among friends for distinction? The nursery is the primary school for this, but the kindergarten is the finishing academy. You know very well it makes them only babbling, chattering geese; it fills their little craniums with only a batch of pictures which they show off as beforehand to mamma and her admiring friends, but never a bit of brain tissue does it grow. This is all wrong—this making a little storehouse out of the little one's brain, this filling it up with all the child-lore that sounds so cute to us, so sweet to the dear mother, and makes it so precocious-appearing to its audiences. This trammels the wee one's brain; obstructs its real thinking, growing capacity; destroys its capacity as workshop. Oh, yes—it does make them smart. And the end-man of the minstrels—how smart! What a smart thing that magpie is, with his tongue split! How cute the parrot is! No, no. Let the little ones go along thinking for themselves. Don't cram them full of fanciful thoughts of your own; that way they will never learn to think and invent and work for themselves. It seems plodding, but a little later in life you will notice the great strides they take, and how they will outstrip the precocious outputs of the kindergarten. Now I say, my dear girl, do not lend yourself to any of the fads of the day unless you see in them wisdom and worth—not because of their fancy and favor. Of course I recognize the fact that the kindergarten has come to stay and that it is

becoming recognized as a legitimate institution. Yes, I learned years ago that the quack doctor had come to stay and that the strongest arms of our law cannot boost him. I nevertheless advise, steer clear. I have observed after many years that the bright particular star in the childhood group seldom is the shining light that leads the busy throng through the age. Possibly the great men have not self-made men in predominance, but certainly the great majority were not kindergarten, smart, precocious, youthful geniuses like these to-day, aspiring through their mothers and dear teachers to enlighten the world. In a group of six American medical men I met looking on at the London clinics, five were farmer lads in youth. This means that the slow-plodding boy of the plow who obtained his education under difficulties never lets go his industry; that the necessary habits of work and perseverance culminate in ambition, and this ever goes on. These five men of the six studied and worked and still study and work, and they are over here in London because they will never leave anything undone. This illustrates the starting-point of the winners of the great race over life's course. It is not the nicely groomed, fanciful mannered, brilliantly tutored kid that leads the race except as the minority.

"What I have said concerning the kindergarten output is preliminary to a yet more serious aspect society is rapidly taking on. That a mother's ambition and emulation may be gratified she sacrifices—ignorantly, of course—the future of her child and at the same time her own physical and moral health. That she may decorate, pamper, and educate, as she veritably believes, her child, she institutes a life crusade against increase of the family. It is quite seldom we find a young family of to-day which numbers more than two or three children, and in these families

we find the determination to make that the limit. Only because we cannot educate and raise them, they say, as our neighbors' children are dressed and schooled, do we object to more. And then what? Ask the poor, honest, scrupulous doctor. He will tell you in rending tones that his life is made miserable by these people. I need not explain, for you may know, that the matter of having or not having children is not controlled by any legitimate or moral law within the invocation of the family concerned. Nor can any healthy moral prescription be given by the doctor: yet they fly to him. Here they beg and pray, and when one most dreadful law of the ten is read to them, 'Thou shalt not murder,' they sometimes threaten: 'I will go to Dr. Public Executioner. You know he will do this thing.' Yes, I know, we all know, from the bloody trail. Once in his hands they are ashamed, and in one of two ways they never return to the old family Sawbones. I dare not picture how strong a hold he has grown on our community. Newspapers must laud him, and twelve men cannot be called to convict him of any nefarious outrage, especially since an occasion where the Supreme Court seemed to forget their robes of office were more sacred than their personal obligations. Yes, the one desideratum of my own return home and to practice is the struggle against importunities to help through this encroaching malpractice to limit the family to that few whom they may decorate and embellish in the kindergarten and the like prevailing fancy—the military parade schools."

Of course Dr. Sawbones followed this discourse or lecture, this hobby, with some very nice things to the dear girl left behind. She evidently forgave him or did not take the hard work wading through it much to heart, for she returned a most entertaining answer. It may in part have absorbed enthusiasm from the near approach of her

fact for the Chandler. Yes, she was about ready, and detailed her feelings in much the spirit of all young ladies. Dr. Samuel was going out in anticipation of the day of arrival, and with his professional duties, and with his usual impulsive speculations. I have, in fact, given here and there his little acts of life, and his virtues, and experiences, and it might be well for me to only pick him up again the summer-time coming, while I record my own impressions and the about later if the dear ones to be all from home.

AT HOME ON THE KLONDIKE.

IT is Christmas eve and yet I am not "at home" to any one. I am not mixing a hot Scotch, nor cooling a wine, nor doing a Welsh rarebit this cold, lonely evening, nor could I gather the herd that would be agreeable to make festive with from the miscellaneous mass of humanity here. But above all things to rejoice at I am in my own home, if all alone this Christmas eve—the first time quite at home since leaving the outside. It is a home much of my own make and furnished, too, not from second-hand stores, but all the fittings of my own make. The floor of my cabin is full of cracks, the only weak part of it, but 'tis said one can think best with cold feet and hot head. But I must confess to one luxury not of my own make. It is a Brussels carpet, purchased at the N. A. T. Company store at \$3 per yard. Building was conducted through our coldest snap—63°—and the stimulus to make it good and warm was great. Lumber was worth \$250 per thousand, and the necessities are to make it as inexpensive as possible. My ceilings are lined with striped ticking and the walls with blue jean. This is artistic and snug. My kitchen is arranged to make life easy. A swivel stood in the middle of the floor allows me to reach the stove, the dinner-table, the cupboard and larder.

With all this home are you content and happy and do you hope and pray and dream? Are there no tears and longing and sighing? Very well; this is home on the Klondike, and we must not be pressed to many confessions. We are much "at home" sleeping up here on the Klondike.

It is indeed a relish, only when the thermometer gets down to about 60° one's morning nap is disturbed by cracking and snapping among his cans and his water-pails, and at that temperature he often finds his feet steal up his back and his knees approach his chin, while the icicles about the mouth of his sleeping-bag grow so big and full that they embarrass his breathing; then he finds it convenient to get up and make a fire.

Up at the mines men are up and doing at 6 o'clock. As miners must board themselves, they occupy much time wooding, watering, and cooking, and get in only six or eight hours daily of hard work for their employers. They dress immensely warm and of course suffer little or nothing from the cold. The prospectors and dog mushers on the Klondike suffer most. They "at home" are ensconced simply in a tent, and even at 40° a tent is cold sleeping and cooking and eating. No, not dressing, for they are always dressed. But where they strike good wood they keep themselves thawed out and tell us they like it. And I might make myself believe them, for they have a manner of rolling themselves up into a knot like the Eskimo dog, then tying themselves in a fur sleeping-bag which ought to make sleep warm and cozy and let them out in the morning ready to enjoy frost and fresh air.

Around town are loafers and unemployed—no home. They have to drive hard bargains with Jack Frost. This morning at 4 o'clock I saw one on a box outside a saloon snoring in deep sleep as though he might be having sweet dreams. The deserving poor are a pitiable class here. They may have been victims of accidents or may have simply come here broke and without visible means of support. I do wish they were all "at home" outside where they came from. All the glitter of gold disappears in the gloom of this presence. If a prayer of a wicked man

would avail I should pray for them. Some of this class develop into expert, prosperous thieves and exonerate us from prayer and sympathy. Yet still I feel for them.

"Ah, good-morning, Dr. Sawbones. Come in. Isn't this a palace, sir? There are no heartaches, but look at the finger aches. You see, that lining has a hundred thousand tacks. Well, that cold snap I hit my fingers every other tack; that makes fifty thousand times. Oh, how they ache! But the worst, Samuel. While I was building a man sold me a boat, and I believe he stole the boat. Yes, I winked at it—received stolen goods. The Lord forgive me, but you know I had no nails and could get none. I had upset my stove, in which was burned old scraps of boards and boxes, but this only furnished a few nails. I bought this boat for the nails, in fact, but the sin of buying stolen goods hangs about my neck, and how am I to exorcise it?"

Samuel congratulated me, and after viewing the premises he remarked:

"One thing is wanting, my boy, only one thing. You are not quite at home. I just witnessed an act in the life of an old-timer, Dick Lowe. His squaw wife had picked him up in a dancing hall a little full. She did not fall to and abuse Dick, but only said: 'You do not love me any more!' And her liege lord remarked: 'Oh, pshaw! now. Of course I do! These white girls can't chop wood and carry water and eat salmon like you can.' Then this Siwash maid flung herself around his neck and was happy again. So long, my boy."

A MINING TRAGEDY.

THE day of the resurrection will find the Klondiker up and doing at the first call of Gabriel. He will not need to wait the gathering together of his stray particles of dust, for there is none such, and the preacher does not say "dust unto dust" at the funeral rite. Nor does the worm feedeth, etc. Man goes down into his icy tomb, and if perchance a smile is frozen upon his lips thus he will rise again, for nothing disturbs him or his resting-place. A thousand years hence and the eternal frost will still have cemented this clay with its walls of muck, which shall not open till the judgment day.

On the bench just rising out of Eldorado Gulch two bruises are observed in the mossy beds covering the hill-side, each of the specific dimension six feet by two.

Peter Hanson and Nels Carlson were partners in a claim on Eldorado. They had indications that ere many days they should strike it rich. Two honest hearts and busy heads, they made haste in this miner's sunshine, the frosty winter months, to make hay. Only in perspective, however, had they stimulus to be so busy as they were—too busy.

The routine miner's work brought them about early, first to their breakfast, then to the matter of cleaning the shaft of the *débris* from the night's burning, and sinking through the thawed muck or gravel preparatory to a renewed burning.

One heavy, low barometric morning our friends peered into the great future of their mine and hesitated to go

down to work. On occasions going up Eldorado I myself have noticed bad air, a sort of fuming air, one that set my lungs to rebelling and set me coughing, an atmosphere that savored of cussedness. Well, this had not, strictly speaking, jumped the claim of Peter Hanson and Nels Carlson, but it failed to vacate in good order, so they did chores and obeyed the mandate "wait" while this foul-smelling air slowly moused its way up and out. After a spell Peter Hanson took another peep down the shaft, but the lazy, sluggish gas and smoke only laughed at him for his hurry. Good-natured like, Peter said: "Have your own way." Again, after another spell, he came back, and it is not strange that he got riled at the nasty tenant of his castle and resolved to oust him, especially since the golden nuggets at the bottom were haunting him. Peter went down the ladder to do battle with this foul enemy as a brave heart is inclined to do. Yes, he had a buckler that would help him fight the battle of right and might 'way back at his old home. "I will get behind thee, Satan, and boost thee out whether or no!" And this oozing, sluggish smoke and gas—the foul, vile, groping thing—laughed as poor Peter dropped down into its embrace, for it was the jaws of Death.

Then Nels Carlson came from his little *siesta* of setting the slapjacks and soaking the beans, and approaching the mouth of the mine said: "Peter, how goes it?" Looking down, the shaft seemed to him still full of the noxious stuff, and not quite the right place for Peter Hanson to be reconnoitering. "Peter!" cried Nels a little louder, to make himself heard through the gloom. "Peter! Peter! where are you?" And great big drops, not sweat, but of blood serum direct from Nels' heart forced their way out through his veins as if to clear, to wash a way to the bottom of that shaft, and a fearful shiver overcame him. "Peter! Peter!

Peter!" with a loud voice. A hasty glimpse around and about revealed no neighbors, no attendants within reach. Succor must come from his lone strong arm and brave soul. I wonder if Peter Hanson had read to Nels Carlson each little missive from home and the manuscripts of his many evenings in answer? They may have made Nels the hero he was. He looked but for a moment in the face of that vile stuff, that combination of carbonic oxide, and creosote fumes, and whatever else that arises from the burning of this mountain fir in airless shafts and settles low on murky dull days—barely looked, and the noble heart was down beside poor Peter Hanson. Make way for Nels Carlson, thou blackened, hellish thing! Stand aloof there! Nels has weight to carry. No, not miserable dust; he has better stuff. But see! He cannot rise through thy heavy, damned oppression! Take wing and fly his presence! Why, even devils may run when gods like Nels are at their heels. Oh! oh! oh! Ye will not? And ye gurgle up to the top even poor Nels' last breath, the only pure thing left to escape. Heaven take poor Nels' soul as it flies away from all this corruption.

Peter Hanson's long, loving missive to Susanna Benson had been finished too that morning. In gathering Peter's little effects we found many little things showing the love of Susan. Only her last letter may we let you look into, and we will all together sympathize with her:

"Peter, come home; you must come home. It is not right you should be away off in the far North, there fighting the decrees of a wise Providence. He did not make that wild, cold country except for His wild beasts and for the tempered Indians. You work wrong when you go there to fight this cold and the diseases which grow from the bad food. Then, Peter, it is only gold you bring me,

and gold is worthless beside that love you tore away from me to search for it. Will you not come home and leave the worldly gold to the worldly men who have no love in their hearts? But, Peter, I am ill at ease. I see bad signs and I dream bad dreams. The birds sing around me in mournful notes and they do not smile as they used to. The snowbirds from the North come, and they look as if they carry me a message, but ere I ask them what they droop their eyes and turn back again. They do not greet me as of old. In this harvest season my little humming-birds come, but they would not rob my flowers of the honey nor did the little chips come for their usual quota of garden seeds. What does it mean, Peter? That the time approaches when I shall be shorn of all sweets, all harvests, and that these little harbingers of sympathy are thus wont to be good to me? And I had a sad dream, Peter. A great storm raged and many miners had to battle against it. I feel quite sure you got through, Peter, but I should not like to see you battle so again, for this almost worsted you. I wanted to help you, but no. And I fear some fierce-raging thing may yet overcome you. I sent you a great bundle of warm things to fight the cold, but you must come home with them."

This letter did not give Peter warning, but he grew a bold knight instead. He was not reserving Susan's warm clothing to come home in. We must take a look at his lately finished letter, too:

"We are sure, Susanna, to come home with great bags of that which is good above everything else—gold. Nels and I have found it, and we need only to dig it out and bring it home to you. Then, Susanna, the world will smile upon us; not only our gold, but the whole world will be bright. The glitter of our carriage will reflect glitter to the roadside and even to the rusty pickets that

stand sentinels to the fields. Our diamonds will lend a brilliancy that will reflect a greater than their own. The charity that we may bestow will bring down upon our heads such blessings that will make them rest upon the pillow of the saints. Our family will become great and good. Fathers and mothers back in the old fatherland will nevermore weary except to prepare themselves for that city made of gold. My poor dear Susan, you are unduly excited over the bad dreams, and the omens are growths from your excessively fine imagination. Please set such fancies aside and love, honor, and obey me until perhaps next year I may float down the wild Yukon and land by your hearth ere the winter snow flies. Now, be a good girl and put foolish things out of mind and heart. Faithfully listen for my footsteps the next season, my most cherished saint, and I will abide with thee forever."

And only these bundles of letters, with the few keepsakes and Peter's sack of selected gold nuggets, go down the wild Yukon and out to Susanna.

ITEMS.

IN the spring-time, late spring-time for you outside but early for us on the Yukon (about the first day of May), the populace of Dawson, instead of lounging about prominent places to admire the first parades of women in gum boots, congregate on the shore of the river and peer up and down wistfully, earnestly, to catch the first impulse of the breaking ice. It is the great important event of the year—the first interesting, thrilling affair after the freeze-up six months earlier. The ice goes then a little later, and your humble servant finds himself in a furore of congratulatory antics much in the manner of a New Year watch-meeting. “Mr. Sour Dough, sir?” “Sour Dough we are, sir!” “Shake!” Yes, and why? Because the first boat-load of new people from outside is just in, and that absolves us from the odium and oppressiveness of cheechoker. Yes, the newcomer is now the cheechoker, and we of the past year are Sour Dough.

I will not say very much about the cheechokers’ trail, it being such an oft-told tale that it must sour on the sweetest disposition pressed into a hearer, and I may add that we on the Klondike have as much reason to go into spasms over the mere mention of the Stikine or Skagway or Dyea trails, with the horrors of Windy Arm, the treacheries of White Horse, the Tombstones of the Five Fingers, the catacombs in the bottom of Lakes Bennett and Linderman, as had any or all of you on the outside from the inquisitions of certain newspaper correspondents; for we not only admitted the loss of myriads of friends,

but also feared contamination of the head water of the Yukon. Yes, the all-water route too has been rehearsed, the old sealer stories reclothed, while horrible whaling expeditions have been recounted as new Klondike experiences. And not only do we rejoice that we no longer are "Cheechoctah," but that daylight has come and sunshine; and, too, that communication is established with the outside and we may have letters from home in a fortnight or less time; and that fresh grub is come or coming, and in plenty; that a bit of civilization will drop in among us and crowd out the damned villainy harboring and governing here. If only to stamp out the thefts and the lying, we could worship the advent of a new element.

We will get door locks to snub the thieves and we will get newspapers to outwit the liars. It is a common remark in the philosophy of the day that stealing might be excusable because of the gain possible of some good things of the world, but that lying was not only without ways or means, but as low-lived and sinful as stealing.

You do not know, my good friends, what there is in lying. Eli Perkins might go to the Klondike to finish his education, just as some of our doctors go to Germany a week or two to become expert or finished in specialties. In a happy experience of a long, lone winter, I must vouch for great things that may be accomplished by practical application of heroic lying. In the first place, one must needs be a smooth, easy liar in order to avoid conviction in the matter of stealing—must lie out of it. Again, he must lie in business or he can neither sell nor buy a claim. That I need not illustrate, for it holds good in Montana as in the Klondike.

Then the long winter evening can only be made glorious by the recital and the receiving of the wondrous tales every day cleaned up from camp and trail. Early last

winter no newspaper came to camp, and in order to borrow the old one your neighbor brought in the summer-time you needed to deposit a half ounce of dust to insure its return. Reliable news, good, genuine—such as newspapers always give—was scarce, so we had to depend upon the men's exchange. The exchange was all that broad and straight way most lively and patronized, in the chief part of the city—the saloons, the varieties, the gambling dens. Thrilling scenes, such as you never heard of outside even, were daily transacted on these bulletin boards in Dawson, in camp, and on trail. For every *cache* robbed one man was killed outright and one was reported to have died in the hospital. The police (I should be reverential and say the Northwest Mounted Police) were overworked and the vigilantes had to lend aid. Windy Dick's famous dog team of huskies went up to the French Gulch to bring down a big nugget just discovered—too big for two men to carry. Joe Dalton, who went out on first ice with \$40,000 in dust, was waylaid by highwaymen and all his gang was murdered save one, who came back to tell the tale. One thousand reindeer were on the summit bringing luxuries for us starving miners luxuriating in Dawson. Hurrah!

Finally war news began to come, and just as the war collapsed we were having Yankee sentinels posted upon almost every fortification in the civilized world, or some New York gentleman's private yacht just outside keeping the harbor bottled up with a nation's great fleet inside. Time and again we were on the point of giving notice to that glorious military organization, the N. W. M. P. (which means the Northwest Mounted Police) to go home, but they were such fat, easy fellows one did not like to turn them out in the cold. They never would have stood the trip out on the trail. Besides, they ac-

tually once did capture a man, or rather take out of the hands of a mob one who had robbed a poor miner's *cache* and jailed him, and we were grateful—we Eldorado kings in prospective! But I hope in my old age to write a book on "A Winter Evening's Tales," and those of you who are still alive will read about what I cannot tell you to-night. Only listen to me: there must some good things come out of lying on the Klondike or else people would tire of it, and I cannot see any abatement since the first days in which I was an active member.

If you choose to look at these—stealing and lying—as the comic opera of our winter's amusement, you must allow for the real genuine music, the real opera—our eating! No matter that we had no clam De Santiago soup or canary del Filipinos on toast, yet we had relishes that would make yellow-fever germs desert one's stomach from sheer overcrowding. First and foremost, bacon and beans. Why bacon and beans? Not because they are chief articles of commerce, but because they pan out more bone, sinew, and caloric to the pound than anything else, because you like them, because they are convenient. You may know a man in Alaska who does not eat bacon and beans. You may also know a man on the Klondike who all last winter wore a duster and a straw hat. I did. The custom of my pard and myself was to put beans and pig's jowl into our largest cooking pot and give it first place on the range permanently. One meal daily from this was the written law; two meals was common where a special blessing would not befall us in the shape of some new dish—a fresh fish, a piece of caribou or salmon.

Ah, milord Bacon, you're King on the Yukon.

To thee and thy kindred, all hail!

Yes, my dear bacon, best thing on the Yukon,

You're first choice in cabin or trail.

*Dried fish for the native, fish too for his dog,
But none of the sad truck for me,
Unless thou dear morsel, thou choice of the hog,
'Tis fried in, 'tis flavored in thee.*

*The saddle and tongue of the gay old bull moose
Is relish for Russian—not me;
Nor the fricassee game, the migrant wild goose,
Unless fried and flavored in thee.*

*Ah, my Lord Bacon, thou chief of the Yukon,
Before thee bow bone and mush;
The light of the window goes out on the Yukon
Lest, Lord Bacon, you keep her flush.*

Old-timers and Sour Doughs had "sour dough" bread, but we cheechokers satisfied ourselves through probation with baking-powder biscuit. These were good, bad, and indifferent. We were likewise indifferent, because every morsel of these crowded the one ahead of it down with such velocity as to make taste a myth. Butter—I thank the Lord the two old commercial companies kept good butter and never let it run above \$2.50 per pound. Sugar was good, and at store prices cost 30 cents. At starvation point, when outfits were thrown upon the market by retreating cheechokers, the price of sugar was, with the whole pack-meat, rice, flour, salt, fruit, cornmeal, everything—\$1 per pound. Oatmeal and rice go without saying; everybody had it; everybody had condensed milk, though this spring some paid \$3 per can for it; and I think everybody had dried fruit. Some had ham, some canned meats, canned fruits; some luxurious fellows had sweet potatoes, peas, tomatoes, salmon, fresh mackerel, with tomato sauce, Vienna sausage. And why did we

starve? Why, we did not. You must recall what I told you—lying was a fine art on the Klondike, and those people who went out had it pat. The fellow who was homesick, or left a girl behind, or was weakened and disappointed because the Sour Doughs had picked up all the nuggets from the streets of Dawson, must have an excuse for coming out, and starvation is such a thrilling, growing horror, such a sympathetic one, that they could not do as well for themselves with any other subject.

However, if many had not gone and if the government had not invited many down the river to storage points, some of us may have had to eat our mucklucks. Aside from this, many people infected with the fright bought, stole, or begged lots of grub to add to an already filled *cache*, and met spring with more than their share. I repeat, all hands who could pay for food found plenty at their command. All winter we could buy fresh beef and mutton, shipped down the river early in the fall, and the Indians kept a pretty good supply of moose coming in all the time at only \$1 per pound. Of course there is nothing in all this bill of grub to make you outside sing a Christmas carol, but mind, you were not on the Yukon or you would have chanted a *Te Deum* with us. I can recall when the Methodist parson would say: "You must pray without ceasing or else be damned." On the Klondike we must eat without ceasing or else be starved. The luxury of eating—anything, everything—makes life worth living here, even though no nuggets fill up our empty cans. And you can guess that no ingenuity was spared in preparing the feasts. In camp, in the diggings, I heard miners dispute precedence as cook. Without New Orleans molasses they would make grand old gingerbread; without eggs they cooked magnificent puddings; without sour milk or cream will they bake wondrous waffles. I am in the

habit of telling of my neighbor who from one bucket of sour dough laid the foundation for five good dishes of which I partook one meal. In faith, though, I must confess, the luxury in eating is due to the smart, bright, cold weather and the good climate. Fortunately it favors one's digestion with his appetite, and I can commend to you miserable dyspeptics, of whom I can mark scores and scores, a winter on the Yukon. I wish to say this: The old-time residents of the Yukon, most of whom have drawn to Dawson and these diggings, had any and all things in store that transportation can manage, and I ate a Christmas dinner that would do justice to the outside with one of these families.

Possibly as I go along I had better make work a subject in the discussion, for if one is not ready and willing to work he had better at once steal something and give himself up to the N. W. M. P., who will send him down the Yukon to American territory; then if the winter is severe the government may provide for him. In the city of Dawson my pard utilized the forenoons, while I kept house, to sled the wood; this he found on the hillside within a mile. I gave him the house to keep in the afternoon and I sawed the wood. If this was not a daily job it was not less than alternate days' work. Housekeeping aside from cooking was not very tedious. Sweeping might have been commended, but brooms are worth a half ounce of dust. Finally, when I became owner of a piece of a broom I had to lend it to so many neighbors that I needed to economize in my own use to save it. Water in winter-time must all be carried from the Yukon River, no matter how far away one lives. And the holes cut in the ice become veritable Rebecca wells, only we never see any Rebecca drawing water. A common water supply is drawing sled-loads of ice home and drinking ice. In summer-

time, with the advent of sunshine and—well, say mosquitoes for butterflies—there come springs from the hill-side at one end of town, which we call the resident end because people flock there for convenience. Our water is good, especially in comparison with our beer.

As for wages, it was a matter of capacity. A good man dealing faro got \$20 per day. I know a girl who did housekeeping for \$100 per month, yet I know another tell a man to "Git away wid your \$50 a week—washing's good enough for me at \$15 a day." Miners got from \$1.25 to \$1.50 per hour, but it is seldom he gets in more than eight hours a day in winter-time and he must find his own grub stake. It is expected of every man not a fool to land in Dawson with his year's grub, but of course officials should have posted such notice outside; then some of us would not have made the mistake of getting there hungry. But the wise ones, as a rule, rushed off to the diggings and took lays or leases in mines already owned, or else staked claims and fell immediately to work. One would find a trolley-car pilot run up his windlass crank with the same dexterity of his old trade; or an electrician adjusting the light of his widow in much humor and patience; and a doctor might be prowling around the camps supplying wood as though some distant day he might hope for reward. Lawyers? Oh, no. Lawyers are brokers and dealers in real estate and mining and in miners themselves, and they stay in town watching opportunities. Once on a time, when days were getting long, when dangers on the trail were lessening, might have been seen moving up the Klondike and over Bonanza a conspicuous figure. He had on a Yukon cap with its mighty ear-tufts bristling and brushing through the frost; a gorgeous mottled parkee of fabulous price—the finest fur—shrouded about firm shoulders and

stanch limbs; gaudy colored and elegant gartered German stockings about his calves, with brilliant beaded moccasins on well-squared feet. Siwash George, is it, who discovered Bonanza? Oh, no; greater than he. Big Alex, who owns—well, no; he goes like the rest of us. Swift Water Bill? Skookum Jim? No, none of these Eldorado kings. What! that's your old pard from —, some one says! I don't think it. I never saw him out of town before if it is he.

MINING ON THE KLONDIKE.

The modes of mining amount to about this: You first get your mine or else a lay on some one else's mine. You dig the moss off and, if possible, pick and shovel the area of a shaft to some depth. One can pick through the strata known as muck; it resembles hard blue clay. It may be two or ten feet thick. Below is gravel, much like gravel expected or found in placer diggings in Montana. It may be two or twenty feet deep. Gravel lies on bed rock. One's shaft may have to be from five to thirty feet deep. Gravel seems to be quite inoperative with pick, unless burned. So miners fill great armfuls of wood in this shaft, which when burned out has thawed four or six inches of the gravel in the bottom; when the smoke has cleared out the pick, shovel, and windlass do the rest. Two men at work run two shafts, so as to be busy at one while the other burns. If you strike no pay dirt before reaching bed rock you try a new place. The gravel may pay three feet above bed rock or only a fraction of a foot. Its pay decreases from bed rock up in richness; the pay streak may be a foot or fifty feet in width; it may be straight, regular, or pockety. It is not wise to count upon a million in one's mine until it is out on the dump. I

know people on the Klondike who want a million and did not get it. They had hopes they might get it, but still did not. They had in sight big pay, which when washed still would not come up to a million; of course next time it might do better. Well, I almost forgot to finish the mining before the washing. If one strikes pay at the end of his shaft he still burns, picks, and shovels; he drifts in the manner of mining everywhere else. All he dumps outside on the ground, and some of these dumps rise up to be as big as log cabins. Almost the middle of May the summer sun smiles upon us with heat and fervor, and these dumps melt. The miner, with his whole winter's hope deferred to this date, calls his trusty slaves to him and they begin sluicing—much like the Chinamen do in Montana. They build a long box, twenty or one hundred feet; they shovel this dump into it from day to day as the ground thaws; they run a good stream of water through it and wash the gold clean. Here is where great miners are brought down to common groveling—I mean Eldorado kings and big chiefs and Skookum dukes are brought down to hard work and ingenious ways. "No, thank you, gentlemen. I will let you hold my sweater. I will pick up these nuggets. Please pass me the sacks." And then that 12 per cent. royalty—\$12,000 on every \$100,000—how will he manage that? Indeed, I do not know, but I will leave it to him for that. I think he has it studied out. From one to two months are consumed for cleaning up, washing the dumps; after that several months are occupied in various ways, getting wood, prospecting for new claims, recreation.

INDUSTRIES.

The industries and home talent of Dawson and the Klondike are various. Mining first, of course; and as the

miner of the period could not exist without his gambling, the gambling halls, or parlors, if you choose, rank next in importance and prosperity. I need not stop to talk about them, as you know how it is yourself. A dealer in one of these places reported a daily average clean-up at the tables and bar of from \$1,500 to \$2,000.

Your outside papers were during the winter making famous one Swift Water Bill. Bill stayed out too long in the hands of his friends; when he came back his sack was empty and he was thence only "Still Water Willie."

But men and women make money in more ways than one. The two old trading companies deal in every conceivable kind of material from gaudy Indian calicoes to mouse-traps. Six or a dozen horses were at Dawson all winter with hay at \$400 per ton and meal at 20 cents to \$1 per pound. Ten dollars per hour for a team was the penalty, and they were busy. Dogs are legal tender. They carried grub and lumber up the gulches the whole winter season, going where horses could not and working better and cheaper. Without dogs the camp would have been helpless. Dogs would make a lecture of its own. No one likes dogs as a subject, but they must be endured—just as the cook or stepmother. They howl in four or five different languages at once; they exercise the cussedness of the several different species—wolf, coyote, real dog, from which they have their being. You learn to endure their cry, their mourning, their howl all in one; but when you must take forty steps around about the dogs lying in the streets to gain just twenty steps, then you wish there were no dogs, and when you must guard even hot things on your stove lest the dogs steal them, then you pray for the era of reindeer. The good things coming out of dogs, however, seem to outweigh all this, and we must continue to say our prayers for the good health

of the dogs, just as we do for the good health and long life of the Queen and her numerous family.

Mechanics of all classes found something to do or made work for themselves. One made a rustic chair—only \$12; another a rustic broom from a willow brush. Cabins grew all winter. A simple little planing mill kept at work all winter, and this summer three sawmills were scattered through the town. Lumber had been selling up to late summer for \$200 per thousand; a downward tendency, however, when I left. The coldest day of the season came in the midst of my house-building, yet the interest and energy of the enterprise made it possible to continue. I think I have said enough about work, for when you go there you will be taking my advice and rush right off into the mining world.

PASTIME.

Pastime? Why, of course it was not all work. If not mining or employment at some service, we wasted as much time as possible sleeping and eating. Then we would write letters home, even though we knew not if a home was left us. Writing was by no means made glorious last winter, by the absence of oil lamps. Oil was impossible to the cheechokers and only possible to the saloons and music halls at a rate of \$40 per gallon. Tallow candles were \$75 per box, and most of us had to resort to what in kindly terms we called the widow—a tin can with bacon grease and cotton wick. Sometimes this widow would assert itself and partake of all the freaks and frailties of her species. She would let her light so shine as to please her most worthless or cruel master, and again would go into lone darkness from the midst of most charming and entertaining associates. Ah, yes, she was the glory of the long winter nights and likewise the com-

miseration of her most devoted attendants. But we had another name for her when too bad. Worn to the last thread of patience, I invested \$25 in a box of candles, they having dropped to this respectable price upon the approach of long days. We had no football, no afternoon teas, no elections; but we had prize-fights, church festivals, and auction sales.

And then do no funny things happen on the Klondike—you have no real fun, no real good times? Oh, yes. We go out fishing on Sunday, and in season we can raise a party to go out after cranberries and raspberries. Yes, I recall a warning a mother was giving to her children: "Now, don't you go up on that mountain to-day. They haven't gathered near all that man up yet that had the fight with the bear." That was in our neighbor town—Lousetown. Wild cranberries, raspberries and huckleberries are rather plenty. There are seldom any good, interesting fights, because every saloon has one or more good, healthy mounted police, and if they did not pick up a disorderly they never would have the honor of doing anything. Then, of course, going to the post-office is fun. Our first government mail came in about March 1. Some people were becoming anxious by that time to hear from wife or kids or sweethearts. Haunting the post-office for these we found a notice posted: "The mail will be ready for distribution in five days." Then we waited at home five days. There was about as much mail as comes into a town of 15,000 inhabitants every day. At the appointed time we were all there. The line wound around the barracks, up Second Street, down First Avenue, and became lost somewhere. All the miners in the district heard a mail had come in and were there. Of course summer had not come yet, and this getting the mail was the matter of the survival of the fittest. After

three days I found myself in the presence of a post-office clerk; there were about four of them, all fine, healthy, husky fellows, mounted police. A letter for Mr. Sour Dough, sir? He took down a bundle of letters beginning Do, unwound a long twine tied around both sides, and began his search. "Doolittle, Doty, Donahue—" "There, there; that was Dough, sir." He looked back, and sure enough a letter for Sour Dough. I called him back thus several times and got two letters. Then he slowly and firmly bound up the package, tied twice around with a bow-knot, placed it in the box Do, and waited on the next. Oh, I tell you there is fun going to the Dawson post-office.

Then young folks have their amusements, too. In the early day we had the pleasure of going to church. One sad night we had a fire. Brother Young, the Presbyterian missionary, had a nice church, and he devoted the upstairs to his swell members for lodgings. One night, between them or because of them or some unaccountable reason, an upturned stove would not get back on its feet, and the devout tenants tumbled downstairs, only to leave Brother Young churchless. Shortly afterward the Catholic church, a nice little monument of our old friend Pat Galvin, startled us by burning. We never knew why churches cannot stand that atmosphere. The Methodists are trying it this year, and we await with interest the result. The Salvationists are likewise there building barracks. I will bet on both of these in a fair wrestle with the Klondikers.

There is only one bicycle in camp, but we have lots of dog sleds. Just like at home, you go swell or you go every-day style. The young man who takes his best girl out in his every-day sled runs at the gee-pole, just behind the dogs. He must look back to see her, but has no chance

to talk. The swell sleigh has the gee-pole behind and the lover must run after. He can talk in his girl's ear, but he cannot see her, except the crown of her big Yukon hood. On the Bonanza trail just a few miles out of town one of these swell equipages with seven dogs, all huskies, was galloping along, while down the grade came a freight team, an equally good outfit of about seven Malamuth dogs. Dick Seldom, the driver, peered into the hood coming toward him instead of mushing on his dogs; and the youth, talking nice things through her bonnet—a massive bundle of furs—forgot to mush his dogs. The two teams came opposite. Dick still peered into the forbidden hood facing him, and the other fellow stared fiercely at Dick for his impudence. The dogs stopped. Two saucy ones growled; then all was lost. In a moment these two teams—dogs, harness, and sleds—were balled up into a great mass, with two maniacs pounding the breath out of themselves to get at head or tail. Finally they were unraveled and our sweetheart came out as good as new. Her parkee of caribou skins and her thick fur hood have suffered with the fur of the huskies and the Malamuths, but they saved her precious self. Loads of fun that, she said afterward.

THE MINING DISTRICT.

The Klondike mining district is a sub-division of the Yukon mining district. Lately all that country is formed into a new political district called the Yukon Territory. The present letter address to the Klondikers is Dawson, Yukon Territory. The Klondike and the Indian rivers have their heads in the Rocky Mountains, as nearly as can be guessed (for no surveys are made) one hundred miles from their mouths in the Yukon and in a south-easterly direction. They may be forty miles apart, nearly

parallel from source to mouth. The present mining district, called the Klondike in general, is located and prospected for about sixty miles up from the Yukon, and is almost confined within the boundaries of these two rivers, neither of which has more than indifferent bar diggings. Flowing into the Klondike are the Bonanza, Eldorado, Hunker, All Gold, Too Much Gold, Bear Creek, and innumerable branches. Flowing in a directly opposite direction into the Indian River are the Dominion, Sulphur, Quartz, Ophir, Nine Mile, Eureka, some others, and branches. In addition are a number of small creeks, and into all are numerous streams of only a few miles called pups. Three miles from its mouth the Bonanza, heading thirty or forty miles nearly south, empties into the Klondike; fourteen miles from this mouth Eldorado, with its source ten miles south, joins the Bonanza.

The first big finds to excite the stampede to the Klondike district were on Bonanza Creek. The pot-rattlers of the stampede, the lazy man, the sluggard coming in after Bonanza was all swallowed up, feared the odium of being claimless and staked on this side issue, Eldorado. They should have called it Last Chance. Eldorado figured for some time as a wild cat. One original claimer danced a jig through the whole night upon receiving \$100 for his claim, and one, in combination with some friendly wretch, put up a confidence game on a Swede named Anderson. Anderson had \$400. They therefore made Anderson drunk as a stepping-stone to his fortune. I do not know if Anderson was fond of drink; I only know that they made him drunk. When drunk the owner of this claim made him a deed, signed it for him and themselves, took his \$400 as payment, and abandoned claim and Anderson. Anderson waked from his delirium into his new delusion. He cried for his money, but the confidence

men made their bond as strong as the law of the Medes and Persians. Poor Anderson sought the solitude of his claim 'way up on Eldorado, that he could weep unmolested. The sum and substance of this confidence game is that Anderson's claim will have panned him out at least a million dollars, and he doesn't cry about it a bit any more. Discovery Claim, on Bonanza, is about thirteen miles from its mouth, about one mile from the mouth of Eldorado. It originally belonged to Mr. George Cormack and, strange to say, still belongs to him. And he discovered it? No, he did not. His wife discovered it, but he appropriated all the honor and glory and perquisites of a big event, which is here a long continuous round of hootch and other beverages. Cormack's wife is a squaw, and how she discovered gold on the Bonanza is more than I could discover. The story is something to the effect that she was wading through Bonanza as a plausible way of washing her feet and that she came out with nuggets sticking between her toes. It could be possible for nuggets to stick between one's toes, but could not be probable that a squaw would wash her feet; therefore I abandon such ideas and drop the search.

For about twelve claims below Discovery, on Bonanza, about all are good pay claims, worth from \$100,000 to \$500,000 each. From No. 12 to No. 100 below there are only a few good-paying claims, while only a limited share are actually paying. Some of Bonanza's biggest pay claims are above Discovery. I am not exaggerating to say several will pan out \$1,000,000, quite a number will pan out as much as \$100,000, and the greater share will pay above wages up as far as No. 45; above No. 45 is little or nothing.

Eldorado has a continuous pay streak from its mouth, which is Discovery Claim, up to No. 30—only a few ex-

ceptional claims. I scarcely dare compute their total value, but may average them at \$50,000 to \$200,000 yearly output for three to five years. From No. 30 to No. 40 are a few big claims, but likewise a number of blanks; above No. 40 few, if any, claims pay above expenses at present way of work.

This summer it is being demonstrated that Eldorado and Bonanza each have innumerable paying claims on the benches, and by the present time every foot of ground from rim rock to top range is staked as bench claims. Of course that does not mean that every one of these claims are paying investments, but I know it from observation that a big number are paying from wages to big pay. I know, too, that after a free and complete prospect of all these claims are made the world will open its eyes at the output.

Eldorado Gulch and Bonanza have streams emptying into them, usually called pups, but the history of these pups is that they do not pay, unless perchance two to four claims counting from the mouth. One tributary of Eldorado, French Gulch, paid little or nothing in what we term creek claims, but some fabulous bench claims were discovered on it this summer. It was quite possible to wash out \$1,000 a day with a rocker.

Emptying into the Klondike nine miles above the mouth of Bonanza is Hunker Creek, coming thirty miles from the southeast. It is so large that no effort is made to mine on it for ten miles from its mouth. From that (No. 75) up to Discovery a number of claims were worked which panned out big and which stand in the market at from \$50,000 to \$100,000, but as yet the majority of Hunker claims have not paid well; one cannot say if from want of prospecting or from barrenness.

I may have failed to explain what I mean by prospect-

ing. In the first place, we say prospecting when we hunt the country over to discover claims; secondly, we say prospecting when we have a claim and work it to open up and discover if any pay is in it and where and how much. Owners of twenty claims above Discovery on Hunker claim they have good pay; some claim big pay. I cannot vouch for it. All Gold, a creek ten to twenty miles long, is a tributary of Klondike, emptying into it some miles above Hunker. Just before I left there I saw some absolutely reliable clean-ups from All Gold, and I am satisfied that next year it will report a series of big claims. All Gold was located when I went to the Klondike, but, like a score of other creeks, no one had prospected it until this summer, and no one knew more about it than I, who had never been near it. I have no claims on All Gold and am not advertising it. So far as known, the creek ranking next to Bonanza is Dominion. All I or any one can say is that it has some famous claims. I know a few owners who would not think of accepting \$100,000 for their claims, and there are scores who would refuse \$50,000. It has not been prospected thoroughly, and we cannot say how long the pay streak will turn out. There is a big possibility of it rivaling Eldorado and Bonanza. It heads near by Eldorado, but runs a large circle of forty or more miles and empties south into Indian River. It is from forty to sixty miles up southeast from Dawson. Its bench claims have been recently located, and it is not possible to say how good they are. Sulphur has many devotees who firmly believe it will be second to none when once prospected thoroughly; fully a dozen more pay gulches are simply at their opening; all these are a network in the Klondike district.

Must a man stampede? If he does not stampede he is doubtful about getting a claim; if he gets a claim the

question is whether he had better not have gotten it. However, we all stampede on the Klondike. We see two or three men having a private confab, a mysterious walk and conversation; then we slyly outfit with grub and blankets and watch. Sure enough, they strike out up the trail, but we are onto them. Somebody watches us and they too follow, and finally a continuous stream flows up the gulch. Any miner not too busy helps swell it, and it grows too big. An old-timer quickly recognizes a stampede from its move. The stampeder has a gait peculiar to him; it is a sort of camel-like waddle—half trot, forward pose, and rapid; the pack and insecure footing creates this motion, and all fall naturally into it. The nature of the case hurries him, and before many hours his motion is routine. Your legs ache, but you tramp on; your back breaks from the load you pack, but you bear the burden; your eyes goggle out almost; your feet swell; your face puffs; your breath wheezes; your tongue parches; but your spirit never flags. Pilgrim's progress was never more heroically fought over barriers and opposition than do these stampeders fight their way into a new discovery.

After many hours, sometimes days, over many miles—twenty, forty, sixty—you reach the discoverers staking their claims; you do likewise, on the principle first come first served. And what have you? What we call here a wild cat claim. You drift hurriedly back, because there is always a chance that some stay-at-home fellow has gone before the commissioner and sworn to having located the claim corresponding to your number; and if such happens, it always follows that the gold commissioner awards to him the ownership, without redress. The conditions the whole of last winter regulating the recording and ownership of claims are illustrated by this remark of a miner: "I kick very little over two or three days' stampeding

with my pack upon my back to locate a claim, but it is hell to get my record when I return. Three or four days in the line before the commissioner's office, in the coldest weather, perhaps, makes one pray for a new vocabulary to damn the gold commissioner, his assistants, and the whole of his office, with the Queen for appointing the horde; something ten times as strong as any present phrases so they may go through the thick skin of the wretches."

I lived next door to the commissioner's office last winter and knew poor miners to lie all night before the office door to be first in the morning and avoid days of delay. My own experience is that from three hard-run stampedes I had courage only to weather the commissioner's office to register one claim.

The recording fee is \$15, and one must make affidavit to having discovered gold on "Claim No. —, on Blank Creek, Klondike Mining District." Of course the snow may be two feet on frozen ground that would require three weeks to get down to a depth where colors can be found; but the law requires this oath, and everybody subscribes to it. However, miners do not complain so much about Canadian laws as they do about officials who take for granted, after the Queen's tax is faithfully exacted, that what is left in the possession of the poor American is legitimate prey for her servants.

This is a bit of dry reading, and though I can go on telling you what I know about these creeks, you may please rest on my assurance that the bottom will not fall out of the Klondike mining district for years to come. The Lord knows how much it may strengthen. I only dwell upon items because I have seen elaborate interviews concerning Klondike by men who never were over the summit or on the Yukon, and I have also seen men to come down out of Eldorado and declare from their actual observa-

tion that Eldorado, even, would little more than pay working expenses, and that next year, unless all royalty was taken off, it would be abandoned as worthless.

Sensation pictures of the Klondike, like sensation in all forms, spread by unlimited express. The first bench claim discovered on Skookum Jim Pup was an awfully good thing. It panned out better than any digging Skookum Jim owned. But do some of you remember the newspaper accounts of it, written by a special correspondent—taken on the ground, as it were? “Two men stood guard on the claim while the third dragged loose the moss and scraped the gold nuggets into the sack.” I thought at first the vigilantes ought to organize just to hang the newspaper correspondents, but upon sober thoughts it occurred to me that that correspondent was not by any means so great a liar as was great the lie he told, for it must be noted that the newspaper men were so numerous and so bad and turbulent that the miner made him a special class of the cheechokers and always guarded himself and his with special vigilance. When the miners on Skookum Pup saw the special approach their claim, I have no doubt in my mind they flew to their shotguns for protection, and therefore the poor fellow wrote only what was before him, actual fact.

There have been numerous bench claims discovered, some quite equal in glory to Skookum Jim and quite better. There have been actually hundreds of bench claims discovered the past summer that pay from wages to small fortunes. From these come almost total relief to the overflow of humanity this season. Almost every energetic horse-sense man on the Klondike can make it possible to earn his living or more this winter, and there will be no starving, suffering, or want, because these bench claims will help him out. It is possible to work most of them

any and all seasons. A drawback or discount on gulch claims is that they have only a harvest-time for the winter season. It is even figured by respectable authority that the bench claims for 1898 will fill to overflowing the sacks necessary to transport all dust from the creek claims. This is a bright side which I am quite glad to fix to what otherwise would in my estimation alone make the Klondike good.

The mysterious ways of bench claims are something like this: Neighbor Si remarked to me about August 1: "Sour Dough, I am going up Bonanza to look at a bench claim. Bill Shark tells me of several unrecorded claims at the mouth of Adams Pup." He returned next day for advice. "I do not know what to do. The lay is all right, but there is no prospecting done, and no one knows if there be gold or no gold there. Bill Shark must have half the claim for putting me onto it. I do not want to lose my right of locating on a barren claim." Bill Shark fees the commissioner's clerk, who keeps him in abstracts of unrecorded or recorded claims. He sells the vacant claims out for the above interest, and whether good or bad he is no loser, but a possible gainer. I therefore condemn any partnership with Bill Shark, and Si did not record No. 2 north on Adams Creek. About the last day of August my neighbor greeted me thus: "I ought to beat you over the head, old Sour Dough. I just came down from the creek, and the owners of No. 2 Adams Creek, my abandoned claim, are taking out \$100 to the man." Of course he should have beat me.

The growth, the resources of the Klondike have been discussed from day to day since its discovery. Although we disentangle the lies, exonerate impostors, deduct the natural-born boom of outside leagues, and discount fortunes, yet we see it grow bigger and better, steadily and

surely. The pay district of two years ago was an area twenty miles in diameter; one year ago forty miles; at the present time it is sixty miles from Dawson to the furthest tributaries of the Klondike which have good diggings.

Never have the best mines on Eldorado been eclipsed, but Dominion has prospects promising as well. What we called wild cat claims on wild cat creeks the past year are fast turning out good pay by prospecting or developing. This is the simplest proposition in the world: That the output of the Klondike district will, like its area, double from year to year. I will not predict its limit—maybe ten years. But we must not blind ourselves into a belief that it is a South African bubble, that it will ever break and scatter the *débris* of human aspirations and air castles over the land. It ought to be the duty, however, of some humanitarian to systematize the business and migration to the Klondike. At every loading-place, at every pass should be stationed an inspector with a club, as they place sanitary officers and inspectors at points to prevent driving or carrying of unsound beef, cattle, and hogs into new markets, with instructions to beat back that part of the mob not fitted for the field. Anybody will make a successful miner with horse-sense, with the endurance of the mule, the honesty and integrity of a Chinaman. Men with money not only should pass, but should be invited to pass. Old men should be beat hard over the head and held back. Very young ones should be kicked back. Girls without mothers are surely lost there. Brides and hardy families may go through, and—yes, sure!—send that boat-load of widows. It cannot hurt the widows and may do the country lots of good. Does the country want servants and waiter girls? Well, yes; but we can get on with men and Chinamen until the moral atmosphere is steril-

ized. In plain terms, no one should pass who has no visible means of support—no bums, no all-round handy men, no gentlemen or ladies of leisure; they simply spoil the industrious, and the natural descent of men will furnish the market with more than the demand for such.

MISCELLANEOUS.

And are there any good things on the Klondike else than gold? It depends much upon how one is built. I may here mention a society ball that broke up at daylight next morning—it is good to dance all night. Of course there are some good people living here, chiefly old-timers and natives—not cheechokers. Society is beginning to take on the velvety distinction of hand and hood that distinguishes it outside, and you see a society belle go along not turning up her nose at some obscure sister, but fixed intent upon her own gum boots as she dashes on. Nor does Mrs. Skookum Jim deign to be so formal with Madam Wild Cat Sam as in old times. And I am pleased to tell you that many of the things are not too bad. Mosquitoes? While in the gulches they are plentiful, yet in Dawson they are scarcely annoying. A good many funny stories are founded on fact. I saw people take in immense sacks in which to carry out their gold, and it is a fact that some carried in garden rakes to rake up nuggets with from the river beds; but it may have only been told to me as a joke that a man went in with a lot of cages to bring out Klondike mosquitoes to sell to you people outside for canary birds. And I did dilate in foregoing pages upon the intense satisfaction and comfort of the long winter nights. With loads of furs underneath and loads on top, one curls up so snug he dreads getting up at all, and as daylight appears at 10 see what a long, sweet sleep one has. Then

he gets his breakfast, which scarcely over, finds it noon-time, and inasmuch as one is hungry all the time, he hails his dinner-time with the delight of an infant. Then right on the heels of dinner is dark—supper-time. You are just as hungry, and supper is just as much of a relish as the breakfast. The three delights follow one on the heels of the other so rapidly that one is in a continual ecstasy.

But if the winter is sumptuous summer is gorgeous. It is truly hard to delineate the summer in Dawson. Early summer is the rainy season in Dawson; this means a smart thunder-shower once or twice a week for a season of six weeks. In fact, it would not count as the rainy season anywhere else. The sun in summer hangs heavy overhead for several hours in the middle of the day. The day might be tedious and oppressive, only that the mountains surrounding Dawson are so high that the midnight sun of the poets never shines. I must confess it wakes up a little too early for the lover of winter festivities, yet it is not harsh, and not until about noon does it seem to want to show off; then about 8 o'clock it hides behind the near peaks again, but does not go down. The day's work is done, the dishes washed, the children to bed. Oh, no. You don't get a Klondike kid to bed at 8 o'clock. But the most tranquil, interesting twilight, the most rapturous the idlest dreamer could picture! That is nothing. Every nation in every clime enjoys its twilight, in which the giddy young and the loony old have their twilight walks and sittings and courtship. Of course they do; but what twilights! Two lovers on the veranda have wrought up by cooing and wooing two hearts to beat as one, when the electric light is snapped upon them; this because of the dark creeping on. Here the twilight is all night. Stop a moment to think. You, young man, may walk so far out the avenue with a sparkling girl who must remind

you: "Now we must turn back. Ma says I must not be out late at night." On the Klondike, on the banks of the Yukon, you, like the river, go on and on forever, for dark doesn't come, and all this time the air is enchanting, simply cool; the sun simply sets and a sunset guides you on. The high peaks and cliffs hang over and you dream sublime things. The wide, swift Yukon may sing to you or thrill and startle you by turns. There are scarcely stars—planets—enough overhead to watch over you. There are round and about you other things to recall you to things earthly, but you are not embarrassed by fear of darkness, and only when full to overflowing need you quit. Ah, yes, a summer night in Klondike, a dear friend on the banks of the Yukon, a sweetheart or an old chum with his pipe for a stroll, or lone reverie, and this for hours and hours and from day to day, makes life worth the living indeed. This will make Dawson a summer retreat early sought for in the hereafter.

I may add that regardless of what has been said of gum boots, they will have lost prestige by next season. Now half of Main Street is perfectly dry and a fine promenade, while the work of building up the bad part will not fail. Even this season was not a poor one for tourists. Our swell hotel charged an ounce for a chicken dinner and \$10 for a bottle of claret, but one must only dine out on the invitation of his Eldorado friend. As for his coffee, he must not be particular between the flavor of St. Charles evaporated cream and fresh cow's milk. Yes, there is fresh milk there, sure. I saw a cow come and sell for \$1,000. Oh! Why, yes; she was worth it. The milk sold for \$16 per gallon. Some fool paid \$10 per gallon for milk? No fool; he sold milk punches at \$1.50 per glass. "Oh, the ass is he who drank milk punches." Not quite. After he drank one milk punch his claim, valued

at \$20,000, had enhanced, in his mind, to \$40,000, after which he could afford another punch; then he felt as rich as Big Alex or any other man on the Klondike. Do you see? And our big hotel made an announcement that they owned an interest in a cow and patrons might expect fresh milk.

Possibly the greatest exaggeration—in plain terms, the biggest lies—told of the Klondike is in the matter of health. I think you can all recall harassing tales of extensive graveyards. The facts are brief. I heard the report read by Father Judge, in charge of the only hospital in Dawson, in March of this year, and inasmuch as few people had homes, nearly, if not all, the sick were found at this hospital. Thirteen deaths had occurred in it from all causes during its existence, almost from the founding of Dawson, where were 5,000 people. We have a right to expect, as it is a very low death-rate, ten deaths per thousand, or in this population fifty deaths for a year. Possibly the hospital was only nine months old; then thirty-seven deaths would represent a low mortality where in fact were only thirteen. The prevailing disease is malarial fever, which commonly merges into typhoid. It is in every phase the mountain fever of our early days in Montana. It is, in fact, a typho-malarial fever. I can say that in my own experience every case treated early in its inception is controlled by the usual malarial usage of the Rocky Mountain regions. If neglected or typhoid occurs before one sees it, the management still is simple and effective. Dr. Chambers, who had several years on the Yukon with a previous experience in Montana, and who had the bulk of the hospital practice the past year, said none of his typhoid cases died unless complicated with age or scurvy; that in fact very few die from any account. I am sorry to say you may lately have authenti-

cated accounts of more than the usual deaths in Dawson. Well, this is the way of it: In the severest typhoid season, in the midst of the epidemic, early in August, a Canadian medical law was enforced in Dawson which incapacitated all American physicians, none having a Canadian license. Only the Americans had experience in this disease, and they were doing the practice chiefly. Throwing this epidemic strictly from the safe management of this class into the charge of the other, who actually could not manage it, who knew nothing about it, must necessarily create horrors. I fear this season will pan out many more deaths than would necessarily have followed a sensible or decent treatment of American doctors. In fact, I do not hesitate to say, inasmuch as most victims are American, our Government could give it some of the attention it bestows upon preserving the seals from British-American rapacity.

I do think in the near future the Alps and Appennines will suffer from the competition of this Yukon valley. You have all and everything here you have there and a thousand strange interesting things more. On my return I experienced on the trail over the summit almost the extreme interest sought for in a climb of the Alps; the misstep, the slide, the dash over the fearful glacier can be made quite possible for any one's ambition. The various transportation companies for the Yukon have not yet discovered the genius in me, nor have purchased my service to write up the advantages of any special route in or out of the country, therefore I will have little to say of it. The scenery about the beginning of September on the Yukon below Dawson and as well above Dawson to the lakes is worth portrayal. I happened, coming up, to board a fine, large river boat, and must confess to a delightful excursion. However, it was a little tedious, because once

a day we would run on a sand bar—tie up, as it were, for a day. Yes, we always got off, but when the girl you left behind the year previous begins to haunt you and you have had a date made for her, it is just a little bit exasperating to have to change that date further off every day. However, big boats can climb the Yukon readily to White Horse if the management is sufficient. At Five Fingers we dressed in life-preservers, but the boat climbed up as if on a stampede. I have no fearful catastrophe to chronicle at White Horse or crossing Windy Arm nor over the lakes to Bennett. We had a choice to walk over the Dyea trail twenty miles or ride to Skagway forty miles on horseback. This is easy. Yes; but they say Skagway, like Hades, is paved not with skulls, but with dead horses. How? Why, they would tumble over the rocks and break a leg or back. Well, I, not used to riding, stampeded across to Dyea.

Now, there is an easy way over the Dyea trail, not much talked of, not much sought, in fact. It is the wire tramway. Three of us, wet, tired, and hungry, wheedled a tender at a way station to let us take the place of the big stones for ballast and ride down. Mr. A. was suffering injury; Mr. B., your humble servant, was leg weary; Mr. C.—well, he would walk because of trailing a valuable dog. A. took his departure; then I took a seat, tailor fashion, in the little bucket and was wafted down, on, over, up and down, across immense chasms, gulches, through treetops, scraping rocks and underbrush, again in the clouds, fast and slow, creaking, screeching, but which I interpreted the devil giggling, laughing. And then the reflection of a possible halt over one of the horrid gulfs and a cold rain or a break and a fall; to live a life on the Yukon, only to die an ignominious death from a shallow little bucket, scattered over the rocks and mixed

with the scores of dead horses! Well, I invented an appetite for excuse to get out at the next station for lunch and await Mr. C. on the trail. While at lunch appeared Mr. A. Oh, yes; he thought he would get out at the station and wait to see if I got through all right, but he hid when I came for fear I would call him in again. He told me Mr. C. too came down in a bucket and, like himself, had a very pleasant ride. C. struck off down the trail afoot. I must confess I wasn't solicitous for the other fellows, nor had I a dog to look up, yet I made myself believe I was quite strong again and that it would do me good to walk the balance of the trail. Why, of course it is a nice ride. Try it some time. Three weeks was my time from Dawson to Seattle. It might have been made two weeks by a little rustling.

CANADIAN BOERS.

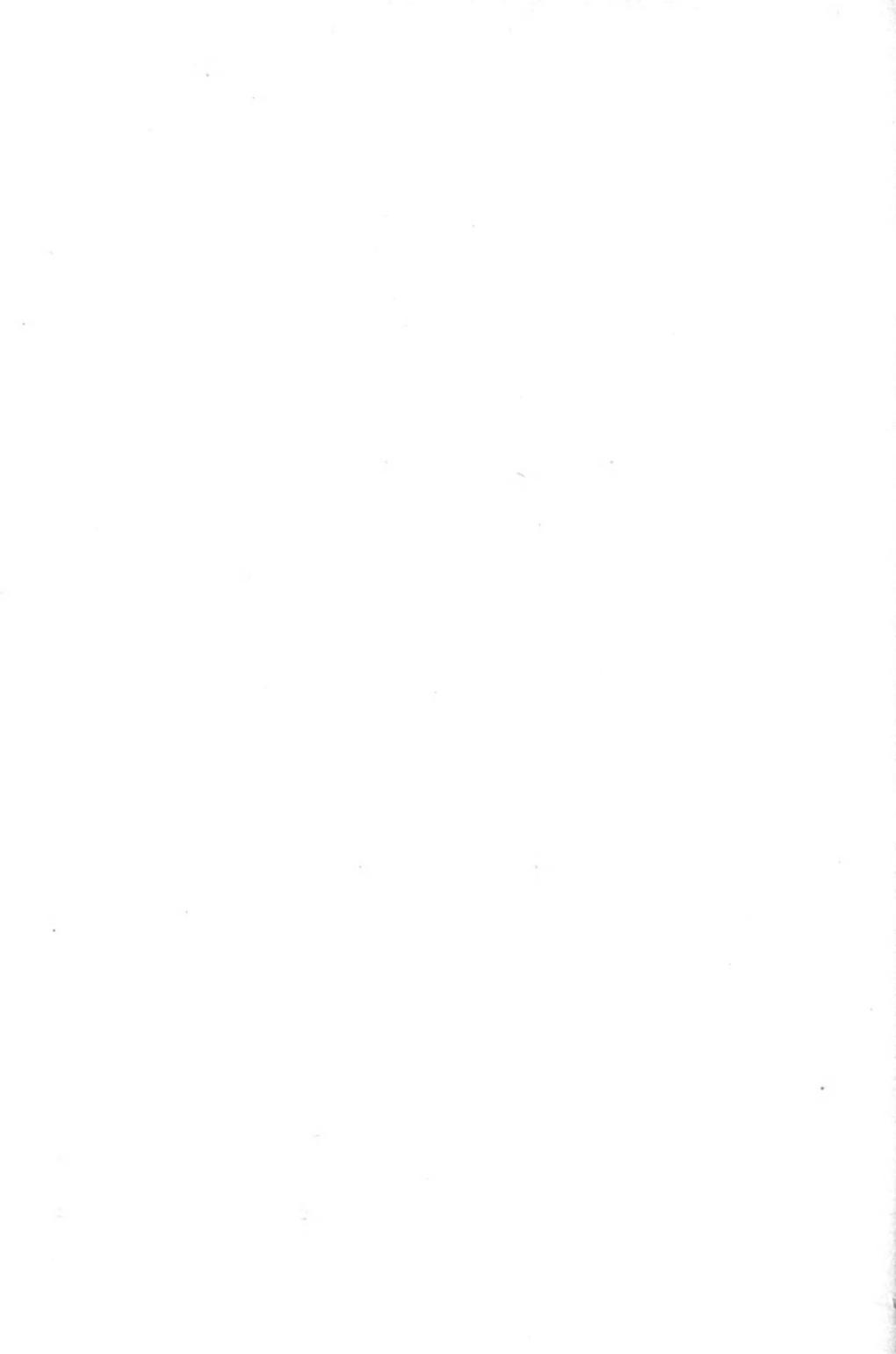
WHAT ails thee, Samuel Sawbones, Esq., M. D.? "Nothing." Perhaps! He was moping. Maybe the missives from home were not inspiring, though certainly stimulating. Samuel was standing the climate heroically, as witnessed by his every day braving the weather and greeting his old-time friends with all sorts of cheer and assurance. He was not dyspeptic, for this winter is curing all the dyspeptics in the camp. I fancy it cures them under all conditions. The extreme cold from a scientific standpoint grows a fierce appetite, and from my observation it fits one with an ample digestion to cope with the extra food devoured. In good faith, I believe the Klondike may be made a health resort for poor dyspeptics. Well, then, of course it must be Sawbones' love affairs that prey upon him. I am afraid I may not have detailed all the items received from his dear girl left behind. But they may harass you and we will pass them by. I myself would not have cause to molt from all the buffs and rebuffs of his comparatively smooth love affairs, but then I am a veteran in the wars of the—well, say liver, for it plays as much the part of love as any other organ. For what is love, anyway? Some may say: "A great roll of 'gilt edge' churned from the milk of human kindness, which is relish forever." Another will remark: "Yes, then we must go on churning, ever churning, or else it will stale."

But I fear Dr. Sawbones was suffering persecutions of his professional brethren. The Canadian doctors coming in look the landscape over and say: "Nothing for me until

the blasted Americans are routed." Then begins the crusade. The fine friendly reciprocity of Canada says: "Graduates of our own medical schools may practice anywhere in the Dominion by virtue of such diploma. All others must appear before an examining board of the Dominion for a license to practice." Of course Sawbones could not go outside, where alone such examining board was to be found, therefore he must abide the combined efforts of these hungry Canadians to turn him out. As Americans very much predominated on the Klondike, necessarily the chief physicians were Americans. They, with the usual stock of Yankee Doodle in their blood, held fast to the end. The end came one day when one and all, like the rebel angels, were summoned before the great high priest of the celestial city of Dawson. This great high priest is nothing but a captain of the most worthy mounted police on foot, alias his worship the justice of the peace. And these captains of mounted police on the Klondike appear to me to about as nearly approach the dignity, the honor, and the virtue of what such officer of the mounted police should command as does the vanquished knight unhorsed, disarmed, and enslaved. The American doctors approached with fear and trembling the august presence of one of these captains, these justices of the peace, and I must confess to an unusual consideration. They were fined simply one dollar and no costs. And what a fall was there of doctors' signs. Only Dr. Sawbones, though not slow to concur in the sentence of his worship, was slow to pull down his shingle. The doctor had innumerable friends on the gulches, and these he wished to see as they might drop into town, and except through such sign one was quite hidden from every one except by accidental meeting. But with due consideration for the decree of his worship the captain of the mounted police on foot,

THE QUEEN'S COUNSEL PLEADING A CASE AGAINST A NEW YORK CORRESPONDENT.





Dr. Sawbones carefully covered the M. D. on his shingle to destroy the identity of his nefarious calling—his poaching upon the hungry cheechokers of Canada whose pills and pukes lay idly waiting to get in their work. I must confess to a sad scene on witnessing Samuel Sawbones, Esq., M. D., carefully cover his title with several wrappings of useless gauze and the tears course down his bronzed cheeks, worn with years of toil, exposure and reverses under the auspices and vouched for by this same title. He said he was wrapping up his heart, and it might possibly not bear the pressure and quit beating. He quoted some unintelligible Latin to be found in his diploma, in which the great heads granting announced his fitness to practice medicine and clothe him with this same M. D. that now he must haul down.

Samuel survived his hostility to his feelings and was dreaming of the future, when he had an unwelcome visitor in shape and person of the same minion of the law as heretofore had informed him of his transgression by practice of medicine. This time was not an indictment for practicing, but for his poor little shingle. "Any person not registered who takes or uses any name, title, addition, or description implying or calculated to lead people to infer that he is registered or that he is *recognized by law as a physician, surgeon, etc.*, shall be liable to conviction and fine." His poor little gauze-covered shingle "haunts them still!" "It must down."

This assumption seemed heaping insult upon injury, and poor Dr. Sawbones felt outraged beyond limit. He was of course yanked up before his worshipful the justice of the peace, a captain of the Northwest Mounted Police, as per former occasion. Here he was unceremoniously fined \$50 or jailed till paid. He protested that he had the title M. D. duly covered, but to no avail, for that very digni-

fied, honorable, worthy officer of the Dominion of Canada's very pet body of law preservers so humbled himself as to confess that he himself had paraded past the premises of the accused and had witnessed the sign as per indictment. That it was covered with two thicknesses of gauze could cut no figure in the eyes of the law. Then Dr. Sawbones pleaded that he was duly commissioned with the M. D. by the great University of Pennsylvania, and that in granting him "doctor" he could not think it meant him to be doctor in the United States and upon crossing the line he must cut "doctor" off his card. He presumed he could call himself a doctor or be called doctor anywhere in the world without incurring any criminal penalty; that the American Government had no embargo against Canadians coming over in the States and calling themselves doctors. "The University of Pennsylvania and the United States be damned. Our law is as you see it in this indictment." I say so, too, for Dr. Sawbones, upon writing to the University of Pennsylvania, received the very meek answer that if Canada chooses to imprison one of its graduates for the presumption of calling himself doctor, it was right and proper to take the medicine.

Samuel Sawbones, M. D., was literally dragged off to jail, and only because he believed that after thirty years' labor, vouched for by an M. D. and granted by a self-reputed respectable institution, he could go before the world and say he was a doctor. In jail? No; jail is no name for the pen he was thrown into. A miserable hole in which were a miscellaneous mass of humanity—four insane, a dozen drunks, a dozen criminals intermixed; no beds, no chairs, no room. This lot were intermingled through the night in all shapes and conditions, as few had room on the floor to stretch themselves. Samuel alternated with another prisoner the use of a bench four feet

long. The night grew cold in spite of the close condition, but he had no blanket. The big, husky police attending was appealed to, but in vain. Certainly Sawbones could have had a blanket if he had handed over his "poke" to the guard; he might even have had the privilege to spread it over the other poor devils and stretch himself. That it was beastly, inhuman, barbarous treatment is putting it in too mild terms; that putting him in jail or fining him was dastardly mean, contemptibly dirty work of the justice, of the Canadian doctors, through several cats' paws to be found low enough among them, is too plausible to listen to any other argument. That it was absolutely illegal, because his shingle was in full intent and purpose entirely without any symbol of doctor thereon I am personally able to avow, for I can make affidavit that such were the conditions. But the mounted police captain who could so easily and naturally assume the *rôle* of spy saw the sign with different eyes than mine, which rested daily upon it, and there was no redress. In fact, during my stay there I never saw redress in any case. Now and then one could get justice by virtue of the position in which he was thrown. For instance, I overheard the following quizzing by Dr. Sawbones and answer:

"Hello, Dr. Le Bum! You were not at the American doctor's picnic before his worship the justice of the peace, the captain of the police. How were you left out?"

"Why? Well, it is simply this, but do not tell it. I doctored the captain lately, and he did not like me there for fear I might let go some ugly evidence."

But in the matter of persecution the doctors had not more to complain of than the miners and the people generally. Not that the laws are so bad but that the laws are badly administered. The Queen's tax for lumber is only a matter of 1 cent per running foot for cabin logs,

but when I asked for a permit to cut logs to build a cabin I was referred to Smith & Co., for, says the timber inspector, we gave this firm the grant of twenty miles (more or less) up the Yukon for all the logs. Smith & Co. said yes, you may cut cabin logs on our grant, but you must pay us 7 cents per running foot for logs. You see, we must pay the timber inspector 4 cents per foot. Well, you know we must make a little profit, so must charge you 7 cents for the same. This is fact, not fancy. Then in another direction comes this fact: I discover a mine. After staking comes recording. I approach the commissioner with my location notice and fee of \$15, which he scrutinizes, then advises one of two ways: "This ground is not surveyed ground and we cannot record it until the government surveyor plats it," or "We have not time today to look this claim up to see if it is open to location, therefore call again day after to-morrow." During the interim this claim is investigated by special agents or tools, and if they report it a good or promising claim my answer will be: "I am sorry to say the claim in question has been recorded by John Doe previous to your application." These agents are about Dawson looking for prospectors, whom they approach thus: "I will put you into a first-class claim, granted, of course, that you deed me a half interest in the same." This is no picture drawn from my imagination, but such a frequent transaction that we all claim it is the rule. The *Klondike Nugget*, a lively newspaper of Dawson, has given scores of cases, with full proof, just as I relate this, and no one in Dawson stops to question the truth of it. And I give this as only a fair representation of justice in any and all dealing we may have with the Canadian officials governing the Yukon Territory.

This, like in the case of Dr. Sawbones, has broken the

backbone of scores of good honest miners and driven them out of the country in poverty and distress. Only those Americans who have good claims or a foothold in an established business can be induced to remain in the country, and very few from the outside feel at liberty to come in. Come, Dr. Sawbones, cheer up. We are in the same boat. As you were persecuted rather than prosecuted, thus have most of us suffered and we still live. Cheer up, my boy; not that there is a day of judgment and of retaliation coming, but on general principles of manhood. Read your prayers, my boy. Read "From the crafts and the assaults of the devil, good Lord deliver me; from hypocrisy, from envy, hatred and malice, and all uncharitableness, from all the deceits of the world, the flesh and the devil, good Lord deliver me!" You will feel better after that, I am sure.

In the matter of Dr. Sawbones' imprisonment, this was not for any persistency or obstinacy in quitting practice, for he had quit and had all arrangements complete for going home, but solely on the ground—the accusation that he persisted in allowing the public to see he was a doctor.

SAMUEL SAWBONES—HIS LECTURE.

WITH the thirty thousand cheechokers who came down the Yukon River in May and June of 1898 came Nella, the ward and sweetheart of Dr. Samuel Sawbones. She came overflowing with good-will, enthusiasm, and devotion. She came much less girlish and much more womanish than he had left her. She came outfitted fully and favorably. He received her with love and affection. He served her fondly and proudly. Patiently he bore with her changes, her frailties, her fancies. He did not encroach upon any whims she had contracted in her enthusiasm for woman's rights. Yet he felt keenly the distinction of her seating herself opposite him rather than by his side as of old. The matter of being talked at did not seem quite like having her sit by his side listening. Her innovation of right and title to be heard as well as seen did not especially disturb him, as he was fond of companionship next to love. Her innovations upon dress startled him a bit, not from its distortions nor from its unfitness for the occasion, for the hideous combination of Yukon hood, knee skirt, and gum boots prevailing on our streets could not be rivaled in ugliness, but from its contra claims to health and utility. She had abandoned her corsets, according to an edict from the ruling set of her new woman club. Now, if anything is a flaunting red flag to Samuel, it is nonsensical perversion of health lines. He has ever upheld corsets as a woman's first best friend, and had even written an essay upon its merit. He beseeched her good graces to lend ear to his essay, and so

unique, so unusual, so individual are the arguments favoring corsets or lacing that we follow with his discourse.

THE CORSET.

Once while roaming where woman doctors scarce ever tread I heard one, evidently an estray, lecture, ostensibly for some charitable society, in reality to advertise herself—a manner and means common to men of the profession as well. True to her nature and true to my own prophecy, her eloquence was in most part exhausted upon corsets and high heels.

Of course her arguments were as threadbare as the shabbiest corset hidden in her enthusiastic audience, yet the applause from unmarried men and very much married women was long and loud. I will not quote her verbatim, for every argument in existence against corsets has been sung so often by every woman doctor and by every old-womanish doctor, by every candidate for notoriety in fashion and magazine, by every chronic female reformer, the Jenness Miller disciples especially, that a stereotyped copy can be had from any of these sources.

Deformity in woman's physical being from the use of corsets figures as its chiefest outrage. Ill shape of the body is painted in grawsome colors. The departure of the beauty lines of Venus de Medici is deplored, bemoaned with all the eloquence of the art critic. And yet—and yet the gaze of the mass of men, jurists, divines, artists too, will rivet upon the athletic grace of the snugly laced girl of to-day, while all the Venus models in the array of present prevailing apparel will go begging for recognition.

The perversion of beauty disposed of and resolutions of condolence for the sad departed duly passed, this Sal-

vation Army captain camps about the vital organs—the liver, lungs, heart, and head. She begins by preaching a funeral sermon. Strange, for the “resurrectionist” at the university used to furnish us with subjects without distinction as to sex, and our professor of anatomy used to demonstrate his subject, as to size, shape, position, from the female subject as he would from the male. I cannot recall ever having seen a patient embarrassed by a crushed liver, a bruised spleen, a mashed heart. I have yet to witness a consultation of doctors discussing the possibilities of one of these conditions as the result of corsets. Then the advanced freaks in this army against our little inquisitor cheeked in the resolution that woman’s beauty, health and comfort depend upon the extermination of the corset. As to this last—comfort—you may all speak for yourselves.

Concluding you are all familiar with the line of arguments, the general details, against corsets, without further rehearsal I will, in the language of my friends of the legal fraternity, proceed with rebuttal testimony. With your indulgence I will occupy my time with purely scientific and practical facts.

Woman has some distinctive anatomical features, just as she has some emotional furores and freaks peculiar to herself. The top of her chest proportionately is very much larger than that of a man; the bottom measurement very much less. Her waist line is very much less than his, if man has anything like a waist line at all. Her hip measure is very much greater. These are anatomical creations, not deformities. And will any one reading presume to suggest that these distinctions are not special for her existence, that they are embryonic, which nature thinks need not be corrected? Then we must call up the physiological attendant of these physical differences.

Compared with man, woman's top chest is not only extra large, but extra mobile and expansible; her lower chest is not only extra small, but extra immobile or fixed. Again is this accident or does it mean something? These are conditions absolutely necessary, with her present status in civilization, to the successful accomplishments of womanhood. The small waist line is necessary to serve in part as a partition between chest organs and abdominal organs; it is something approaching a floor for the vital organs. Her breathing is purely chest breathing through the given features, with protection to her reproductive organs. And the compliment is returned when such organs may be brought to make inroads upon the free breathing and the easy throbbing of the heart so vital to life and health. It is impracticable to go into further details, but the simplest can understand.

Thus nature has planned woman, but left to her own resources she fails to build well. The woman of to-day has backbone figuratively speaking, yet has not the spine requisite to ease her through all the trials and tribulations of domestic life and society and the cares and exhaustions of business and literature with which she chooses to burden herself. Old Dr. Sayere, of New York, has spent a life in making artificial plaster of Paris spines for womankind; the masseur is becoming a daily necessity for developing what muscle she has left by kneading and rubbing; electricity must be applied to restore energy to it; above all, the dressmaker must lend her art toward artificial aid and supports. This last is the simplest proposition in her existence. The corset is the chiefest of her aids, the most bountiful of her blessings.

You hear geese babble about interfering with nature and corrupting nature's work, and the nasty false teeth of these clatter while they talk. They look through spec-

tacles to applaud nature, not thinking they themselves are trying to outwit nature. You will have heard all sorts of arguments, scientific, religious, and profane, advanced against poor woman's infringement of nature in this particular. One fool doctor makes an attempt at a physiological case against her through the test and comparison of an Indian woman—"a pure, untrammeled specimen of nature's own creation." He employed a civil engineer to make diagrams of her, giving angles and curves, rises and falls, proportions and relations; and I am not sure but that they massacred her for the post-mortem notes, so accurate in detail was he and so positive that supreme nature spurns the wear and tear of corsets. Poor delusion! Why, the Indian woman is only a beast of burden. She does man's work and in consequence she has much of man's make-up. Her chest and abdominal walls are so developed that one could cut a steak out of them. Her corsets would need be big in the middle, thereby defeating any good hoped for.

All sorts of damp-hool arguments are thus advanced. Then, to sum up, what are his deductions? Why, that this Indian woman is the model for procreating the species and of perfect health. Well, he is a great liar in this. In both conclusions he is wrong. I am familiar with Indian life, and without offering recorded statistics I present as facts taken from the Eskimo and other Indian tribes along the Yukon the following: These Indians are greater victims to consumption than any other people recorded, and they are less procreative than any other I know, it being unusual for any family to have more than two children.

In the matter of consumption, this is not due to the climate, for the whites coming up here are notably free from coughs, colds, or lung troubles. Then what does he

prove? Only that he is a tea-pot making a hissing noise to amuse a bevy of old lady tea-drinkers. Nature, no doubt, provides the plan for the development of Indians as well as he does for the civilized woman, but she depends upon the arts and sciences of civilization for her living and she must build according to the demands of these. If she be a master mason she will build, of course, after the temple fashion.

The lower chest wall in woman is almost immobile; her breathing expands upward, that she may not bear down upon the reproductive organs; the organs of either compartment of the body infringing upon the territory of the other impair its vitality, its functions, and nature even is handicapped. If woman were created for her own amusement, for her own existence, for her own support, then she might be made not only from the rib of man, but shaped likewise after him, but inasmuch as she must grow and mold the race, she must necessarily be patterned to make her office practicable. She needs be a double compartment, one modeled to protect her own life and insure her own comfort; the other to insure the life and growth of her ward.

'Tis too funny to hear the arguments of the crusade of the corset. The religious crusade of the Dark Ages was no more vigorous nor popular, no more ridiculous. One medical man who claims to have treated 3,000 women wrote a pamphlet on the "Relation of Dress to Pelvic Diseases." He invents a measuring machine by which he can readily obtain results to corroborate his notions. He measures men, Chinese women, Indian women, civilized women, and dogs. 'Tis a fact in his figures that the abdominal breathing gives a one like tracing for men, Indian women, Chinese women, and dogs, and a one tracing for civilized woman. Then he disputes anatomists and

physiologists who teach that woman naturally breathes by way of expanding her chest, calling it costal breathing, saying it is perversion of nature. He quotes the girl still breathing by expanding the stomach, and says she assumes the modern female breathing only with the age of corsets. Fool! Why does he not tell us the girl naturally awkward with big hands and feet is made of angles instead of curves, and runs and climbs and uses her arms, and body, and chest, and muscles like her primitive ancestors? At womanhood she is absolutely a different creature by nature. Corsets do not make her an elegant figure; she dons corsets to support it, to retain it. And after all his experiments and all his arguments to prove that the primitive woman, that the typical woman, the model woman of even to-day naturally assumes abdominal breathing as does the Indian woman, man, and dog, what shall he have gained? He must accept the observation of another medical scientist, greater than himself, which concludes that woman is much less susceptible to consumption than is man because of her costal or top chest breathing. Any one may know that the extreme top of one's lung, the apex, is cooped up in a bony hive with little or no elbow room; the consequence is an extremely limited expansion. Right here in this quarter do we always look for the first footprint of consumption. Then when you dissect poor man's shoulder that is bound down by all possible strength in muscles and tendons, tissues of various kinds which, knitted together, give him the great strength he needs in his being man, you will find the whole upper lobe of the lung much tied down, much cooped up and compressed in its function. Therefore the disease, germinating in the apex, has a fair open field for extension. And thus poor man is much the more frequent victim to the monster.

Beauty runs too close a race with intelligence in the

affections of men to allow of its neglect. Especially the man of intellectual pursuits at the end of his day's doings finds himself mentally exhausted and seeks most for recreation in beauty; and he tends much to marry beauty. We must all see more beauty in the corset form than in the beer-keg form, in our modern women than in the Indian physique. Beauty is the subject of all song, while mind is in favor with all crank essays. I doubt if there is a knight of this age who would have women patterned after man or dog, one but who would throw down his armor and her cause in the event of such transition.

Grant that we have proven that the cry of deformity is a fancy of the imagination; that distorted and hampered internal organs are a myth; that the costal breathing of our civilized woman is immunity from certain diseases; that upon theoretical and practical grounds the woman of to-day secures through her artificial supports and protections necessities and advantages in functions of destiny; let us listen for further proofs from her own personal experiences. Does she complain that her liver is cramped into a jelly, or her heart is crowded up into her mouth, or her breath is cut short off, or that her dinner spoils for want of eating? What are her agonies? Her digestion averages quite as good as does her male friends; her capacity and endurance on the ice pond and dancing floors wear out her escort; her laugh in the sleighing party is as loud and ringing as the youth who may be adding pounds to the pressure of her corset-strings; and after the ball she can eat as much oyster soup or ice cream as the biggest man. What is the rule as to the wear of corsets? Why, the great bulk of voice cries: "Tis most comfortable, most necessary!" Its good points would make a long essay. It buoys up the breasts of woman and saves her from drag and stoop; it strengthens her back

and supports it in exertion; it carries much of the weight of the chest upon the hips, built broad and strong, thus shielding that little chain of bones, the spinal column, and insures it against disease and deformity. Ah, yes. I represent the great majority when I say the corset is a glorious luxury. I say it, too, as a matter of fact determined from observation.

Now, can there be a fool to think if woman were barred the use of corsets she would assume the good stout waist pictured to us as health and beauty, with abdominal breathing substituted for costal, and that she would procreate as free and as easy as the wild woman of the forest?

It is a simple notion that the present type of waist is the result of lacing. It is indisputably the growth, the march of civilization—it is in the chain of evolution. My good medical authority talks like a duck at the conclusion of this elaborate essay, thus: "I wish to express the belief that if civilized women would adopt some of the active physical habits of the savage women and would dress in such a manner as to secure themselves the same freedom of muscular movement in every part of their bodies, they would be as free from pelvic diseases as are the hardy women of the forests who compete successfully with their brothers in the fierce struggles for existence." Some of us respond: "A thing devoutly to be wished for!" Many of us might enjoy having woman take her place of a few centuries back, or that of the primitive Indian, and keep the tepee raised over our heads, gather in the fuel and keep the larder stored, look after the beasts—our war horses—while we only sang of the chase and danced before the council fire. Yet the great mass would prefer woman as she is and toil for her that she may retain her superior beauty, keep a house over her head that she might not fade, feed her on the good things of the land that she

may be good-natured, groom her a horse for exercise and exhibition, bear all the buffs and rebuffs of existence to save her from degenerating, as our author would have, to the big-bellied, bowlegged squaw.

We again refer to deformities. Almost the total force of corset-wearing women will have an exact symmetrical measurement, will measure alike in proportion, and their anatomy will conform to the teaching of our medical professors. Granted that a woman laces too tight; what are the consequences? Suppose a surgeon treating a fracture removes his dressings at night only, to keep the limb under control during the day; would that leg or arm conform to his daily splints? Not any more will the compressed waist conform to the tight corset. The woman may wear tight lacing all of every day, yet night will settle every rib in its right place. The worst that can occur is a given amount of discomfort and some functional disturbances in breathing and digestion.

However, our arguments come from the standpoint of the simple every-day fitting corset. We ask corsets to be fitted something after the manner of your shoes. Some idiots will wear shoes so tight that they agonize; others wear them so loose that their slipshod move rubs the feet full of corns. Do we condemn shoes? Most people find most comfort in wearing their shoes snug—almost tight to their feet. Some women there are who do wear their corsets too tight, yet I have never seen a deformity resulting, nor a disease established, nor a life shortened. Ah, yes, we hear of them all around us, but we never see them. Some women wear their corsets too loose or too ill-fitting; in consequence they punish their ribs and stomachs and hides and spines more by the irregular pressure and motion than results from tight squeezing. These continually say oh, my! and seek their homes that they

may get out of them; but the good, sensible majority of women wear snug corsets tight enough to keep their ribs comparatively immovable at the lower border, and their stomachs steadied and their waist lines well guarded, their chests supported more or less upon their hips, their spines straightened and strengthened, their abdominal muscles held taut; then they will eat, drink, and be merry without having to seek comfort by relaxation of a cigar, by soda and brandy as a stomachic, or by opening a lower vest button to be able to sing.

In the matter of diseases following in the wake of corsets I cannot enlighten you. The anti-corset crank would have us say there are myriads, all most deadly. What and where they are I cannot conceive. I think a nice-looking liver pad stuffed with sawdust or an electric belt made of shoddy and copper wire, for which you would be made pay \$10, would cure all the diseases. When a man chooses to take a good dose of exercise, either walking or horseback, he is constrained to gird up his loins with a rope or belt, not blessed with a corset. Is it fancy or fashion and the outgrowth of necessity from experience? Do not refer us back to Mr. Lo, whose untutored mind is not ready to grasp little luxuries, who rides without belt because his stomach is so much larger than his head that the belt would continually annoy him by slipping off.

Yes, numerous women are tortured by corsets. Many men and women are tortured by shoes. Let them off. The corset needs be used as a prophylactic medicine rather than a curative agent. Some women will not bear the force of a corset-string nor the unnatural pressure of a full breath. Some cannot be fitted as is necessary to insure them aid and comfort. The sick woman must be disrobed and prescribed for; she who is ailing must be protected and aided by special appliances and means suggested by

her special case. She must not wear corsets nor lace her gowns. It is from the sick and afflicted whom harpers and doctors and cranks get their data. A sick woman condemns a corset; a sick man discards his best friend, cigar. It is from the disease that the irrational talk emanates which would prove a woman after nature is only so by her exclusion of the corset.

My medical authority of the pamphlet says: In Germany the peasant woman toils beside her husband; in France I saw women digging ditches with men; in Italy the cow pulls an equal burden with the ox. No corsets on any of these. As before related, tubercular disease of the lung has almost a universal starting-point in the apex—in the top of the lung. Why? Because of its less development, its less activity. Man in his original state used his all fours—ran, climbed, played, worked, clubbed his wife, carried his children. It was not conducive to his existence, his happiness, if you choose, that his shoulder joints and their muscular ligamentous union and support should be embarrassed by a heaving, expanding, movable chest. Consequently the base of his lungs were made large and expansible, his lower chest and belly flexible. In his descent (I believe that is the way scientists put it) he retains these characteristics as he retains his primitive avocations and uses for the same arms. As lord of creation of to-day he preserves his mastery by the mighty right arm and subsists chiefly by it; and it is necessary that his upper chest still remains limited in action, that extremities lose not their cunning. Until machinery is invented to relieve man of all physical labor he ever will be built solid, compact, with limited upper chest movement; he ever will be held responsible for more frequent consumption. Woman, whom civilization has emancipated from building the romantic tepee and from

digging ditches, and who is forgetting bread-making and gardening, can afford to throw off the shackles of consumption. She can grow, as security against it, a large, expansive bust, one interesting as well as healthy. All of what I say must not be considered simply amusing, for every-day life illustrates me. What is the command to the raw recruit of war, his first drill? "Chest forward." What is the order of the gymnast? "Throw out your chest." And the mother to the kid and tomboy? "Shoulders back." And the doctor's warning? "Expand that chest." And when he measures you for a health certificate he measures where—around your belly? Around the top of your thorax, of course. He carefully notes the inches and half inches and quarters and takes never a glimpse of regions below.

Men who do not do work with their arms and shoulders throw back their shoulders both as a matter of health and beauty. Woman—sometimes she does not brace up and present a bold front, yet the law of expansion is unflinching and the twenty or thirty cubic inches of fresh air requires her to make room for it. Pressure down upon the pelvic organs cannot be according to her taste, certainly is not according to her need. The Great Architect has planned her upon a fine principle, and she necessarily is kind to herself and encourages it. She stays her abdomen and lower ribs and encourages the lungs to adopt the expansion of the upper chamber. The chest takes kindly to this, the natural, healthy way, and needs no forcing, no coaxing; resulting is immunity from consumption, development of form and emotions and their attendants.

But the dear good medical harpers on this subject must needs be administered to scientifically to put them retreating, must not be fooled by any simple talk. Well, one of the latest anatomists, certainly one of the very best,

illustrates the build and the action of the thorax in the following expression: "Since the first six ribs present convex lower borders, give origin to the pectoralis major muscle (an elevator of the ribs), and move upward in inspiration, and since the last six ribs present concave lower borders, give origin to the diaphragm (a depressor of the ribs), and move downward in inspiration, no objection can be urged to the use of the term upper ribs to designate the former group or the use of lower ribs to designate the latter." If you understand that the ribs circle around outward and downward from their attachments, you will comprehend that any movement given them will be outward and upward or else downward and inward. Then the six upper ribs move out and up. This involves the chest to several inches below the nipples. Those below—the lower ribs—are controlled by the diaphragm.

Dalton's "Physiology" says of the diaphragm: "When muscular fibers contract, as in inspiration, they draw the central tendon downward, depressing the abdominal organs and enlarging the cavity of the chest in a vertical direction." At the same time it would seemingly draw the lower ribs down and in, and only that their attachments are not firm this would be the case; but the conformation is such that they cannot be expanded. This is shown by actual measurement to be the fact. A woman expands at the waist line during natural respirations simply one-eighth inch in circumference; at forced inspirations, possibly through help of her abdominal muscles, one inch. The same woman has a top-chest expansion of three to five inches. You will agree that it must take very tight lacing indeed to embarrass that one-eighth inch about the waist. Aside from the law that it is the higher development, a simple conformity to nature ought to compel us to rely upon the upper-chest breathing in order that we may pro-

tect the abdominal organs from the "vertical direction" of the lungs. In face of this scientific arraignment of the breathing there is a presumed school of teachers instilling what they call a new theory—abdominal breathing—into their class. I admit they do no harm, for at most they can only to a limited extent control their abdominal muscles, and from this scarcely any, if at all, effect any increase in the lower lungs, as you may learn by actual measurement, while the exertion they use in this is fortunately exhausted to good effect upon the upper lungs. Could they effect what they presume, then they would be most dangerous to their class. Such of you who know something of anatomy will recall the shape and position of the lungs; the upper lobes not alone overtop the lower, but overhang them, and to prevent embarrassment must be actually lifted up and off during their inflation. Probably I cannot more easily cap the climax against all dampool arguments that corsets are destruction and damnation to poor woman than by presenting the following medical fact: Men, women, and children with weak backs, diseased bones, imperfect muscles, and paralysis are subjected to, as the best treatment of the day, the wearing of a plaster jacket. Do you know what this is? One is suspended, hanged by the shoulders; then he is bandaged with plaster of Paris bandages, wrapped snug and taut from under the arms to the hip, allowance only being made by a napkin, afterward removed, over the stomach. This plaster bandage is applied a full inch in thickness, and when dried you may be assured does not expand. This, you can also be assured, could not be laced any tighter by hitching to a bedpost or by the assistance of one's room-mate. And yet—and yet these poor miserable sufferers give up their aches and pains, live comfortable, accumulate fat, become strong,

and grow well, hooped and riven by a dozen corsets in one.

When a woman appears who is not a fit subject for a corset—in other terms, one who cannot wear one because of its discomfort—no time should be lost in calling for a doctor for her. Certainly something is wrong; if not a serious lesion of some vital organ, then at least some functional disturbance or fit of indigestion. I am not caring to cast a sigh of disrespect or a slur of contempt upon the band of women who do not wear corsets, but in good faith many of them are not physically sound, a few are not mentally sound; most, perhaps, have accustomed themselves to loose gowns, and when once initiated into fatigue dress of any and all sorts, gowns, slippers, caps, etc., we grow to fancy it.

There are many natural positions for the human body—one for every phase of the mind as well as for every degree of physical stimulation. The old soldier on dress parade is a beauty (especially the officer); on his approach to battle he is a creature without prominent physical attributes, only expression; after the conflict he is little more than an inanimate object, appalled human being. With any of us when tired from the fatigues of the day the tendency is to be much out of joint—to stoop, to droop, to curtail the breathing—and the consequences? Some of us grow stooped, some crooked, some weak of lungs. Some by occupation, some by physique, maintain themselves in order. The vast majority keep themselves in proper form through the assistance of their clothes more than from personal direction. The man's tailor-made coat keeps his shoulders back, his vest-buckle curves his spine, his tight-fitting boot preserves the arch and promotes the elasticity of his foot; the woman's corset gives her backbone in every sense of the word.

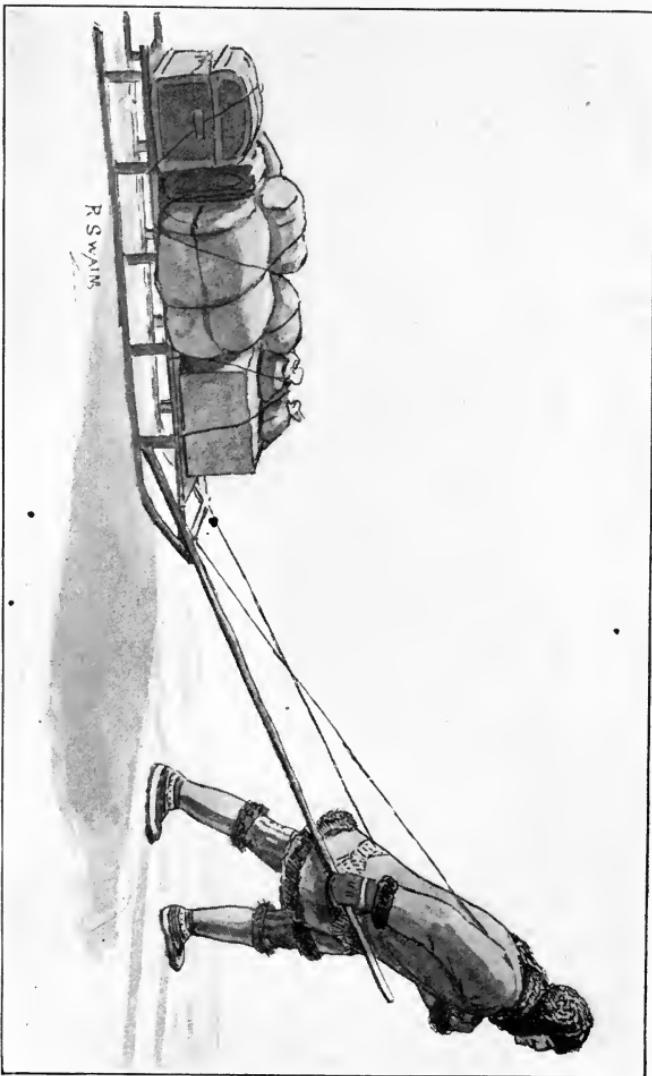
Savage races are often pictured to us as types of fine physical formation. Yes, the males are often such, because the males live a life of dress parade. They do none of the severe toil, the muscular strain, and mental exhaustion that is the life of our enlightened land; but look at their women! We call them hags, so haggard and worn do they look; they stoop, they lounge, they waddle, they work and tire, and for want of support in dress as much as for any other cause they outrage nature. There is a lesson here. We need artificial support in all active life. When down in spirit it must be stimuli or rest; when relaxed from exhaustion it must be stays or rest. Civilized man has quite unconsciously fallen into the groove worn by this law. He has abandoned the tunic and the turban of the ancients for his modern dress. Why? Not because of its fancy. The older is the more picturesque. Because he needs a tight coat to support his thorax, a vest-buckle to yank in his vertebrae, a snug-seated pair of trousers to bale up his flabby flitches; and if he abandons the tight-legged breeches he returns invariably in a few years to their kind office. Woman with her great legs and mammoth hips does not need breeches. It is quite enough that she has corsets as a platform upon which to load all her upper self, with the burdens her life imposes, and thus to rest them upon her hips. Only from her hips up is she the weaker vessel. Make woman clearly a thing of beauty—of beauty in all its phases; of intellect, that her offspring may be brainy; in morals and virtues, that the same offspring may be lofty and wise; of physical being, as we do our blooded rare stock, that they may be lithe, high-stepping, swift. The aborigine, that his bow should be elastic, quick, powerful, curved to its limit the crude willow at given points. Such thin, slender places must be to insure results. Woman needs

the same curving, molding, flexions, or else she will be clumsy, useless, like the crude limb of the willow. She must turn, twist, bend without effort, without agony. Gradually molding her thus will finally, as with all nature, find it bred in her. 'Tis a great mistake to imagine the woman with large waist and prominent abdomen enjoying a free play of internal organs and a comfortable, untrammelled display of vitality. Usually this measurement is due largely to fat. And the purpose of this fat? I will tell you: Fat in one's body is stored food. I need not tell you that when we are not daily supplying the wear and tear of our economy by direct food it is drawing upon this fat for subsistence. Women who grow large around the body are simply building a warehouse on the wrong location. All this fat will add to beauty and utility if stored upon the limbs—if stored anywhere else than in the place in question. If women gave to themselves a tithe of the attention stockmen bestow upon their animals, they would soon people the world with beings whom the goddesses of old would envy.

A great change must necessarily grow, is growing, ever has been growing over the relative position of women. Time with civilization demonstrated she could not be held the slave of man—his drudge. It is illustrating she cannot be the co-worker, the common associate with man. Many tragical and devastating events in history are written to prove that her aspirations in political favor always have been and ever will be gross, absurd failures.

THE FALL OF SAMUEL SAWBONES, ESQ., M.D.

SKOOKUM JIM was a nobleman in the deference of the camp. At the head of his pack train of twelve husky men, each with forty pounds of dust on his back, marching into Dawson from his diggings, Skookum Jim looked every inch a man. In the dance hall, in a social bout at the bar, round about the games, he was the noblest Roman of them all. Skookum Jim and his twelve trusty trainmen duplicated the trip once or several times this season's clean-up, and it left him a handsome "poke" to take outside. I am not informed as to whether he was born of romantic antecedents or whether his romance was born of his gold, but he had in his heart and his mind that gold and beauty go hand in hand. He therefore beautified himself so far as physical culture could attain, and began to look about for a helpmate, a partner in his gold. Dr. Sawbones was not a selfish man, even though he may have been a little jealous, and he introduced him to his *fiancée*. This girl took his fancy, filled the bill, and he took to wooing her, not as a breach of confidence, for nothing was in confidence, but upon the good sound principle that she was a girl to do him honor, and in the sense that enjoying the admiration and confidence of one so worthy as Dr. Sawbones, she must necessarily be noble and wise. I will not illustrate his manner and means of wooing, for the ways on the Klondike differ little from outside, and, moreover, I will make a



KLONDYKER GOING OUT IN A FULL-MAN.

long story short. I will abbreviate the anguish of Samuel Sawbones; I will spare you the woe of details in the shock and terror to him. And I can scarcely justify the girl through her own arguments and excuses, and care not to invent any of my own to justify the dear, good girl of a once happy time in the new departure. Almost with the deliberation and technicality of a law judge's opinion she sentenced poor Samuel Sawbones, Esq., M.D., to a fall neither knew whither. Samuel's faults—his financial failures, his crank philosophy, his hostility to female "reforms"—were charitably veiled, but the idols of wealth, her worship of the Golden Calf were sharing her religion. They had grown sentiment and principle with her. She could not and would not sacrifice these, therefore accepts the decrees of the ruling god. She accepted the offer of Skookum Jim to share his diggings, though not without pangs of remorse and love. She still had her love, such as she was capable of mustering, for Samuel Sawbones, and only for him. It was in the book of her new philosophy to sacrifice all else to fame, and gold is the only door of poor woman, save few examples, to fame as she reads and reckons fame.

Hereafter Dr. Sawbones is seen almost daily on the trail to and fro reaching the Indian mission at Moosehide, a few miles below Dawson. Then it was discovered that he was hobnobbing with the braves and entering into their powwows with more or less enthusiasm, and we took upon ourselves the kind office of looking into the proceedings and if necessary lending a guardian's influence. We were nonplussed in our own schemes, for here we found Samuel in good faith and with all earnestness transplanting himself in this tribe of natives. Nor could we remonstrate with any degree of success.

"Oh, no," said Samuel. "I am not going to quite amal-

gamate with these hardy children of an untrammeled barbarism. I want to become not part and parcel of them, but one of them, that I may learn to live their ways and to endure their existence. You must surely realize that I am done for in the so-called civilized world—that my field of fortune is cut down to the standard two by six feet. Yet you know a man with a mite of soul can never say surrender. And you know how many good, brave, but morbidly ambitious men cross over in a vain attempt to discover the north pole. My present object—not ambitious, mind—is to inaugurate an expedition from this tribe of native Alaskans to locate, stake, and record the north pole; not that the world will be wise and I will be great—and happy like Skookum Jim—but that will end the destructive crusade of this century's visionaries. My plan in brief is this: One or several seasons among them will make me to every sense and purpose a good Indian. With a branch of the tribe I will migrate northward slowly, not in the manner of travel, of hunting, or of the pursuit of an object, but simply on the plan that the star of empire may spread northward just as it did westward. We probably this season may pass over on the McKenzie River and make that home. Finally, with all the bearings and all the conditions, we make another stage. But you understand and you also can comprehend that it is feasible."

"Yes, yes. We can understand. It may be feasible, too, but 'tis fearfully foolish. You seem to have lost your grip, doctor, and all because of one woman. Simply because one angelic creature—painted by yourself, of course, as are all angels only seen or known in paintings—has chosen through her cultivated depravity the world and the flesh and the devil, you would unclothe yourself of all humanity and succumb not to her depraved will, but to

your own wailing. You know in your own heart that you will never reach the north pole; that you only will go by easy stages on up to the great ice country, there to be buried out of sight, out of mind of old disappointments. Turn about and go home with me, where you will once again occupy the position of trust and profits of yore."

"Oh, no. 'Tis too late. I am ever too slow to keep pace with the rise and progress of the century. I have noticed religion go—I might say down and out of my early catechism, and there appears nothing to hold fast to, or rather I must let go all the old buoys. Society has made such strides since my birth that either I or it goes on straight to the devil as per last scenes of my biography. Inventions are so prolific, ingenious, that maybe they will yet beat me and the natives to the north pole, and I must therewith step down and out with good grace, as you see me doing. Moreover, associations would be much less pleasant than of days past, for know ye, people of to-day want their pills and pukes with the same relish they want their religion, society, and their honors—sugar-coated. More than that, they want them as service and without scruples or compunctions of conscience. It is not a crime to-day—it is not a breach of ignorance or decency to request the services of Dr. A. for a season, then deliberately and without an item of excuse or reason employ Dr. B.; change doctor for fancy just as they change the flavor of their meals. I may be censured for the remark that one cannot nowadays practice medicine decently and in order. The laity has allowed itself license to treat the learned profession of medicine as hired menials, and so many of the profession accept the fawning of presumptuous great people that I repeat 'tis useless to try to succeed in medicine and respect one's self at the same time. In instances I have been installed family physician ten, twenty years,

then awakened of a morning to find myself supplanted, not through any infirmity that was accorded me, but through fancy for change or fashion, and this by people who claim for themselves intelligence, gentility, even decency, just in the manner they would ride their faithful old hack until a frisky high-stepper comes along, then change the saddle. And old associations haunt me still. I am disturbed in my dreams by phantom wheels of the swift outfit of Dr. Publico Executio over his red trail; the fine pacers of Dr. Bombasto Profundo seem to bear down upon me so rapidly that I am frightened from my sleep in great drops of sweat; the rustler is galloping about here, there, everywhere, looking for a breach in my corral, branding every stray calf, and now and then an old cow even which I had corraled for years; Peter the Pig I imagine grunting in my ears, yet so inaudibly that it seems to caution his female worshipers, ‘silence is golden,’ and to convince mankind that silence is wisdom, for it is astonishing how many swallowed Peter’s potions. It is humiliating to acknowledge such affairs, but the conditions are too real to allow my conscience and my remaining professional respect to move back into the whirlpool created of competition.”

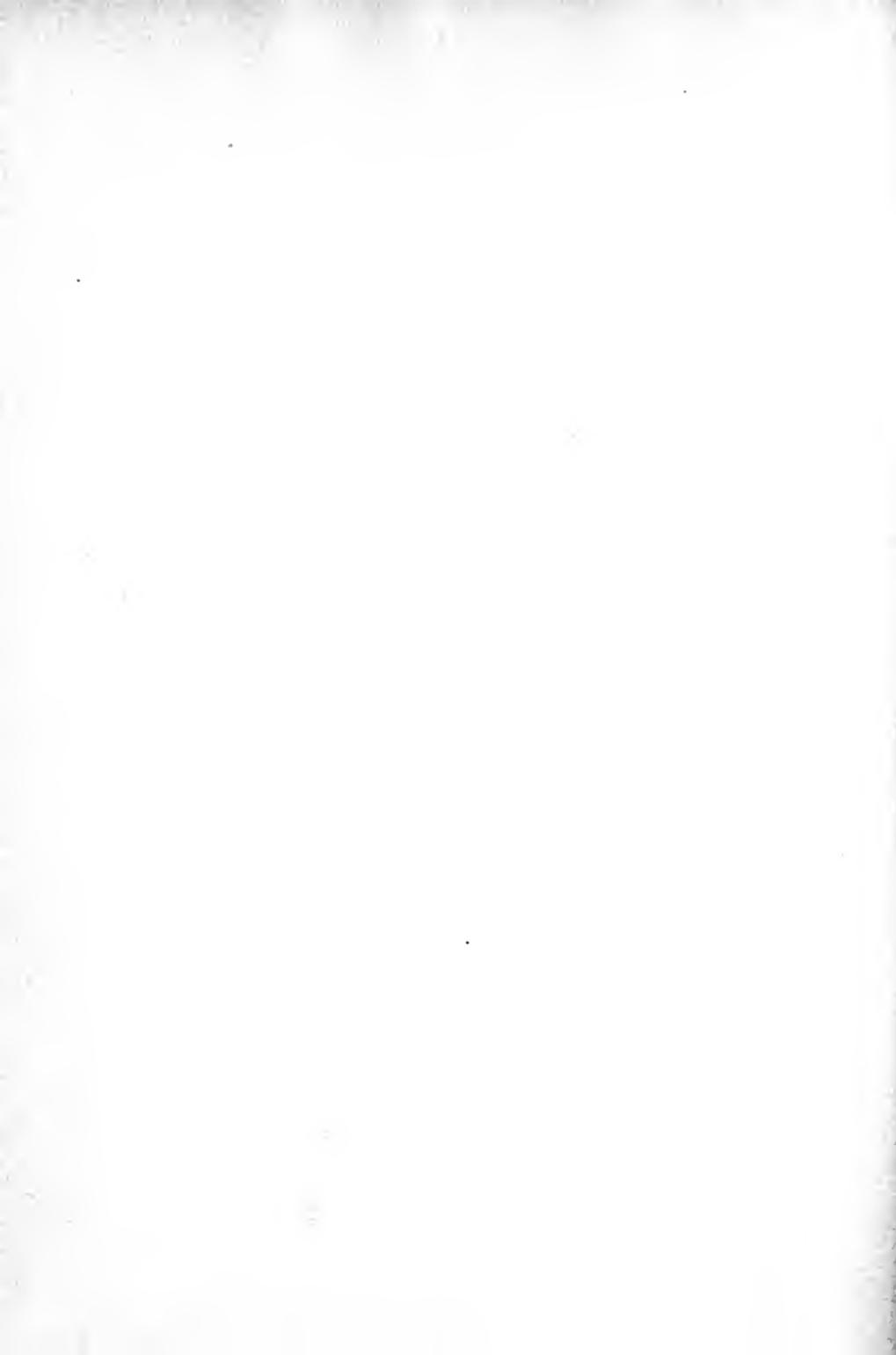
The winter season following finds Dr. Samuel Sawbones and several family branches of the Moosehide Indians outfitting for a migration for the north country. It was in the order of a permanent move and grubbed and clothed accordingly. No trouble will exist as to grub staking in the future with fresh meat and fish, but flour, sugar, tea, etc., will be a matter of self-denial. And yet Dr. Sawbones, hardy as he is, surviving these luxuries, necessities, has other considerations to weigh. The Indians, as are all Indians, north or south, have a given amount of treachery in their bones. They need and they respect a *chief*. So

long as Dr. Samuel Sawbones can pose as a chief, so long will be hold his followers and prosper, but when adversity, misfortune, or accident comes he will be set down and out, and that is the end. The trip he proposes cannot be accomplished without many hardships, accidents, and failures, therefore his chances of survival amount to as many as we allow for the return of Andree and his balloon. Yet my persuasion reaches not any fiber of his obstinate heart. I tell him he simply means to commit suicide, but he indignantly refutes the suggestion and abuses me for want of faith. His old sweetheart kneels before him, but he pities her and tells her that weaklings of her caste must not advise nor applaud great works, neither must they bear any of the burdens. Then comes the *finale*. It is a barbarous procession, but comic enough to allow us to witness and not weep. "Farewell! Fare thee well, old veteran!" We stand fast for many minutes and view the long black string braided upon the snow overlaying the gulch gliding off into the top of the range, following the blazoned trail to the beyond.

Adieu, my boy! Peace will go with thee, and prosperity we will not invoke, for it is only a dream to hope.

Not far off the trail as it led out from camp, from home, was an immobile figure. It was quite irresponsive and I fear only tears welled out, no sentiment. I avoided her and wended my way home, more lonely, more forsaken than was ever before my lot.

THE END.







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H. C. Holmes

